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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

HARPER'S LIBRARY EDITION

EDITED, WITH NOTES

BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE, LITT. D.

VOL. VII.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

ILLUSTRATED

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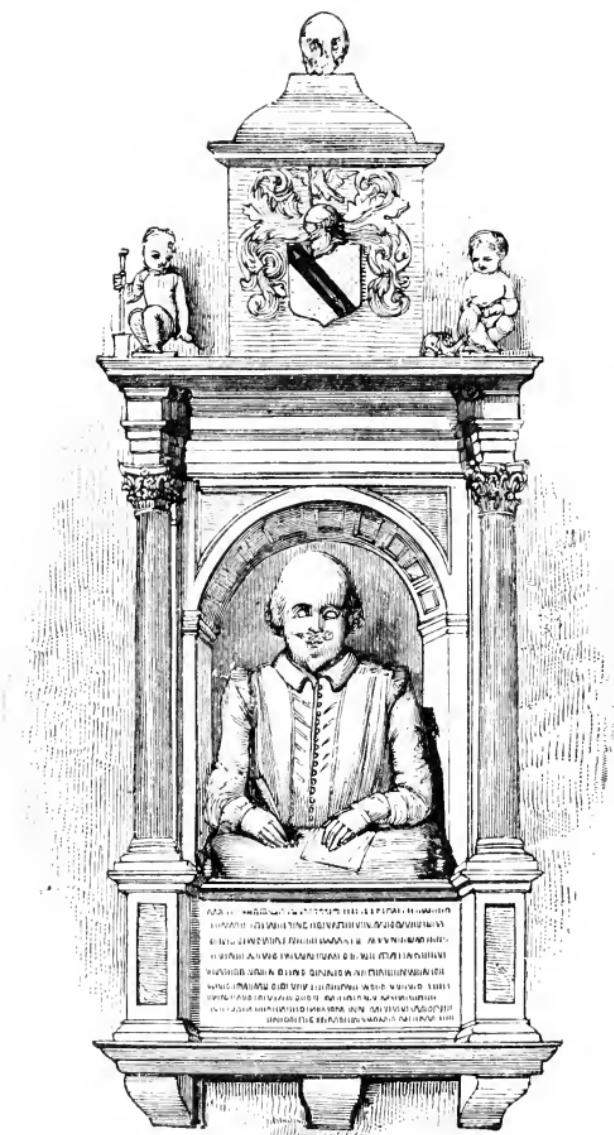
SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY
OF
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE



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MONUMENT AT STRATFORD.

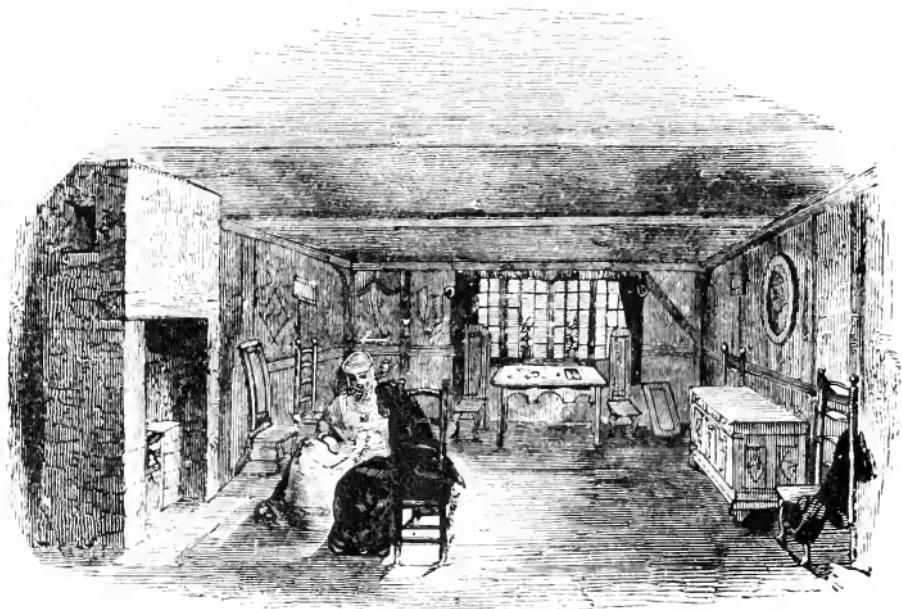


JOHN SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE IN HENLEY STREET. View from an old Print.

THE LIFE AND WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, England, in April, 1564. The record of his baptism bears the date of April 26th, and as it was an old custom to christen children on the third day after birth, the tradition which makes his birthday the 23d has been commonly accepted. His father, John Shakespeare, seems to have belonged to the class of yeomen, and to have been a glover by trade. His mother, Mary Arderne, or Arden, came of a good old Warwickshire family, and brought her husband a considerable estate as dower. John Shakespeare was for many years an alderman, and twice filled the office of High Bailiff, or chief magistrate, but later in life he appears to have become quite poor.

Of a family of four sons and four daughters, William was the third child, but the eldest son. He was in all probability sent to the free-school of his native town, and after leaving school may have spent some time in an attorney's office. But in 1582, when he was only 18, he married Anne Hathaway, of the parish of Shottery, near Stratford, a woman some eight years older than himself. A daughter was soon born to him, and, two years later, twins—a boy and a girl.



ROOM IN THE HOUSE IN HENLEY STREET, WHERE SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN.

As nearly as can be made out, it was in the next year, 1586, that Shakespeare, then 22, went to London, where he became first an actor, then a writer for the stage. As an actor he seems to have made no special mark, but as a writer he very soon distinguished himself, and in a few years had won the foremost rank among the dramatists of his time. In 1598, Francis Meres, in his *Wit's Treasury*, speaks of him as "the

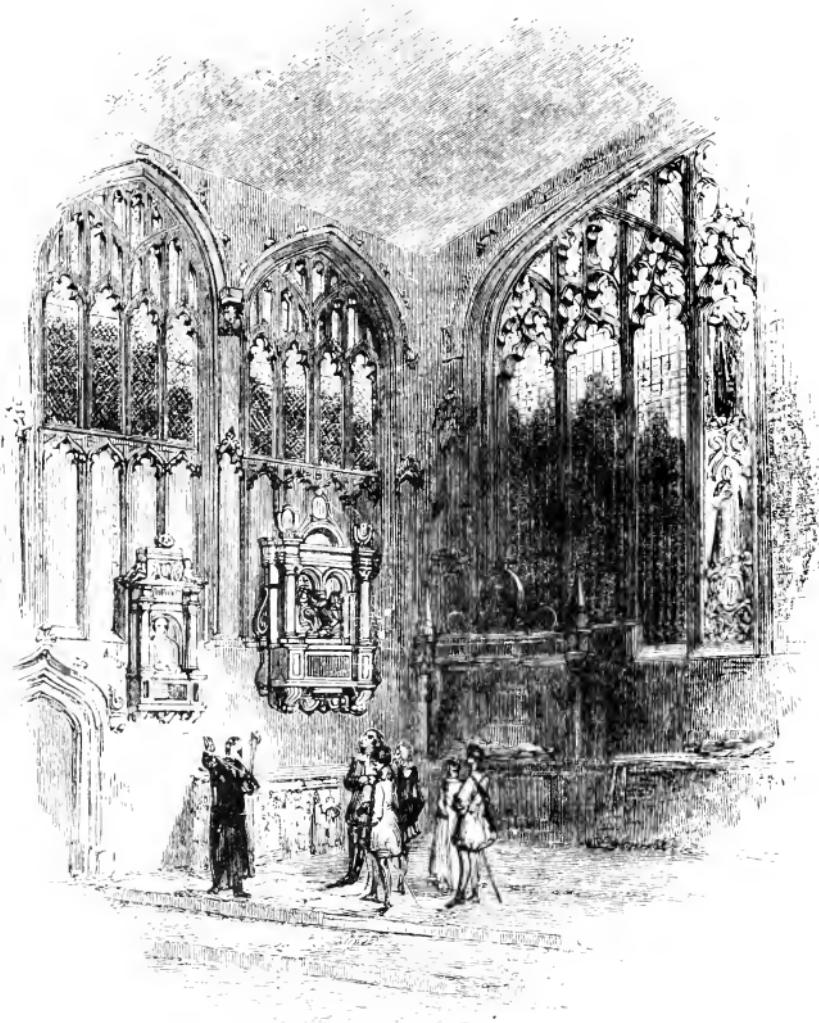
most excellent among the English for both kinds of tragedy and comedy." His works became not only widely popular, but they brought him special marks of favor and approval from Queen Elizabeth and her successor, James, and gained for him the patronage and friendship of some of the most accomplished men of rank of that day.



INNER COURT OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, STRATFORD.

But while thus prosperous and honored in London, Shakespeare continued to look upon Stratford as his home. There he had left his wife and children, and thither, after he had secured a competency, he returned to spend the evening of

his days in quiet. It was probably about the year 1612 that he settled down in Stratford, on an estate purchased some years previous. His wife was still living, and also his two



CHANCEL OF STRATFORD CHURCH.

daughters, of whom the elder, Susanna, was married to Dr. John Hall, in 1607 ; the younger, Judith, to Mr. Thos. Quinney, in 1616. His son, Hamnet, had died in his twelfth year, in 1596.

Shakespeare died at Stratford, as already mentioned, on the 23d of April, 1616 ; and he lies buried in the parish church there.

The first work of Shakespeare's which was printed with his name was the poem of *Venus and Adonis*, which appeared in 1593. In the Dedication to the Earl of Southampton the author styles it "the first heir of his invention." In 1594, *The Rape of Lucrece* was published. Both these poems were reprinted several times in the poet's lifetime. His only other works, besides the Plays, are *The Passionate Pilgrim*, a small collection of poems, first printed in 1599, and his *Sonnets* (154 in number), with a poem entitled *A Lover's Complaint*, which appeared together in 1609.

The first edition of his collected Dramatic Works contained all the Plays generally included in modern editions, with the exception of *Pericles*, and was published in a folio volume, in 1623, or not till seven years after his death. It was put forth by two of his friends and fellow actors, *John Heminge* and *Henrie Condell*, and the title-page declares it to be printed "according to the true original copies." The preface also condemns all preceding editions of separate plays* as "stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors," while it claims that the publishers of this volume had the use of the author's manuscripts. They probably had the use of such of his papers as were in the possession of the Blackfriars Theatre, to

* Eighteen of the Plays are known to have been separately printed, some of them more than once, in Shakespeare's lifetime. *Othello* was also printed separately in 1622. All these editions are in quarto form, and are commonly known as the old or early *quartos*.

which they, like himself, belonged. The volume, however, appears to have had no proper editing, and every page is disfigured by the grossest typographical errors. While it is the earliest and the only authentic edition of the Plays, it cannot be accepted as anything like an infallible authority in all cases for what Shakespeare actually wrote.



STRATFORD CHURCH, WEST END

The volume just described is commonly known as the “first folio.” A second folio edition, including the same plays, appeared in 1632. It contains some new readings, which are

probably nothing more than the conjectural emendations of the unknown editor.

A third folio edition was issued in 1664. This contains the thirty-six Plays of the preceding folios, with *Pericles* and six dramas* not included in the modern editions. A fourth and last folio reprint followed in 1685.



HOUSE IN HENLEY STREET, ABOUT 1820.

These four folios were the only editions of the Plays brought out in the 17th century. The 18th century produced a long succession of editors—Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, Johnson, Steevens, Capell, Reed, Malone, and Rann. In 1803 appeared what is known as “Reed’s Second Edition of Johnson and Steevens,” in twenty-one volumes, in which were incorporated all the notes of the preceding editions.

* These are *The London Prodigal*, *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *The Puritan Widow*, *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, and *Loerine*. It is almost certain that Shakespeare wrote none of them.

This was followed in 1821 by what is now the standard “*Variorum* edition,” also in twenty-one volumes, mostly prepared by Malone, but completed and carried through the press by his friend Boswell. The most important English editions of more recent date are those of Knight, Collier, Singer, Staunton, Dyce, Clark and Wright, and Halliwell. The only American editions of any critical value are Verplanck’s (1847) Hudson’s (1855 and 1881), White’s (1857–1865 and 1883), and Furness’s (“New Variorum” ed. begun in 1871).



STRATFORD CHURCH, EAST END, WITH CHARNEL-HOUSE.



ARMS OF JOHN SHAKESPEARE

INTRODUCTION
TO THE
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

The Merchant of Venice is the last on a list of Shakespeare's plays given by Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, which appeared in 1598. In the same year it was entered as follows on the Register of the Stationers' Company:—

“22 July, 1598, James Robertes.] A booke of the Marchaunt of Venyce, or otherwise called the Jewe of Venyse. Provided that yt bee not prynted by the said James Robertes.

or anye other whatsoever, without lycence first had from the right honourable the Lord Chamberlen."

The company of players to which Shakespeare belonged, and for which he wrote, were "the Lord Chamberlain's Servants;" and the above order was meant to prohibit the publication of the play until the patron of the company should give his permission. This he appears not to have done until two years later, when the following entry was made in the Register:

"28 Oct., 1600, Tho. Haies.] The booke of the Merchant of Venyce."

Soon after this entry, the play was published by Heyes, in quarto, with the following title:

The most excellent | Historie of the *Merchant* | of *Venice*. | With the extreame cruetie of *Shylocke* the Iewe | towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a iust pound | of his flesh: and the obtayning of *Portia* | by the choyse of three | chests. *As it hath beene diuers times acted by the Lord* | *Chamberlaine his Servants.* | Written by William Shakespeare. | AT LONDON, | Printed by I. R., for Thomas Heyes, | and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the | signe of the Greene Dragon. | 1600.

Another edition, also in quarto, was issued the same year, by Roberts, with the following title:

THE | EXCELLENT | History of the Mer- | *chant of Ven-*
ice. | With the extreme cruelty of *Shylocke* | the Iew towards
the saide Merchant, in cut- | *ting a iust pound of his flesh.*
And the obtaining | of *Portia*, by the choyse of *three Caskets.* |
Written by W. SHAKESPEARE. | Printed by F. Roberts, 1600.

The play was not reprinted until it appeared in the folio of 1623, where the text varies but little from the quartos.

Henslowe's *Diary*, under the date "25 of aguste, 1594," records the performance of "the Veneson comodey," which is marked *ne*, as a new play. Some critics take this to be *The Merchant of Venice*, since the company of players to which

Shakespeare belonged was then acting at the theatre of which Henslowe was chief manager ; but we may be sure from internal evidence that the *Merchant* is a later play than the *M.N.D.* If the latter (see our ed. p. 10) was written in 1594, the former cannot be earlier than 1596.

The *Merchant* was played before James I. on Shrove Sunday, and again on Shrove Tuesday, in 1605. The following entries in the Accounts of the Master of Revels are unquestionably forgeries ; but Halliwell (*Outlines*, 6th ed. vol. ii. p. 161) has shown that the information they contain is nevertheless genuine :

“ By his Ma^{ts} Plaiers. On Shrounsunday a play of the Marchant of Venis.”

“ By his Ma^{ts} Players. On Shroutusday a play cauled the Martchant of Venis againe, comanded by the Kings Ma^{tie}.”

The name of “ Shaxberd” as “ the poet which made the play” is added in the margin opposite both entries.

II. THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

The plot of *The Merchant of Venice* is composed of two distinct stories : that of the bond, and that of the caskets. Both these fables are found in the *Gesta Romanorum*, a Latin compilation of allegorical tales, which had been translated into English as early as the time of Henry VI. It is almost certain, however, that the source whence Shakespeare, either directly or indirectly, drew the incidents connected with the bond, was a story in *Il Pecorone*, a collection of tales by Giovanni Fiorentino, first published at Milan in 1558, though written nearly two hundred years before. In this story we have a rich lady at Belmont, who is to be won on certain conditions ; and she is finally the prize of a young merchant, whose friend, having become surety for him to a Jew under the same penalty as in the play, is rescued from the forfeiture by the adroitness of the married lady, who is disguised as a

lawyer. The pretended judge receives, as in the comedy, her marriage ring as a gratuity, and afterwards banters her husband, in the same way, upon the loss of it. An English translation of the book was extant in Shakespeare's time.

Possibly the dramatist was somewhat indebted to *The Orator*, translated from the French of Alexander Silvayn (London, 1596). Portions of the 95th Declamation in this book (see page 168 below) are strikingly like some of Shylock's speeches at the trial. Certain critics believe that the poet also made some use of the ballad of *Gernutus* (printed in Percy's *Reliques*), which is probably older than the play.

It is probable, however, that the legends of the bond and the caskets had been blended in dramatic form before Shakespeare began to write for the stage. Stephen Gosson, a Puritan author, in his *Schoole of Abuse*, published in 1579, excepts a few plays from the sweeping condemnation of his "plesaunt inuective against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Jesters, and such-like caterpillers of a Commonwelth." Among these exceptions he mentions "*The Few*, and Ptolome, showne at the Bull; the one representing *the greedinesse of worldly chusers*, and *the bloody minds of usurers*; the other very lively describing howe seditious estates with their owne devises, false friends with their owne swoords, and rebellious commons in their owne snares, are overthrowne." We have no other knowledge of this play of *The Few*; but the nationality of its hero and the double moral, agreeing so exactly with that of *The Merchant of Venice*, render it probable that the plots of the two dramas were essentially the same; and that Shakespeare in this instance, as in others, worked upon some rough model already prepared for him. The question, however, is not of great importance. As Staunton remarks, "Be the merit of the fable whose it may, the characters, the language, the poetry, and the sentiment are his, and his alone. To no other writer of the period could we be indebted for the charming combination of womanly grace, and dignity, and playfulness, which is

found in Portia ; for the exquisite picture of friendship between Bassanio and Antonio ; for the profusion of poetic beauties scattered over the play ; and for the masterly delineation of that perfect type of Judaism in olden times, the character of Shylock himself."

Notes on the Play.
III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[From Schlegel's "Lectures on Dramatic Literature."*]

The Merchant of Venice is one of Shakespeare's most perfect works: popular to an extraordinary degree, and calculated to produce the most powerful effect on the stage, and at the same time a wonder of ingenuity and art for the reflecting critic. Shylock the Jew is one of the inimitable masterpieces of characterization which are to be found only in Shakespeare. It is easy for both poet and player to exhibit a caricature of national sentiments, modes of speaking, and gestures. Shylock, however, is everything but a common Jew: he possesses a strongly marked and original individuality, and yet we perceive a light touch of Judaism in everything he says or does. We almost fancy we can hear a slight whisper of the Jewish accent even in the written words, such as we sometimes still find in the higher classes, notwithstanding their social refinement. In tranquil moments, all that is foreign to the European blood and Christian sentiments is less perceptible, but in passion the national stamp comes out more strongly marked. All these inimitable niceties the finished art of a great actor can alone properly express. Shylock is a man of information, in his own way even a thinker, only he has not discovered the region where human feelings dwell; his morality is founded on the disbelief in goodness and magnanimity. The desire to avenge the wrongs and indignities heaped upon his nation is, after avarice, his strongest spring of action. His hate is naturally directed chiefly

* From Black's translation, with a few verbal changes. I have not had the opportunity of comparing it with the original German.

against those Christians who are actuated by truly Christian sentiments: a disinterested love of our neighbour seems to him the most unrelenting persecution of the Jews. The letter of the law is his idol; he refuses to lend an ear to the voice of mercy, which, from the mouth of Portia, speaks to him with heavenly eloquence: he insists on rigid and inflexible justice, and at last it recoils on his own head. Thus he becomes a symbol of the general history of his unfortunate nation. The melancholy and self-sacrificing magnanimity of Antonio is affectingly sublime. Like a princely merchant, he is surrounded with a whole train of noble friends. The contrast which this forms to the selfish cruelty of the usurer Shylock was necessary to redeem the honour of human nature. The danger which, almost to the close of the fourth act, hangs over Antonio, and which the imagination is almost afraid to approach, would fill the mind with too painful anxiety, if the poet did not also provide for its recreation and diversion. This is effected in an especial manner by the scenes at Portia's country-seat, which transport the spectator into quite another world. And yet they are closely connected with the main business by the chain of cause and effect.

(Bassanio's preparations for his courtship are the cause of Antonio's subscribing the dangerous bond; and Portia, by the counsel and advice of her kinsman, a famous lawyer, effects the safety of her lover's friend.) But the relations of the dramatic composition are admirably observed in yet another respect. The trial between Shylock and Antonio is indeed recorded as being a real event, but still, for all that, it must ever remain an unheard-of and singular case. Shakespeare has therefore associated it with a love intrigue not less extraordinary: the one consequently is rendered natural and probable by means of the other. A rich, beautiful, and intellectual heiress, who can only be won by solving the riddle; the locked caskets; the foreign princes, who come to try the venture;—all this powerfully excites the imagination

with the splendour of an olden tale of marvels. The two scenes in which, first the Prince of Morocco, in the language of Eastern hyperbole, and then the self-conceited Prince of Arragon, make their choice among the caskets, serve merely to raise our curiosity, and give employment to our wits ; but on the third, where the two lovers stand trembling before the inevitable choice, which in one moment must unite or separate them for ever, Shakespeare has lavished all the charms of feeling, all the magic of poesy. [We share in the rapture of Portia and Bassanio at the fortunate choice : we easily conceive why they are so fond of each other, for they are both most deserving of love. The trial scene, with which the fourth act is occupied, is in itself a perfect drama, concentrating in itself the interest of the whole.] The knot is now untied, and, according to the common ideas of theatrical satisfaction, the curtain ought to drop. But the poet was unwilling to dismiss his audience with the gloomy impressions which Antonio's acquittal, effected with so much difficulty and contrary to all expectation, and the condemnation of Shylock, were calculated to leave behind them ; he has therefore added the fifth act by way of a musical afterpiece in the play itself. The episode of Jessica, the fugitive daughter of the Jew, in whom Shakespeare has contrived to throw a veil of sweetness over the national features, and the artifice by which Portia and her companion are enabled to rally their newly-married husbands, supply him with the necessary materials. The scene opens with the playful prattling of two lovers in a summer evening ; it is followed by soft music, and a rapturous eulogy on this powerful disposer of the human mind and the world ; the principal characters then make their appearance, and, after a simulated quarrel, which is gracefully maintained, the whole ends with the most exhilarating mirth.

[*From Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women."*]

Portia, Isabella, Beatrice, and Rosalind may be classed to-

gether, as characters of intellect, because, when compared with others, they are at once distinguished by their mental superiority. In Portia, it is intellect kindled into romance by a poetical imagination ; in Isabel, it is intellect elevated by religious principle ; in Beatrice, intellect animated by spirit ; in Rosalind, intellect softened by sensibility. The wit which is lavished on each is profound, or pointed, or sparkling, or playful—but always feminine ; like spirits distilled from flowers, it always reminds us of its origin ; it is a volatile essence, sweet as powerful ; and to pursue the comparison a step further, the wit of Portia is like ottar of roses, rich and concentrated ; that of Rosalind, like cotton dipped in aromatic vinegar ; the wit of Beatrice is like sal volatile ; and that of Isabel, like the incense wafted to heaven. Of these four exquisite characters, considered as dramatic and poetical conceptions, it is difficult to pronounce which is most perfect in its way, most admirably drawn, most highly finished. But if considered in another point of view, as women and individuals, as breathing realities, clothed in flesh and blood, I believe we must assign the first rank to Portia, as uniting in herself, in a more eminent degree than the others, all the noblest and most lovable qualities that ever met together in woman, and presenting a complete personification of Petrarch's exquisite epitome of female perfection—

Il vago spirto ardento,
E'n alto intelletto, un puro core.

Shylock is not a finer or more finished character in his way, than Portia is in hers. These two splendid figures are worthy of each other ; worthy of being placed together within the same rich framework of enchanting poetry, and glorious and graceful forms. She hangs beside the terrible inexorable Jew, the brilliant lights of her character set off by the shadowy power of his, like a magnificent beauty-breathing Titian by the side of a gorgeous Rembrandt.

Portia is endued with her own share of those delightful

qualities which Shakespeare has lavished on many of his female characters ; but, besides the dignity, the sweetness, and tenderness which should distinguish her sex generally, she is individualized by qualities peculiar to herself ; by her high mental powers, her enthusiasm of temperament, her decision of purpose, and her buoyancy of spirit. These are innate ; she has other distinguishing qualities more external, and which are the result of the circumstances in which she is placed. Thus she is the heiress of a princely name and countless wealth ; a train of obedient pleasures have ever waited round her ; and from infancy she has breathed an atmosphere redolent of perfume and blandishment. Accordingly there is a commanding grace, a high-bred, airy elegance, a spirit of magnificence in all that she does and says, as one to whom splendour had been familiar from her very birth. She treads as though her footsteps had been among marble palaces, beneath roofs of fretted gold, o'er cedar floors and pavements of jasper and porphyry—amid gardens full of statues, and flowers, and fountains, and haunting music. She is full of penetrative wisdom, and genuine tenderness, and lively wit ; but as she has never known want, or grief, or fear, or disappointment, her wisdom is without a touch of the sombre or the sad ; her affections are all mixed up with faith, hope, and joy ; and her wit has not a particle of malevolence or causticity. . . .

The sudden plan which she forms for the release of her husband's friend, her disguise, and her deportment as the young and learned doctor, would appear forced and improbable in any other woman, but in Portia are the simple and natural result of her character.* The quickness with which she perceives the legal advantage which may be taken of the circumstances, the spirit of adventure with which she engages

* In that age, delicate points of law were not determined by the ordinary judges of the provinces, but by doctors of law, who were called from Bologna, Padua, and other places celebrated for their legal colleges.

in the masquerading, and the decision, firmness, and intelligence with which she executes her generous purpose, are all in perfect keeping, and nothing appears forced—nothing as introduced merely for theatrical effect.

But all the finest parts of Portia's character are brought to bear in the trial scene. There she shines forth, all her divine self. Her intellectual powers, her elevated sense of religion, her high honourable principles, her best feelings as a woman, are all displayed. She maintains at first a calm self-command, as one sure of carrying her point in the end ; yet the painful heart-thrilling uncertainty in which she keeps the whole court, until suspense verges upon agony, is not contrived for effect merely ; it is necessary and inevitable. She has two objects in view : to deliver her husband's friend, and to maintain her husband's honour by the discharge of his just debt, though paid out of her own wealth ten times over. It is evident that she would rather owe the safety of Antonio to anything rather than the legal quibble with which her cousin Bellario has armed her, and which she reserves as a last resource. Thus all the speeches addressed to Shylock in the first instance are either direct or indirect experiments on his temper and feelings. She must be understood from the beginning to the end as examining, with intense anxiety, the effect of her own words on his mind and countenance ; as watching for that relenting spirit, which she hopes to awaken either by reason or persuasion. She begins by an appeal to his mercy, in that matchless piece of eloquence, which, with an irresistible and solemn pathos, falls upon the heart like “gentle dew from heaven :”—but in vain ; for that blessed dew drops not more fruitless and unfelt on the parched sand of the desert, than do these heavenly words upon the ear of Shylock. She next attacks his avarice :

Shylock, there's *thrice* thy money offered thee !

Then she appeals, in the same breath, both to his avarice and his pity :

Be merciful !

Take thrice thy money. Bid me tear the bond.

All that she says afterwards—her strong expressions, which are calculated to strike a shuddering horror through the nerves, the reflections she interposes, her delays and circumlocution to give time for any latent feeling of commiseration to display itself,—all, all are premeditated, and tend in the same manner to the object she has in view.

So unwilling is her sanguine and generous spirit to resign all hope, or to believe that humanity is absolutely extinct in the bosom of the Jew, that she calls on Antonio, as a last resource, to speak for himself. His gentle, yet manly resignation, the deep pathos of his farewell, and the affectionate allusion to herself in his last address to Bassanio—

Commend me to your honourable wife ;

Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death, etc.—

are well calculated to swell that emotion, which through the whole scene must have been labouring suppressed within her heart.

At length the crisis arrives, for patience and womanhood can endure no longer ; and when Shylock, carrying his savage bent “to the last hour of act,” springs on his victim—“A sentence ! come, prepare !”—then the smothered scorn, indignation, and disgust burst forth with an impetuosity which interferes with the judicial solemnity she had at first affected, particularly in the speech—

Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh, etc.

But she afterwards recovers her propriety, and triumphs with a cooler scorn and a more self-possessed exultation.

It is clear that, to feel the full force and dramatic beauty of this marvellous scene, we must go along with Portia as well as with Shylock ; we must understand her concealed purpose, keep in mind her noble motives, and pursue in our fancy the under current of feeling, working in her mind

throughout. The terror and the power of Shylock's character, his deadly and inexorable malice, would be too oppressive, the pain and pity too intolerable, and the horror of the possible issue too overwhelming, but for the intellectual relief afforded by this double source of interest and contemplation. . . .

A prominent feature in Portia's character is that confiding, buoyant spirit, which mingles with all her thoughts and affections. And here let me observe, that I never yet met in real life, nor ever read in tale or history, of any woman, distinguished for intellect of the highest order, who was not also remarkable for this trusting spirit, this hopefulness and cheerfulness of temper, which is compatible with the most serious habits of thought, and the most profound sensibility. Lady Wortley Montagu was one instance ; and Madame de Staël furnishes another much more memorable. In her *Corinne*, whom she drew from herself, this natural brightness of temper is a prominent part of the character. A disposition to doubt, to suspect, and to despond, in the young, argues, in general, some inherent weakness, moral or physical, or some miserable and radical error of education : in the old, it is one of the first symptoms of age ; it speaks of the influence of sorrow and experience, and foreshows the decay of the stronger and more generous powers of the soul. Portia's strength of intellect takes a natural tinge from the flush and bloom of her young and prosperous existence, and from her fervent imagination. In the casket-scene, she fears indeed the issue of the trial, on which more than her life is hazarded ; but while she trembles, her hope is stronger than her fear. . . .

Her subsequent surrender of herself in heart and soul, of her maiden freedom, and her vast possessions, can never be read without deep emotions ; for not only all the tenderness and delicacy of a devoted woman are here blended with all the dignity which becomes the princely heiress of Belmont, but the serious, measured self-possession of her address to

her lover, when all suspense is over, and all concealment superfluous, is most beautifully consistent with the character. It is, in truth, an awful moment, that in which a gifted woman first discovers that, besides talents and powers, she has also passions and affections ; when she first begins to suspect their vast importance in the sum of her existence ; when she first confesses that her happiness is no longer in her own keeping, but is surrendered forever and forever into the dominion of another ! The possession of uncommon powers of mind is so far from affording relief or resource in the first intoxicating surprise—I had almost said terror—of such a revolution, that they render it more intense. The sources of thought multiply beyond calculation the sources of feeling ; and mingled, they rush together, a torrent deep as strong. Because Portia is endued with that enlarged comprehension which looks before and after, she does not feel the less, but the more ; because from the height of her commanding intellect she can contemplate the force, the tendency, the consequences of her own sentiments—because she is fully sensible of her own situation, and the value of all she concedes—the concession is not made with less entireness and devotion of heart, less confidence in the truth and worth of her lover, than when Juliet, in a similar moment, but without any such intrusive reflections—any check but the instinctive delicacy of her sex, flings herself and her fortunes at the feet of her lover :

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, through all the world.*

In Portia's confession—“ You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,” etc.—which is not breathed from a moonlit balcony, but spoken openly in the presence of her attendants and vassals, there is nothing of the passionate self-abandonment of Juliet, nor of the artless simplicity of Miranda, but a consciousness and a tender seriousness, approaching to solemnity, which are not less touching.

* *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 2.

We must also remark that the sweetness, the solicitude, the subdued fondness which she afterwards displays, relative to the letter, are as true to the softness of her sex, as the generous self-denial with which she urges the departure of Bassanio (having first given him a husband's right over herself and all her countless wealth) is consistent with a reflecting mind, and a spirit at once tender, reasonable, and magnanimous. . . .

In the last act, Shylock and his machinations being dismissed from our thoughts, and the rest of the *dramatis personæ* assembled together at Belmont, all our interest and all our attention are riveted on Portia, and the conclusion leaves the most delightful impression on the fancy. The playful equivoque of the rings, the sportive trick she puts on her husband, and her thorough enjoyment of the jest, which she checks just as it is proceeding beyond the bounds of propriety, show how little she was displeased by the sacrifice of her gift, and are all consistent with her bright and buoyant spirit. In conclusion, when Portia invites her company to enter her palace to refresh themselves after their travels, and talk over "these events at full," the imagination, unwilling to lose sight of the brilliant group, follows them in gay procession from the lovely moonlight garden to marble halls and princely revels, to splendor and festive mirth, to love and happiness. . . .

It is observable that something of the intellectual brilliance of Portia is reflected on the other female characters of *The Merchant of Venice* so as to preserve in the midst of contrast a certain harmony and keeping. Thus Jessica, though properly kept subordinate, is certainly

A most beautiful pagan—a most sweet Jew.

She cannot be called a sketch—or if a sketch, she is like one of those dashed off in glowing colours from the rainbow palette of a Rubens; she has a rich tinge of Orientalism shed over her, worthy of her Eastern origin. In another play, and

in any other companionship than that of the matchless Portia, Jessica would make a very beautiful heroine of herself. Nothing can be more poetically, more classically fanciful and elegant than the scenes between her and Lorenzo—the celebrated moonlight dialogue, for instance, which we all have by heart. Every sentiment she utters interests us for her—more particularly her bashful self-reproach, when flying in the disguise of a page :

I am glad 'tis night, you do not look upon me,
 For I am much ashamed of my exchange ;
 But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
 The pretty follies that themselves commit ;
 For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
 To see me thus transformed to a boy.

And the enthusiastic and generous testimony to the superior graces and accomplishments of Portia comes with a peculiar grace from her lips :

Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
 And on the wager lay two earthly women,
 And Portia one, there must be something else
 Pawned with the other ; for the poor rude world
 Hath not her fellow.

We should not, however, easily pardon her for cheating her father with so much indifference but for the perception that Shylock values his daughter far beneath his wealth :

I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear !—would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin !

Nerissa is a good specimen of a common genus of characters ; she is a clever confidential waiting-woman, who has caught a little of her lady's elegance and romance ; she affects to be lively and sententious, falls in love, and makes her favour conditional on the fortune of the caskets, and, in short, mimics her mistress with good emphasis and discretion. Nerissa and the gay, talkative Gratiano are as well matched as the incomparable Portia and her magnificent and captivating lover.

[From Hazlitt's "*Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*"]

This is a play that in spite of the change of manners and prejudices still holds undisputed possession of the stage. . . . In proportion as Shylock has ceased to be a popular bugbear, "baited with the rabble's curse," he becomes a half-favourite with the philosophical part of the audience, who are disposed to think that Jewish revenge is at least as good as Christian injuries. Shylock is *a good hater*; "a man no less sinned against than sinning." If he carries his revenge too far, yet he has strong grounds for "the lodged hate he bears Antonio," which he explains with equal force of eloquence and reason. He seems the depositary of the vengeance of his race; and though the long habit of brooding over daily insults and injuries has crusted over his temper with inveterate misanthropy, and hardened him against the contempt of mankind, this adds but little to the triumphant pretensions of his enemies. There is a strong, quick, and deep sense of justice mixed up with the gall and bitterness of his resentment. The constant apprehension of being burnt alive, plundered, banished, reviled, and trampled on, might be supposed to sour the most forbearing nature, and to take something from that "milk of human kindness" with which his persecutors contemplated his indignities. The desire of revenge is almost inseparable from the sense of wrong; and we can hardly help sympathizing with the proud spirit hid beneath his "Jewish gaberdine," stung to madness by repeated undeserved provocations, and labouring to throw off the load of obloquy and oppression heaped upon him and all his tribe by one desperate act of "lawful" revenge, till the ferociousness of the means by which he is to execute his purpose, and the pertinacity with which he adheres to it, turn us against him; but even at last, when disappointed of the

* *Characters of Shakespear's Plays*, by William Hazlitt (London, 1817), p. 269 fol.

sanguinary revenge with which he had glutted his hopes, and exposed to beggary and contempt by the letter of the law on which he had insisted with so little remorse, we pity him, and think him hardly dealt with by his judges. In all his answers and retorts upon his adversaries, he has the best not only of the argument but of the question, reasoning on their own principles and practice. They are so far from allowing of any measure of equal dealing, of common justice or humanity between themselves and the Jew, that even when they come to ask a favour of him, and Shylock reminds them that on such a day they spit upon him, another spurned him, another called him dog, and for these courtesies they request he'll lend them so much money, Antonio, his old enemy, instead of any acknowledgment of the shrewdness and justice of his remonstrance, which would have been preposterous in a respectable Catholic merchant in those times, threatens him with a repetition of the same treatment:

I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.

After this, the appeal to the Jew's mercy, as if there were any common principle of right and wrong between them, is the rankest hypocrisy or the blindest prejudice. . . .

The whole of the trial-scene, both before and after the entrance of Portia, is a masterpiece of dramatic skill. The legal acuteness, the passionate declamations, the sound maxims of jurisprudence, the wit and irony interspersed in it, the fluctuations of hope and fear in the different persons, and the completeness and suddenness of the catastrophe, cannot be surpassed. Shylock, who is his own counsel, defends himself well, and is triumphant on all the general topics that are urged against him, and only fails through a legal flaw. . . . The keenness of his revenge awakes all his faculties; and he beats back all opposition to his purpose, whether grave or gay, whether of wit or argument, with an equal

degree of earnestness and self-possession. His character is displayed as distinctly in other less prominent parts of the play, and we may collect from a few sentences the history of his life—his descent and origin, his thrift and domestic economy, his affection for his daughter, whom he loves next to his wealth, his courtship and his first present to Leah his wife! “I would not have given it (the ring which he first gave her) for a wilderness of monkeys!” What a fine Hebraism is implied in this expression! . . .

When we first went to see Mr. Kean in Shylock, we expected to see, what we had been used to see, a decrepit old man, bent with age and ugly with mental deformity, grinning with deadly malice, with the venom of his heart congealed in the expression of his countenance, sullen, morose, gloomy, inflexible, brooding over one idea, that of his hatred, and fixed on one unalterable purpose, that of his revenge. We were disappointed, because we had taken our idea from other actors, not from the play. There is no proof there that Shylock is old, but a single line, “Bassanio and *old* Shylock, both stand forth”—which does not imply that he is infirm with age—and the circumstance that he has a daughter marriageable, which does not imply that he is old at all. It would be too much to say that his body should be made crooked and deformed to answer to his mind, which is bowed down and warped with prejudices and passion. That he has but one idea is not true; he has more ideas than any other person in the piece; and if he is intense and inveterate in the pursuit of his purpose, he shows the utmost elasticity, vigour, and presence of mind, in the means of attaining it. But so rooted was our habitual impression of the part from seeing it caricatured in the representation, that it was only from a careful perusal of the play itself that we saw our error. The stage is not in general the best place to study our author’s characters in. It is too often filled with traditional commonplace conceptions of the part, handed down

from sire to son, and suited to the taste of *the great vulgar and the small*. “ ‘T is an unweeded garden ; things rank and gross do merely gender in it.’ ”* If a man of genius comes once in an age to clear away the rubbish, to make it fruitful and wholesome, they cry, “ ‘T is a bad school ; it may be like nature, it may be like Shakespear, but it is not like us.” Admirable critics !

[From Knight’s “ *Pictorial Shakspere*.” †]

Antonio is one of the most beautiful of Shakspere’s characters. He does not take a very prominent part in the drama : he is a sufferer rather than an actor. We view him, in the outset, rich, liberal, surrounded with friends ; yet he is unhappy. He has higher aspirations than those which ordinarily belong to one dependent upon the chances of commerce ; and this uncertainty, as we think, produces his unhappiness. He will not acknowledge the forebodings of evil which come across his mind. Ulrici says, “ It was the over-great magnitude of his earthly riches, which, although his heart was by no means dependent upon their amount, unconsciously confined the free flight of his soul.” We doubt if Shakspere meant this. He has addressed the reproof of that state of mind to Portia, from the lips of Nerissa :

Portia. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Nerissa. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the

* Hazlitt is evidently quoting from memory. The reading in *Ham.* i. 2. 135 is :

‘t is an unweeded garden
That grows to seed ; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely.

Shakespeare uses the verb *gender* only in *Oth.* iv. 2. 63 :

a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in.

† *Pictorial Edition of Shakspere*, edited by Charles Knight (2d ed. London, 1867), vol. i. of *Comedies*, p. 452 fol. (by permission).

same abundance as your good fortunes are; and yet, for aught I see, *they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing.*

Antonio may say—

In sooth, I know not why I am so sad ;
but his reasoning denial of the cause of his sadness is a proof to us that the foreboding of losses—

Even to press a royal merchant down,
is at the bottom of his sadness. It appears to us as a self-delusion, which his secret nature rejects, that he says,

My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place ; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year :
Therefore, my merchandize makes me not sad.

When he has given the fatal bond, he has a sort of desperate confidence, which to us looks very unlike assured belief :

Why, fear not, man, I will not forfeit it ;
Within these two months, that 's a month before
This bond expires, *I do expect* return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

And, finally, when his calamity has become a real thing, and not a shadowy notion, his deportment shows that his mind has been long familiar with images of ruin :

Give me your hand, Bassanio ; fare you well !
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom : it is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view, with hollow eye and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty ; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

The generosity of Antonio's nature unfitted him for a contest with the circumstances amid which his lot was cast. The Jew says—

In low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis.

He himself says—

I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me.

Bassanio describes him, as

The kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies.

To such a spirit, whose “means are in supposition”—whose ventures are “squander'd abroad”—the curse of the Jew must have sometimes presented itself to his own prophetic mind :

This is the fool that lends out money gratis.

Antonio and his position are not in harmony. But there is something else discordant in Antonio's mind. This kind friend—this generous benefactor—this gentle spirit—this man “unwearied in doing courtesies”—can outrage and insult a fellow-creature, because he is of another creed :

Shylock. Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last ;
You spurn'd me such a day ; another time
You call'd me dog ; and for these courtesies
I 'll lend you thus much moneys.

Antonio. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too.

Was it without an object that Shakspere made this man, so entitled to command our affections and our sympathy, act so unworthy a part, and not be ashamed of the act? Most assuredly the poet did not intend to justify the indignities which were heaped upon Shylock ; for in the very strongest way he has made the Jew remember the insult in the progress of his wild revenge :

Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause :
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs.

Here, to our minds, is the first of the lessons of charity which this play teaches. Antonio is as much to be pitied for his

prejudices as the Jew for his. They had both been nurtured in evil opinions. They had both been surrounded by influences which more or less held in subjection their better natures. The honoured Christian is as intolerant as the despised Jew. The one habitually pursues with injustice the subjected man that he has been taught to loathe ; the other, in the depths of his subtle obstinacy, seizes upon the occasion to destroy the powerful man that he has been compelled to fear. The companions of Antonio exhibit, more or less, the same reflection of the prejudices which have become to them a second nature. They are not so gross in their prejudices as Launcelot, to whom "the Jew is the very devil incarnation." But to Lorenzo, who is about to marry his daughter, Shylock is a "faithless Jew." When the unhappy father is bereft of all that constituted the solace of his home, and before he has manifested that spirit of revenge which might well call for indignation and contempt, he is to the gentlemanly Salanio "the villain Jew," and "the dog Jew." When the unhappy man speaks of his daughter's flight, he is met with a brutal jest on the part of Salarino, who, within his own circle, is the pleasantest of men : "I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal." We can understand the reproaches that are heaped upon Shylock in the trial scene, as something that might come out of the depths of any passion-stirred nature ; but the habitual contempt with which he is treated by men who in every other respect are gentle and good-humoured and benevolent, is a proof to us that Shakspere meant to represent the struggle that must inevitably ensue, in a condition of society where the innate sense of justice is deadened in the powerful by those hereditary prejudices which make cruelty virtue ; and where the powerless, invested by accident with the means of revenge, say with Shylock, "The villany you teach me I will execute ; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction." The climax of this subjection of our higher and bet-

ter natures to conventional circumstances is to be found in the character of the Jew's daughter. Young, agreeable, intelligent, formed for happiness, she is shut up by her father in a dreary solitude. One opposed to her in creed gains her affections ; and the ties which bind the father and the child are broken forever. But they are not broken without compunction :

Alack ! what heinous sin is it in me
To be ashamed to be my father's child.

This is nature. But when she has fled from him—robbed him—spent fourscore ducats in one night—given his turquoise for a monkey—and, finally, revealed his secrets, with an evasion of the ties that bound them, which makes one's flesh creep,

When I was *with him*,

we see the poor girl plunged into the most wretched contest between her duties and her pleasures by the force of external circumstances. We grant, then, to all these our compassion ; for they commit injustice ignorantly, and through a force which they cannot withstand. Is the Jew himself not to be measured by the same rule ? We believe that it was Shakspere's intention so to measure him.

When Pope exclaimed of Macklin's performance of Shylock,

This is the Jew
That Shakspere drew !

the higher philosophy of Shakspere was little appreciated. Macklin was, no doubt, from all traditional report of him, perfectly capable of representing the subtlety of the Jew's malice and the energy of his revenge. But it is a question with us, whether he perceived, or indeed if any actor ever efficiently represented, the more delicate traits of character that lie beneath these two great passions of the Jew's heart. Look, for example, at the extraordinary mixture of the per-

sonal and the national in his dislike of Antonio. He hates him for his gentle manners:

How like a fawning publican he looks !

He hates him, "for he is a Christian ;" he hates him, for that "he lends out money gratis ;" but he hates him more than all, because

He hates our sacred nation.

It is this national feeling which, when carried in a right direction, makes a patriot and a hero, that assumes in Shylock the aspect of a grovelling and fierce personal revenge. He has borne insult and injury "with a patient shrug ;" but ever in small matters he has been seeking retribution :

I am not bid for love, they flatter me ;
But yet I 'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.

The mask is at length thrown off—he has the Christian in his power ; and his desire of revenge, mean and ferocious as it is, rises into sublimity, through the unconquerable energy of the oppressed man's wilfulness. "I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that." It is impossible, after this exposition of his feelings, that we should not feel that he has properly cast the greater portion of the odium which belongs to his actions upon the social circumstances by which he has been hunted into madness. He has been made the thing he is by society. In the extreme wildness of his anger, when he utters the harrowing imprecation,—"I would my daughter were dead at my foot,

and the jewels in her ear! Would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin ;" the tenderness that belongs to our common humanity, even in its most passionate forgetfulness of the dearest ties, comes across him in the remembrance of the mother of that execrated child :—"Out upon her! Thou tortur'est me, Tubal : it was my turquoise ; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor."

It is in the conduct of the trial scene that, as it appears to us, is to be sought the concentration of Shakspere's leading idea in the composition of this drama. The merchant stands before the Jew a better and a wiser man than when he called him "dog :"

I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Misfortune has corrected the influences which, in happier moments, allowed him to forget the gentleness of his nature, and to heap unmerited abuse upon him whose badge was sufferance. The Jew is unchanged. But if Shakspere in the early scenes made us entertain some compassion for his wrongs, he has now left him to bear all the indignation which we ought to feel against one "uncapable of pity." But we cannot despise the Jew. His intellectual vigour rises supreme over the mere reasonings by which he is opposed. He defends his own injustice by the example of as great an injustice of everyday occurrence—and no one ventures to answer him :

You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them.—Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs ?
Why sweat they under burdens ? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands ? You will answer

The slaves are ours.—So do I answer you :
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought ; 't is mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law !

It would have been exceedingly difficult for the merchant to have escaped from the power of the obdurate man, so strong in the letter of the law, and so resolute to carry it out by the example of his judges in other matters, had not the law been found here, as in most other cases, capable of being bent to the will of its administrators. Had it been the inflexible thing which Shylock required it to be, a greater injustice would have been committed than the Jew had finally himself to suffer. . . .

Had Shylock relented after that most beautiful appeal to his mercy, which Shakspere has here placed as the exponent of the higher principle upon which all law and right are essentially dependent, the real moral of the drama would have been destroyed. The weight of injuries transmitted to Shylock from his forefathers, and still heaped upon him even by the best of those by whom he was surrounded, was not so easily to become light, and to cease to exasperate his nature. Nor would it have been a true picture of society in the sixteenth century had the poet shown the judges of the Jew wholly magnanimous in granting him the mercy which he denied to the Christian. We certainly do not agree with the Duke, in his address to Shylock, that the conditions upon which his life is spared are imposed—

That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit.

Nor do we think that Shakspere meant to hold up these conditions as anything better than examples of the mode in which the strong are accustomed to deal with the weak. There is still something discordant in this, the real catastrophe of the drama. It could not be otherwise, and yet be true to nature.

But how artistically has the poet restored the balance of

pleasurable sensations! Throughout the whole conduct of the play, what may be called its tragic portion has been relieved by the romance which belongs to the personal fate of Portia. But after the great business of the drama is wound up, we fall back upon a repose which is truly refreshing and harmonious. From the lips of Lorenzo and Jessica, as they sit in the “paler day” of an Italian moon, are breathed the lighter strains of the most playful poetry, mingled with the highest flights of the most elevated. Music and the odours of sweet flowers are around them. Happiness is in their hearts. Their thoughts are lifted by the beauties of the earth above the earth. This delicious scene belongs to what is universal and eternal, and takes us far away from those bitter strifes of our social state which are essentially narrow and temporary. And then come the affectionate welcomes, the pretty, pouting contests, and the happy explanations of Portia and Nerissa with Bassanio and Gratiano. Here again we are removed into a sphere where the calamities of fortune, and the injustice of man warring against man, may be forgotten. The poor Merchant is once more happy. The “gentle spirit” of Portia is perhaps the happiest, for she has triumphantly concluded a work as religious as her pretended pilgrimage “by holy crosses.” To use the words of Dr. Ulrici, “the sharp contrarieties of right and unright are played out.”

[*From White's Introduction to the Play.**]

We find, then, that the story of this comedy, even to its episodic part and its minutest incidents, had been told again and again long before Shakespeare was born—that even certain expressions in it occur in the works of the preceding authors—in Giovanni Fiorentino’s version of the story of the Bond, in the story of the Caskets, as told in the *Gesta Romanorum*, in the ballad of Gernutus, and in Massuccio di Salerno’s

* White's *Shakespeare*, vol. iv. p. 139.

novel about the girl who eloped from and robbed her miserly father—and it is more than probable that even the combination of the first two of these had been made before *The Merchant of Venice* was written. What then remains to Shakespeare? and what is there to show that he is not a plagiarist? Everything that makes *The Merchant of Venice* what it is. The people are puppets, and the incidents are all in these old stories. They are mere bundles of barren sticks that the poet's touch causes to bloom like Aaron's rod : they are heaps of dry bones till he clothes them with human flesh and breathes into them the breath of life. *Antonio*, grave, pensive, prudent save in his devotion to his young kinsman, as a Christian hating the Jew, as a royal merchant despising the usurer; *Bassanio*, lavish yet provident, a generous gentleman although a fortune-seeker, wise although a gay gallant, and manly though dependent; *Gratiano*, who unites the not too common virtues of thorough good nature and unselfishness with the sometimes not unserviceable fault of talking for talk's sake; *Shylock*, crafty and cruel, whose revenge is as mean as it is fierce and furious, whose abuse never rises to invective, and who has yet some dignity of port as the avenger of a nation's wrongs, some claim upon our sympathy as a father outraged by his only child; and *Portia*, matchless impersonation of that rare woman who is gifted even more in intellect than loveliness, and who yet stops gracefully short of the offence of intellectuality—these, not to notice minor characters no less perfectly organized or completely developed after their kind—these, and the poetry which is their atmosphere, and through which they beam upon us, all radiant in its golden light, are Shakespeare's only; and these it is, and not the incidents of old and, but for these, forgotten tales, that make *The Merchant of Venice* a priceless and imperishable dower to the queenly city that sits enthroned upon the sea—a dower of romance more bewitching than that of her moonlit waters and beauty-laden balconies, of adornment

more splendid than that of her pictured palaces, of human interest more enduring than that of her blood-stained annals, more touching even than the sight of her faded grandeur.

[*From Dowden's "Shakspere Primer,"*]*

The distinction of Portia among Shakspere's women is the union in her nature of high intellectual powers and decision of will with a heart full of ardour and of susceptibility to romantic feelings. She has herself never known trouble or sorrow, but prosperity has left her generous and quick in sympathy. Her noble use of wealth and joyous life, surrounded with flowers and fountains and marble statues and music, stands in contrast over against the hard, sad, and contracted life of Shylock, one of a persecuted tribe, absorbed in one or two narrowing and intense passions—the love of the money-bags he clutches and yet fails to keep, and his hatred of the man who had scorned his tribe, insulted his creed, and diminished his gains. Yet Shylock is not like Marlowe's Jew, Barabas, a preternatural monster. Wolf-like as his revenge shows him, we pity his joyless, solitary life: and when, ringed round in the trial scene with hostile force, he stands firm upon his foothold of the law, there is something sublime in his tenacity of passion and resolve. But we feel that it is right that this evil strength should be utterly crushed and quelled, and when Shylock leaves the court a broken man, we know it is needful that this should be so.

The choosing of the caskets shows us Portia, who will strictly interpret the law of Venice for Shylock and Antonio, loyally abiding by the provisions which her father has laid down in her own case. And Bassanio is ennobled in our eyes by his choice; for the gold, silver, and lead of the caskets, with their several inscriptions, are a test of true

* *Literature Primers: Shakspere*, by Edward Dowden, LL.D. (London, 1878), p. 95 fol. (by permission).

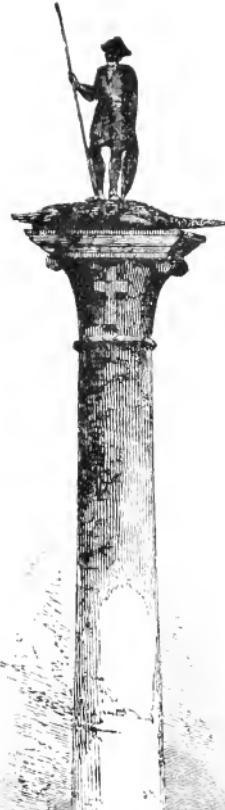
lovers. Bassanio does not come as a needy adventurer to choose the golden casket, or to "gain" or "get" anything, but in the true spirit of self-abandoning love "to give," not to get, "and hazard all he hath;" and having dared to give all he gains all.

The lyrical boy-and-girl love of Lorenzo and Jessica brings out by contrast the grave and glad earnestness of Portia's love and Bassanio's. Jessica has not a thought of loyalty to *her* father—nor is it to be expected. The lyrical passages between Lorenzo and Jessica in the moonlit garden, ending with the praise of music, contrast with Portia's generalizing reflections (the wake of thought still undulating after her great intellectual effort at the trial), suggested by the light seen and music heard as she approaches her house, and by her failing to receive any pleasure from the music which Lorenzo has so eloquently praised.

The comedy must end mirthfully. After the real struggle and the strain of interest respecting Antonio's fate, we pass on to the playful differences about the rings; from the court of justice at Venice we are carried to the luminous night in the gardens of Belmont. Even Antonio's ships must not be lost; a moment of happiness after trouble cannot be too perfect.



THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.



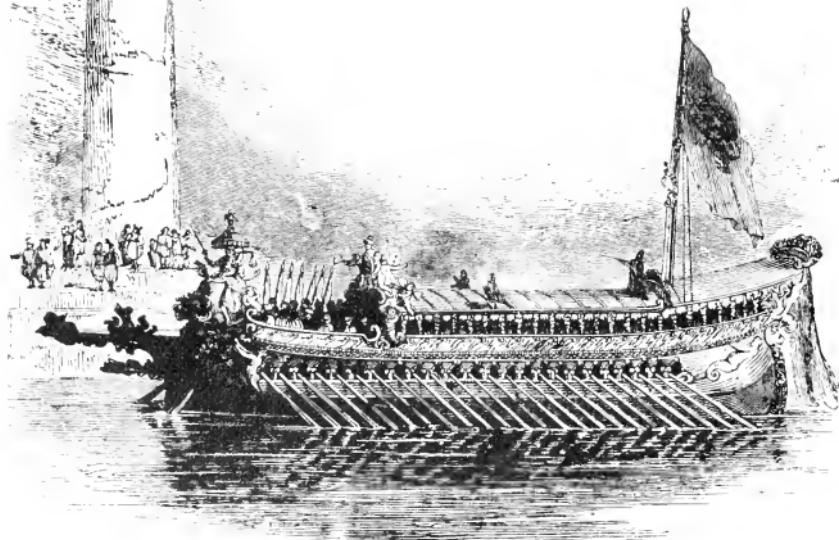
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

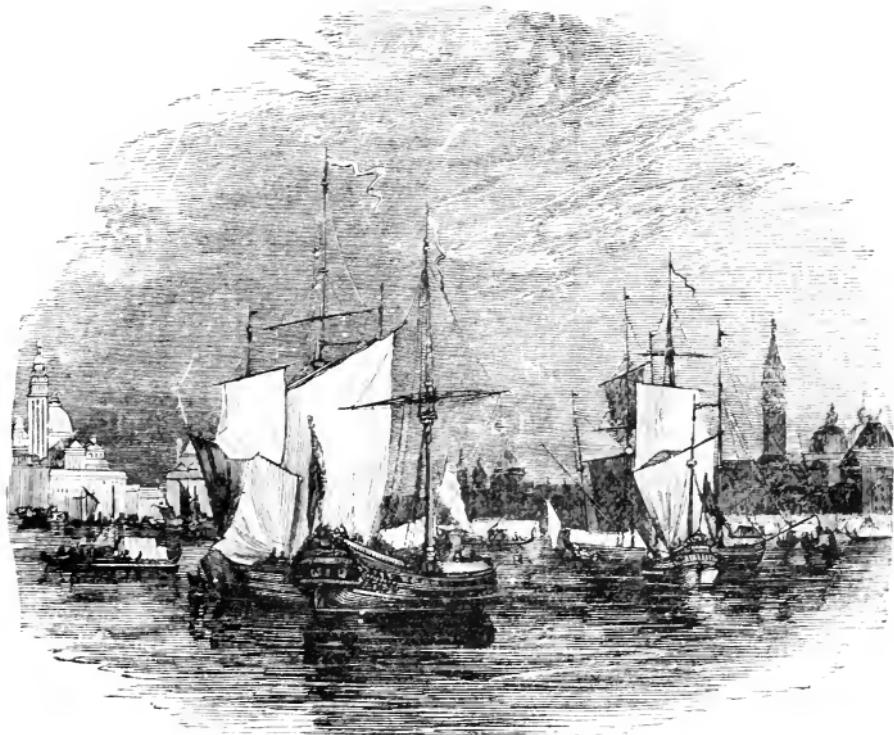
THE DUKE OF VENICE.
THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO, }
THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON, } suitors to Portia.
ANTONIO, the Merchant of Venice.
BASSANIO, his friend.
SALANIO, }
SALARINO, } friends to Antonio and Bassanio.
GRATIANO, }
LORENZO, in love with Jessica.
SHYLOCK, a Jew.
TUBAL, a Jew, his friend.
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a clown.
OLD GOBBO, father to Launcelet.
SALERIO, a messenger.
LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio.
BALTHASAR, } servants to Portia.
STEPHANO, }

PORIA, a rich heiress.
NERISSA, her waiting maid.
JESSICA, daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice,
Gaoler, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont.*





ARGOSIES.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Venice. A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

Antonio. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad :
It wearies me, you say it wearies you ;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 't is made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn ;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salarino. Your mind is tossing on the ocean ;
There where your argosies with portly sail,

Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salanio. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads ;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

Salarino. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechanc'd would make me sad ?
But tell not me ; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Antonio. Believe me, no. I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place ; nor is my whole estate

Upon the fortune of this present year :
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salarino. Why, then you are in love.

Antonio. Fie, fie !

Salarino. Not in love neither ? Then let us say you 're sad
Because you are not merry ; and 't were as easy
For you to laugh and leap, and say you 're merry
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus, 50
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time :
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper ;
And other of such vinegar aspect
That they 'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

Salanio. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well ;
We leave you now with better company.

Salarino. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me. 61

Antonio. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salarino. Good Morrow, my good lords.

Bassanio. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh ? Say,
when ?

You grow exceeding strange ; must it be so ?

Salarino. We 'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[*Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.*

Lorenzo. My Lord Bassanio, since you 've found Antonio,
We two will leave you ; but at dinner-time, 70
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bassanio. I will not fail you.

Gratiano. You look not well, Signior Antonio ;

You have too much respect upon the world :
 They lose it that do buy it with much care.
 Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

Antonio. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano
 A stage where every man must play a part,
 And mine a sad one.

Gratiano. Let me play the fool ; .
 With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
 And let my liver rather heat with wine
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
 Why should a man whose blood is warm within
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?
 Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
 By being peevish ? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
 I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,—
 There are a sort of men whose visages
 Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
 And do a wilful stillness entertain,
 With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
 As who should say, ' I am Sir Oracle,
 And when I ope my lips let no dog bark !'
 O my Antonio, I do know of these
 That therefore only are reputed wise
 For saying nothing ; when, I am very sure,
 If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
 Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
 I 'll tell thee more of this another time ;
 But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
 For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.—
 Come, good Lorenzo.—Fare ye well a while ;
 I 'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lorenzo. Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-time.
 I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
 For Gratiano never lets me speak.

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Gratiano. Well, keep me company but two years moe,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Antonio. Farewell; I 'll grow a talker for this gear. 112

Gratiano. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried. [Exeunt *Gratiano and Lorenzo.*

Antonio. Is that any thing now?

Bassanio. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing,
more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two
grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek
all day ere you find them, and when you have them they
are not worth the search.

Antonio. Well, tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of? 120

Bassanio. 'T is not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe. 132

Antonio. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bassanio. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the selfsame flight 141
The selfsame way, with more advised watch,

To find the other forth ; and by adventuring both
 I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,
 Because what follows is pure innocence.
 I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,
 That which I owe is lost ; but if you please
 To shoot another arrow that self way
 Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
 As I will watch the aim, or to find both
 Or bring your latter hazard back again,
 And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Antonio. You know me well, and herein spend but time
 To wind about my love with circumstance ;
 And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong
 In making question of my uttermost
 Than if you had made waste of all I have.
 Then do but say to me what I should do,
 That in your knowledge may by me be done,
 And I am prest unto^{it} ; therefore speak.

Bassanio. In Belmont is a lady richly left ;
 And she is fair and, fairer than that word,
 Of wondrous virtues : sometimes from her eyes
 I did receive fair speechless messages.
 Her name is Portia ; nothing undervalued
 To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia :
 Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth ;
 For the four winds blow in from every coast
 Renowned suitors ; and her sunny locks
 Hang on her temples like a golden fleece ;
 Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,
 And many Jasons come in quest of her.
 O my Antonio, had I but the means
 To hold a rival place with one of them,
 I have a mind presages me such thrift
 That I should questionless be fortunate.

Antonio. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea ;

Neither have I money nor commodity
 To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;
 Try what my credit can in Venice do: 180
 That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
 To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
 Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
 Where money is, and I no question make
 To have it of my trust or for my sake. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Portia. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Nerissa. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are; and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Portia. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Nerissa. They would be better if well followed. 10

Portia. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband.—O me, the word 'choose'! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none? 23

Nerissa. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations ; therefore the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead —whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you—will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come ? ³⁰

Portia. I pray thee, over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them ; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Nerissa. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Portia. Ay, that 's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse ; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself.

Nerissa. Then is there the County Palatine. ³⁸

Portia. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, 'An you will not have me, choose.' He hears merry tales, and smiles not ; I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather to be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two !

Nerissa. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon ? ⁴⁷

Portia. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker ; but, he ! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine : he is every man in no man ; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a-capering ; he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him ; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Nerissa. What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England ? ⁵⁸

Portia. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him ; he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture ; but, alas ! who can converse with a dumb show ? How oddly he is suited ! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where. 66

Nerissa. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour ?

Portia. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him ; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able : I think the Frenchman became his surety and sealed under for another. 71

Nerissa. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew ?

Portia. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk : when he is best, he is a little worse than a man ; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Nerissa. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him. 81

Portia. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket ; for if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Nerissa. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords : they have acquainted me with their determinations ; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition depending on the caskets. 91

Portia. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's

will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence ; and I wish them a fair departure.

Nerissa. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat ?

Portia. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio ; as I think, so was he called. 101

Nerissa. True, madam ; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Portia. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave ; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the prince his master will be here to-night. 109

Portia. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach ; if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrieve me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—

Whiles we shut the gates upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Venice. A Public Place.*

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.

Shylock. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bassanio. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shylock. For three months,—well.

Bassanio. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shylock. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bassanio. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me?
Shall I know your answer?

Shylock. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bassanio. Your answer to that.

10

Shylock. Antonio is a good man.

Bassanio. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shylock. Ho, no, no, no, no; my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves,—I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats,—I think I may take his bond.

23

Bassanio. Be assured you may.

Shylock. I will be assured I may; and that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bassanio. If it please you to dine with us.

Shylock. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.—What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

33

Enter ANTONIO.

Bassanio. This is Signior Antonio.

Shylock. [Aside] How like a fawning publican he looks! I hate him for he is a Christian, But more for that, in low simplicity, He lends out money gratis, and brings down

The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
 If I can catch him once upon the hip,
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
 He hates our sacred nation ; and he rails,
 Even there where merchants most do congregate,
 On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
 Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
 If I forgive him !

40

Bassanio. Shylock, do you hear ?

Shylock. I am debating of my present store ;
 And, by the near guess of my memory,
 I cannot instantly raise up the gross
 Of full three thousand ducats. What of that ?
 Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
 Will furnish me. But soft ! how many months
 Do you desire ?—[*To Antonio*] Rest you fair, good signior ;
 Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

50

Antonio. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
 By taking nor by giving of excess,
 Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
 I 'll break a custom.—Is he yet possess'd
 How much you would ?

Shylock. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Antonio. And for three months.

60

Shylock. I had forgot,—three months ; you told me so.
 Well then, your bond ; and let me see—but hear you :
 Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
 Upon advantage.

Antonio. I do never use it.

Shylock. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep—
 This Jacob from our holy Abram was,
 As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,
 The third possessor ; ay, he was the third—

Antonio. And what of him ? did he take interest ?

Shylock. No, not take interest, not, as you would say,

70

Directly interest ; mark what Jacob did.
 When Laban and himself were compromis'd
 That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied
 Should fall as Jacob's hire,
 The skilful shepherd pill'd me certain wands,
 And stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
 Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
 Fall parti-colour'd lambs ; and those were Jacob's.
 This was a way to thrive, and he was blest ;
 And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

80

Antonio. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for ;
 A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
 But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
 Was this inserted to make interest good ?
 Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams ?

Shylock. I cannot tell ; I make it breed as fast.—
 But note me, signior.

Antonio. Mark you this, Bassanio,
 The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
 An evil soul, producing holy witness,
 Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
 A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
 O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

90

Shylock. Three thousand ducats,—'t is a good round sum.
 Three months from twelve,—then, let me see the rate.

Antonio. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you ?

Shylock. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
 In the Rialto, you have rated me
 About my moneys and my usances ;
 Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
 For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
 You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
 And spet upon my Jewish gaberdine,
 And all for use of that which is mine own.
 Well then, it now appears you need my help :

100

Go to, then ; you come to me, and you say,
 'Shylock, we would have moneys:' you say so,
 You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
 And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
 Over your threshold ; moneys is your suit.

What should I say to you? Should I not say,
 'Hath a dog money? Is it possible
 A cur should lend three thousand ducats?' Or
 Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
 With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
 Say this :

'Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last ;
 You spurn'd me such a day ; another time
 You call'd me dog ; and for these courtesies
 I 'll lend you thus much moneys ?'

Antonio. I am as like to call thee so again,
 To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too.
 If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
 As to thy friends ; for when did friendship take
 A breed of barren metal of his friend ?
 But lend it rather to thine enemy ;
 Who if he break, thou mayst with better face
 Exact the penalty.

Shylock. Why, look you, how you storm !
 I would be friends with you, and have your love,
 Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
 Supply your present wants, and take no doit
 Of usance for my moneys, and you 'll not hear me.
 This is kind I offer.

Bassanio. This were kindness.

Shylock. This kindness will I show.
 Go with me to a notary ; seal me there
 Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,
 If you repay me not on such a day,
 In such a place, such sum or sums as are

110

120

130

Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

140

Antonio. Content, i' faith ; I 'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bassanio. You shall not seal to such a bond for me ;
I 'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Antonio. Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it :
Within these two months—that 's a month before
This bond expires—I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shylock. O father Abram ! what these Christians are
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others !—Pray you, tell me this :
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship :
If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

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160

Antonio. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shylock. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's.
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight,
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you.

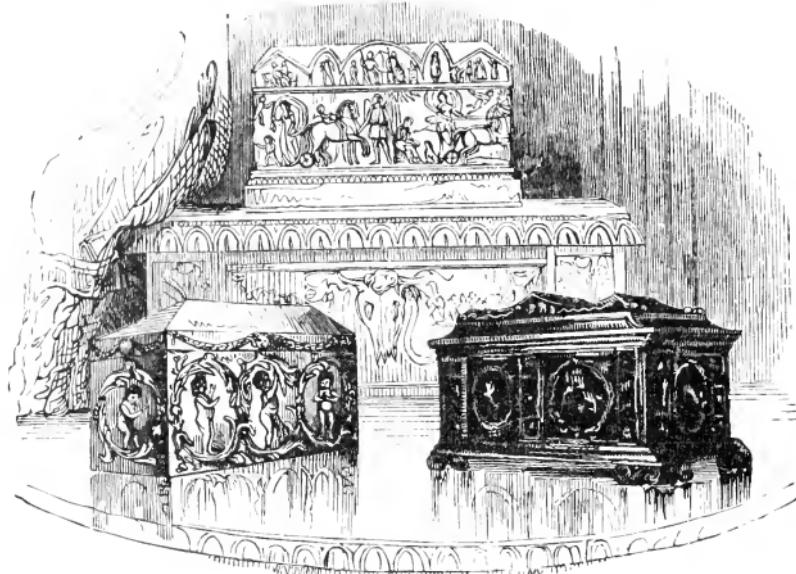
[Exit.]

Antonio. Hie thee, gentle Jew.—
The Hebrew will turn Christian ; he grows kind.

Bassanio. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

Antonio. Come on : in this there can be no dismay ;
My ships come home a month before the day. [Exit.]

170



THE CASKETS.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO and his train; PORTIA, NERISSA, and others attending.

Morocco. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I swear
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too. I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Portia. In terms of choice I am not solely led
 By nice direction of a maiden's eyes ;
 Besides, the lottery of my destiny
 Bars me the right of voluntary choosing ;
 But if my father had not scanted me,
 And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself
 His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
 Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair
 As any comer I have look'd on yet,
 For my affection.

20

Morocco. Even for that I thank you ;
 Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
 To try my fortune. By this scimitar,
 That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince
 That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
 I would o'er-stare the sternest eyes that look,
 Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
 Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
 Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
 To win thee, lady. But, alas the while !
 If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
 Which is the better man, the greater throw
 May turn by fortune from the weaker hand :
 So is Alcides beaten by his page ;
 And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
 Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
 And die with grieving.

30

Portia. You must take your chance ;
 And either not attempt to choose at all,
 Or swear, before you choose, if you choose wrong
 Never to speak to lady afterward
 In way of marriage : therefore be advis'd.

40

Morocco. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.
Portia. First, forward to the temple ; after dinner
 Your hazard shall be made.

Morocco. Good fortune then !
To make me blest or cursed'st among men.

[*Cornets, and excent.*

SCENE II. *Venice. A Street.*

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Launcelot. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow and tempts me, saying to me, 'Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,' or 'good Gobbo,' or 'good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.' My conscience says, 'No ; take heed, honest Launcelot ; take heed, honest Gobbo,' or, as aforesaid, 'honest Launcelot Gobbo ; do not run ; scorn running with thy heels.' Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack : 'Via!' says the fiend ; 'away!' says the fiend ; 'for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.' Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, 'My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,'—or rather an honest woman's son,—well, my conscience says, 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' says the fiend. 'Budge not,' says my conscience. 'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel well ;' 'Fiend,' say I, 'you counsel well : to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil ; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnation ; and, in my conscience, my conscience is a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel : I will run, fiend ; my heels are at your commandment ; I will run.

25

Enter Old GOBBO, with a basket.

Gobbo. Master young man, you ! I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's ?

Launcelot. [Aside] O heavens ! this is my true-begotten father, who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel-blind, knows me not.—I will try confusions with him. 30

Gobbo. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's ?

Launcelot. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all, on your left ; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gobbo. By God's soties, 't will be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no ?

Launcelot. Talk you of young Master Launcelot ?—[Aside] Mark me now ; now will I raise the waters.—[To him] Talk you of young Master Launcelot ? 42

Gobbo. No master, sir, but a poor man's son ; his father, though I say 't, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Launcelot. Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gobbo. Your worship's friend and Launcelot.

Launcelot. But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot ? 50

Gobbo. Of Launcelot, an 't please your mastership.

Launcelot. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father ; for the young gentleman—according to fates and destinies and such odd sayings, the sisters three and such branches of learning—is indeed deceased, or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gobbo. Marry, God forbid ! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Launcelot. [Aside] Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop ? [To him] Do you know me, father ? 60

Gobbo. Alack the day ! I know you not, young gentleman ; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy—God rest his soul !—alive or dead ?

Launcelot. Do you not know me, father?

Gobbo. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind ; I know you not.

Launcelot. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me ; it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. [Kneels.] Give me your blessing : truth will come to light ; murther cannot be hid long ; a man's son may, but in the end truth will out. 71

Gobbo. Pray you, sir, stand up. I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Launcelot. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing ; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gobbo. I cannot think you are my son.

Launcelot. I know not what I shall think of that ; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother. 80

Gobbo. Her name is Margery, indeed ; I 'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be ! what a beard hast thou got ! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

Launcelot. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward ; I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

Gobbo. Lord ! how art thou changed ! How dost thou and thy master agree ? I have brought him a present. How gree you now ? 91

Launcelot. Well, well ; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew : give him a present ! give him a halter : I am famished in his service ; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come : give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who indeed gives rare new liveries ; if I serve not him, I will

run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man:—to him, father; for I am a Jew if I serve the Jew any longer.

101

Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO and other followers.

Bassanio. You may do so; but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [Exit a Servant.

Launcelot. To him, father.

Gobbo. God bless your worship!

Bassanio. Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with me?

Gobbo. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Launcelot. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,—

111

Gobbo. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve—

Launcelot. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

Gobbo. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins—

Launcelot. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

120

Gobbo. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is—

Launcelot. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bassanio. One speak for both.—What would you?

Launcelot. Serve you, sir.

Gobbo. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bassanio. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit. Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment

130

To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Launcelot. The old proverb is very well parted between
my master Shylock and you, sir ; you have the grace of God,
sir, and he hath enough.

Bassanio. Thou speak'st it well.—Go, father, with thy son.—
Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out.—Give him a livery [To his followers.
More guarded than his fellows' ; see it done. 140

Launcelot. Father, in.—I cannot get a service, no ; I have
ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well, if any man in Italy have a
fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book !—I shall
have good fortune.—Go to, here 's a simple line of life ! here 's
a small trifle of wives : alas ! fifteen wives is nothing ! aleven
widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man ;
and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my
life with the edge of a feather-bed,—here are simple scapes.
Well, if Fortune be a woman, she 's a good wench for this
gear.—Father, come ; I 'll take my leave of the Jew in the
twinkling of an eye. [Exeunt Launcelot and Old Gobbo.

Bassanio. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this. 152
These things being bought and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance ; hie thee, go.

Leonardo. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gratiano. Where is your master ?

Leonardo. Yonder, sir, he walks. [Exit.

Gratiano. Signior Bassanio !

Bassanio. Gratiano !

Gratiano. I have a suit to you.

Bassanio. You have obtain'd it. 160

Gratiano. You must not deny me. I must go with you to
Belmont.

Bassanio. Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano :
 Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice,—
 Parts that become thee happily enough
 And in such eyes as ours appear not faults ;
 But where they are not known, why, there they show
 Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain
 To allay with some cold drops of modesty
 Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behaviour 170
 I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
 And lose my hopes.

Gratiano. Signior Bassanio, hear me :
 If I do not put on a sober habit,
 Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
 Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,
 Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
 Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say ‘amen,’
 Use all the observance of civility,
 Like one well studied in a sad ostent
 To please his grandam, never trust me more. 180

Bassanio. Well, we shall see your bearing.
Gratiano. Nay, but I bar to-night ; you shall not gauge me
 By what we do to-night.

Bassanio. No, that were pity ;
 I would entreat you rather to put on
 Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
 That purpose merriment. But fare you well ;
 I have some business.

Gratiano. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest ;
 But we will visit you at supper-time. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The Same. A Room in Shylock's House.*

Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.

Jessica. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so ;
 Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,

Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
 But fare thee well ; there is a ducat for thee.
 And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
 Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest :
 Give him this letter ; do it secretly ;
 And so farewell ; I would not have my father
 See me in talk with thee.

Launcelot. Adieu ! tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew, adieu ! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit ; adieu !

Jessica. Farewell, good Launcelot.— [Exit *Launcelot.*]
 Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
 To be ashamed to be my father's child !
 But though I am a daughter to his blood,
 I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo !
 If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
 Become a Christian and thy loving wife. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *The Same. A Street.*

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

Lorenzo. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
 Disguise us at my lodging, and return,
 All in an hour.

Gratiano. We have not made good preparation.

Salarino. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Salanio. 'T is vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,
 And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lorenzo. 'T is now but four o'clock ; we have two hours
 To furnish us.—

Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what 's the news ?

Launcelot. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall
 seem to signify.

Lorenzo. I know the hand: in faith, 't is a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gratiano. Love-news, in faith.

Launcelot. By your leave, sir.

Lorenzo. Whither goest thou?

Launcelot. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup
to-night with my new master the Christian.

Lorenzo. Hold here, take this.—Tell gentle Jessica
I will not fail her;—speak it privately.

Go.—Gentlemen, [Exit *Launcelot.* 20]

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?

I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salarino. Ay, marry, I 'll be gone about it straight.

Salanio. And so will I.

Lorenzo. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salarino. 'T is good we do so. [Exit *Salarino and Salanio.* 25]

Gratiano. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lorenzo. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house,

What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with,

What page's suit she hath in readiness.

If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,

It will be for his gentle daughter's sake;

And never dare misfortune cross her foot,

Unless she do it under this excuse,

That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest.

Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.

[Exit. 30]

SCENE V. *The Same. Before Shylock's House.*

Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.

Shylock. Well, thou shalt see; thy eyes shall be thy judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
 What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,
 As thou hast done with me,—what, Jessica!—
 And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out.—
 Why, Jessica, I say!

Launcelot. Why, Jessica!

Shylock. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Launcelot. Your worship was wont to tell me I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jessica. Call you? what is your will?

10

Shylock. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica;
 There are my keys.—But wherefore should I go?
 I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
 But yet I 'll go in hate, to feed upon
 The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
 Look to my house.—I am right loath to go;
 There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
 For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Launcelot. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.

20

Shylock. So do I his.

Launcelot. And they have conspired together;—I will not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday last at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shylock. What! are there masques?—Hear you me, Jessica: Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife, Clamber not you up to the casements then, Nor thrust your head into the public street To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces, But stop my house's ears,—I mean my casements:

30

Let not the sound of shallow poppy enter
 My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,
 I have no mind of feasting forth to-night ;
 But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah ;
 Say I will come.

Launcelot. I will go before, sir.—Mistress, look out at window, for all this :

There will come a Christian by,
 Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [Exit.]

Shylock. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha ?

Jessica. His words were ' Farewell, mistress ;' nothing else.

Shylock. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder ;
 Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
 More than the wild-cat : drones hive not with me ;
 Therefore I part with him, and part with him
 To one that I would have him help to waste
 His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in ;
 Perhaps I will return immediately.
 Do as I bid you ; shut doors after you :
 Fast bind, fast find ;
 A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

50

[Exit.]
Jessica. Farewell ; and if my fortune be not crost,
 I have a father, you a daughter, lost.

[Exit.]

SCENE VI. *The Same.*

Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued.

Gratiano. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
 Desir'd us to make stand.

Salarino. His hour is almost past.

Gratiano. And it is marvel he outdwell his hour,
 For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salarino. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
 To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
 To keep obliged faith unforfeited !

Gratiano. That ever holds. Who riseth from a feast
 With that keen appetite that he sits down?
 Where is the horse that doth untread again
 His tedious measures with the unbated fire
 That he did pace them first? All things that are
 Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
 How like a younger, or a prodigal,
 The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
 Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
 How like the prodigal doth she return,
 With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
 Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Salarino. Here comes Lorenzo.—More of this hereafter. 20

Enter LORENZO.

Lorenzo. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
 Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
 When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
 I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;
 Here dwells my father Jew.—Ho! who's within?

Enter JESSICA, above, in boy's clothes.

Jessica. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
 Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lorenzo. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jessica. Lorenzo, certain; and my love indeed,
 For who love I so much? And now who knows
 But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours? 30

Lorenzo. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou
 art.

Jessica. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
 I am glad 't is night, you do not look on me,
 For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
 But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
 The pretty follies that themselves commit;

For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lorenzo. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jessica. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too-too light.
Why, 't is an office of discovery, love ;
And I should be obscur'd.

Lorenzo. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once ;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jessica. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight. [Exit above.]

Gratiano. Now, by my hood, a Gentile and no Jew.
Lorenzo. Beshrew me but I love her heartily !
For she is wise, if I can judge of her ;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true ;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself ;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.—

Enter JESSICA, below.

What, art thou come ?—On, gentlemen ; away !
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[Exit with *Jessica* and *Salarino*.]

Enter ANTONIO.

Antonio. Who 's there ?

Gratiano. Signior Antonio !

Antonio. Fie, fie, Gratiano ! where are all the rest ?
'T is nine o'clock ; our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night : the wind is come about ;
Bassanio presently will go aboard.
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gratiano. I am glad on 't ; I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, and their trains.

Portia. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.—
Now make your choice.

Morocco. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'
The second, silver, which this promise carries,
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
How shall I know if I do choose the right? 10

Portia. The one of them contains my picture, prince ;
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Morocco. Some god direct my judgment ! Let me see ;
I will survey the inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket ?

'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
Must give—for what ? For lead ? Hazard for lead ?
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages :

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross ; 20
I 'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue ?

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
As much as he deserves ? Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand :
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough ; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady :

And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.

As much as I deserve? Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.

What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?—
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:

'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'

Why, that's the lady: all the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portia.

The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spets in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.

One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like that lead contains her? 'T were damnation
To think so base a thought; it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Portia. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [He unlocks the golden casket.

Morocco. O hell! what have we here?

A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll ! I 'll read the writing.

*'All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold;
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.'*

70

Cold, indeed ; and labour lost :
Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost !

Portia, adieu ! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave ; thus losers part.

[Exit with his train.

Portia. A gentle riddance.—Draw the curtains ; go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so.

[Exeunt. Flourish of cornets.

SCENE VIII. Venice. A Street.

Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.

Salarino. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail :
With him is Gratiano gone along ;
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.

Salanio. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salarino. He came too late, the ship was under sail ;
But there the duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica :
Besides, Antonio certified the duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

70

Salanio. I never heard a passion so confus'd,

So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
 As the dog Jew did utter in the streets :
 ' My daughter ! O my ducats ! O my daughter !
 Fled with a Christian ! O my Christian ducats !
 Justice ! the law ! my ducats, and my daughter !
 A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
 Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter !
 And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
 Stolen by my daughter ! Justice ! find the girl ;
 She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.'

20

Salarino. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
 Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Salanio. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
 Or he shall pay for this.

Salarino. Marry, well remember'd.
 I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
 Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
 The French and English, there miscarried
 A vessel of our country richly fraught.
 I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
 And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

30

Salanio. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear ;
 Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salarino. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
 I saw Bassanio and Antonio part :
 Bassanio told him he would make some speed
 Of his return ; he answer'd, ' Do not so ;
 Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
 But stay the very riping of the time ;
 And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
 Let it not enter in your mind of love.
 Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
 To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
 As shall conveniently become you there.'
 And even there, his eye being big with tears,

40

Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand ; and so they parted.

Salanio. I think he only loves the world for him. 50
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

Salarino.

Do we so.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter NERISSA with a Servitor.

Nerissa. Quick, quick, I pray thee ; draw the curtain straight :
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of cornets. *Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON, PORTIA, and their trains.*

Portia. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince .
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd ;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Arragon. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things :
First, never to unfold to any one 10
Which casket 't was I chose ; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage ;
Lastly, if I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Portia. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Arragon. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope !—Gold, silver, and base lead.
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.' 20

You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
 What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'
 What many men desire! that many may be meant
 By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
 Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
 Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
 Builds in the weather, on the outward wall,
 Even in the force and road of casualty.
 I will not choose what many men desire, 3c
 Because I will not jump with common spirits
 And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
 Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
 Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
 And well said too; for who shall go about
 To cozen fortune and be honourable
 Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
 To wear an undeserved dignity.
 O, that estates, degrees, and offices 4c
 Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear honour
 Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
 How many then should cover that stand bare!
 How many be commanded that command!
 How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
 From the true seed of honour; and how much honour
 Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
 To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
 I will assume desert.—Give me a key for this, 5c
 And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[He opens the silver casket.

Portia. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Arragon. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
 Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.

How much unlike art thou to Portia !
 How much unlike my hopes and my deservings !
'Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.'
 Did I deserve no more than a fool's head ?
 Is that my prize ? are my deserts no better ?

Portia. To offend and judge are distinct offices,
 And of opposed natures.

Arragon. What is here ?

*'The fire seven times tried this :
 Seven times tried that judgment is,
 That did never choose amiss.
 Some there be that shadows kiss ;
 Such have but a shadow's bliss.
 There be fools alive, I wis,
 Silver'd o'er ; and so was this.
 Take what wife you will to bed,
 I will ever be your head :
 So be gone ; you are sped.'*

Still more fool I shall appear
 By the time I linger here ;
 With one fool's head I came to woo,
 But I go away with two.—
 Sweet, adieu ! I 'll keep my oath,
 Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exeunt Arragon and train.*

Portia. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
 O, these deliberate fools ! when they do choose,
 They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Nerissa. The ancient saying is no heresy,—
 Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Portia. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Where is my lady ?

Portia. Here ; what would my lord ?

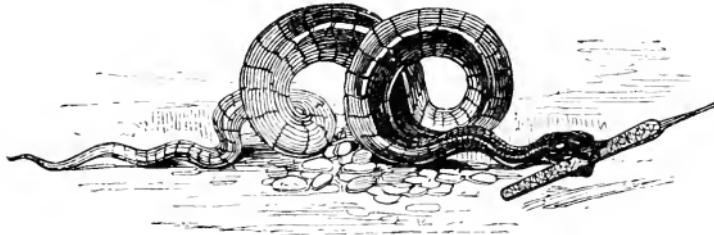
Servant. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
 A young Venetian, one that comes before
 To signify the approaching of his lord,
 From whom he bringeth sensible regrets ;
 To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
 Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
 So likely an ambassador of love ;
 A day in April never came so sweet,
 To show how costly summer was at hand,
 As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

90

Portia. No more, I pray thee ; I am half afeard
 Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
 Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.—
 Come, come, Nerissa ; for I long to see
 Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.

99

Nerissa. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be ! [*Exeunt.*]





RIALTO BRIDGE.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Venice. A Street.*

Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.

Salanio. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salarino. Why, yet it lives there unchecked that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wracked on the narrow seas ; the Goodwins, I think they call the place : a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

7

Salanio. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without

any slips of prolixity or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Salarino. Come, the full stop.

Salanio. Ha! what sayest thou?—Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salarino. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

Salanio. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants? 20

Shylock. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salarino. That 's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salanio. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shylock. My own flesh and blood to rebel! 28

Salarino. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and Rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shylock. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

Salarino. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh; what 's that good for? 40

Shylock. To bait fish withal; if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains,

scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies ; and what 's his reason ? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes ? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions ? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is ? If you prick us, do we not bleed ? if you tickle us, do we not laugh ? if you poison us, do we not die ? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge ? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility ? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be, by Christian example ? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute ; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both. 60

Salarino. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

Salanio. Here comes another of the tribe ; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt Salanio, Salarino, and Servant.*

Shylock. How now, Tubal ? what news from Genoa ? hast thou found my daughter ?

Tubal. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her. 67

Shylock. Why, there, there, there, there ! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort ! The curse never fell upon our nation till now ; I never felt it till now ; two thousand ducats in that ; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear ! Would she were hearsed at my foot, and the

ducats in her coffin ! No news of them ?—Why, so ; and I know not how much is spent in the search : why, thou loss upon loss ! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief ; and no satisfaction, no revenge : nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders ; no sighs but o' my breathing ; no tears but o' my shedding. ⁷⁹

Tubal. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shylock. What, what, what ? ill luck, ill luck ?

Tubal. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shylock. I thank God ! I thank God ! Is it true ? is it true ?

Tubal. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wrack.

Shylock. I thank thee, good Tubal !—Good news, good news ! ha, ha !—Where ? in Genoa ?

Tubal. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats. ⁹⁰

Shylock. Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting ! fourscore ducats !

Tubal. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shylock. I am very glad of it. I 'll plague him ; I 'll torture him. I am glad of it.

Tubal. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shylock. Out upon her ! Thou torturest me, Tubal : it was my turquoise ; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor : I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys. ⁹¹

Tubal. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shylock. Nay, that 's true, that 's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer ; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit ; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet 'me at our synagogue : go, good Tubal ; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants.

Portia. I pray you, tarry : pause a day or two
Before you hazard ; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company : therefore forbear a while.
There 's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you ; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,—
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,—
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsown ;
So will I never be : so may you miss me ;
But if you do, you 'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsown. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me and divided me ;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—
Mine own, I would say ; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours. O, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights !
And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long ; but 't is to peize the time,
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bassanio. Let me choose ;
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Portia. Upon the rack, Bassanio ! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bassanio. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love.

There may as well be amity and life
 'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

30

Portia. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
 Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bassanio. Promise me life, and I 'll confess the truth.

Portia. Well then, confess and live.

Bassanio. Confess and love
 Had been the very sum of my confession.
 O happy torment, when my torturer
 Doth teach me answers for deliverance !
 But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

40

Portia. Away, then ! I am lock'd in one of them ;
 If you do love me, you will find me out.—
 Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.—
 Let music sound while he doth make his choice ;
 Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
 Fading in music : that the comparison
 May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
 And watery death-bed for him. He may win ;
 And what is music then ? Then music is
 Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
 To a new-crowned monarch ; such it is
 As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
 That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
 And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
 With no less presence, but with much more love,
 Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
 The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
 To the sea-monster : I stand for sacrifice ;
 The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
 With bleared visages, come forth to view
 The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules !
 Live thou, I live.—With much more dismay
 I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

50

60

A Song, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself.

*Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nouris'ed?
Reply, reply.*

*It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.*

*Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
All. Ding, dong, bell.*

70

80

90

Bassanio. So may the outward shows be least themselves ;
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts :
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk ;
And these assume but valour's excrement
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 't is purchas'd by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it.
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known

To be the dowry of a second head,
 The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
 To a most dangerous sea, the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty ;—in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
 To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
 Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee ;
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
 'Tween man and man : but thou, thou meagre lead,
 Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,
 Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence ;
 And here choose I. Joy be the consequence !

Portia. [Aside] How all the other passions fleet to air,
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
 And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy !
 O love ! be moderate ; allay thy ecstasy ;
 In measure rain thy joy ; scant this excess.
 I feel too much thy blessing ; make it less,
 For fear I surfeit.

Bassanio. What find I here ?

[Opening the leaden casket.

Fair Portia's counterfeit ! What demigod
 Hath come so near creation ? Move these eyes ?
 Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
 Seem they in motion ? Here are sever'd lips,
 Parted with sugar breath ; so sweet a bar
 Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
 The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
 A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
 Faster than gnats in cobwebs ; but her eyes !—
 How could he see to do them ? having made one,
 Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
 And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far
 The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow

In underprizing it, so far this shadow
 Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,
 'The continent and summary of my fortune.

130

*'You that choose not by the view,
 Chance as fair, and choose as true !
 Since this fortune falls to you,
 Be content and seek no new.
 If you be well pleas'd with this,
 And hold your fortune for your bliss,
 Turn you where your lady is,
 And claim her with a loving kiss.'*

A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave ;
 I come by note, to give and to receive.
 Like one of two contending in a prize,
 That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
 Hearing applause and universal shout,
 Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
 Whether those peals of praise be his or no ;
 So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so,
 As doubtful whether what I see be true,
 Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

[Kissing her.

141

Portia. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
 Such as I am : though for myself alone
 I would not be ambitious in my wish,
 To wish myself much better, yet for you
 I would be trebled twenty times myself,
 A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich,
 That only to stand high in your account,
 I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
 Exceed account : but the full sum of me
 Is sum of nothing ; which, to term in gross,
 Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd :
 Happy in this, she is not yet so old
 But she may learn ; happier than this,

150

160

She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;
 Happiest of all in that her gentle spirit
 Commits itself to yours to be directed,
 As from her lord, her governor, her king.
 Myself and what is mine to you and yours
 Is now converted : but now I was the lord
 Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
 Queen o'er myself ; and even now, but now,
 This house, these servants, and this same myself
 Are yours, my lord. I give them with this ring ;
 Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
 Let it presage the ruin of your love,
 And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

170

Bassanio. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
 Only my blood speaks to you in my veins ;
 And there is such confusion in my powers
 As, after some oration fairly spoke
 By a beloved prince, there doth appear
 Among the buzzing pleased multitude,
 Where every something, being blent together,
 Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
 Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
 Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence ;
 O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead !

180

Nerissa. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
 That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
 To cry, good joy. Good joy, my lord and lady !

Gratiano. My lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
 I wish you all the joy that you can wish,
 For I am sure you can wish none from me ;
 And when your honours mean to solemnize
 The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
 Even at that time I may be married too.

190

Bassanio. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gratiano. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours :
 You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid ;
 You lov'd, I lov'd ; for intermission
 No more pertains to me, my lord, than you. 200
 Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
 And so did mine too, as the matter falls ;
 For wooing here until I sweat again,
 And swearing till my very roof was dry
 With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
 I got a promise of this fair one here
 To have her love, provided that your fortune
 Achiev'd her mistress.

Portia. Is this true, Nerissa ?

Nerissa. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bassanio. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith ? 210

Gratiano. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bassanio. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gratiano. But who comes here ? Lorenzo and his infidel ?
 What ! and my old Venetian friend, Salerio ?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO, *a messenger from Venice.*

Bassanio. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither ;
 If that the youth of my new interest here
 Have power to bid you welcome.—By your leave,
 I bid my very friends and countrymen,
 Sweet Portia, welcome.

Portia. So do I, my lord ;
 They are entirely welcome. 220

Lorenzo. I thank your honour.—For my part, my lord,
 My purpose was not to have seen you here ;
 But meeting with Salerio by the way,
 He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
 To come with him along.

Salerio. I did, my lord ;

And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [Gives Bassanio a letter.

Bassanio. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Salerio. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind ;
Nor well, unless in mind : his letter there
Will show you his estate. 230

Gratiano. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger ; bid her welcome.—
Your hand, Salerio ; what 's the news from Venice ?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio ?
I know he will be glad of our success ;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Salerio. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost !

Portia. There are some shrewd contents in yon same
paper,

That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek :
Some dear friend dead ; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse ?—
With leave, Bassanio ; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bassanio. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper ! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins—I was a gentleman :
And then I told you true ; and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing ; for indeed
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,

To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady ;
 The paper as the body of my friend,
 And every word in it a gaping wound,
 Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio?
 Have all his ventures fail'd ? What, not one hit ?
 From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
 From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
 And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
 Of merchant-marring rocks ?

260

Salerio. Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had
 The present money to discharge the Jew,
 He would not take it. Never did I know
 A creature that did bear the shape of man,
 So keen and greedy to confound a man.
 He plies the duke at morning and at night,
 And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
 If they deny him justice. Twenty merchants,
 The duke himself, and the magnificoes
 Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him ;
 But none can drive him from the envious plea
 Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

270

Jessica. When I was with him I have heard him swear
 To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
 That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
 Than twenty times the value of the sum
 That he did owe him ; and I know, my lord,
 If law, authority, and power deny not,
 It will go hard with poor Antonio.

280

Portia. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble ?

Bassanio. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
 The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
 In doing courtesies ; and one in whom
 The ancient Roman honour more appears
 Than any that draws breath in Italy.

290

Portia. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bassanio. For me, three thousand ducats.

Portia. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;

Double six thousand, and then treble that,

Before a friend of this description

Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.

First go with me to church and call me wife,

And then away to Venice to your friend;

For never shall you lie by Portia's side

300

With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold

To pay the petty debt twenty times over;

When it is paid, bring your true friend along.

My maid Nerissa and myself, mean time,

Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!

For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.

Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer;

Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—

But let me hear the letter of your friend.

309

Bassanio. [Reads] *'Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all mis-carried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure; if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.'*

Portia. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone!

Bassanio. Since I have your good leave to go away,

I will make haste; but, till I come again,

No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,

319

Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Venice. A Street.*

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, and Gaoler.

Shylock. Gaoler, look to him; tell not me of mercy.—

This is the fool that lends out money gratis.—
Gaoler, look to him.

Antonio. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shylock. I 'll have my bond ; speak not against my bond.
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause ;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs.
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Antonio. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shylock. I 'll have my bond ; I will not hear thee speak :
I 'll have my bond ; and therefore speak no more.
I 'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not ;
I 'll have no speaking : I will have my bond.

[*Exit.*]

Salarino. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

Antonio. Let him alone ;
I 'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life ; his reason well I know.
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me ;
Therefore he hates me.

Salarino. I am sure the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Antonio. The duke cannot deny the course of law ;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state,
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore go ;
These griefs and losses have so bated me
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh

To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—
 Well, gaoler, on.—Pray God, Bassanio come
 To see me pay his debt, and then I care not ! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and BALTHASAR.

Lorenzo. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
 You have a noble and a true conceit
 Of godlike amity, which appears most strongly
 In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
 But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
 How true a gentleman you send relief,
 How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
 I know you would be prouder of the work
 Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Portia. I never did repent for doing good, 10
 Nor shall not now ; for in companions
 That do converse and waste the time together,
 Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
 There must be needs a like proportion
 Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit ;
 Which makes me think that this Antonio,
 Being the bosom lover of my lord,
 Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
 How little is the cost I have bestow'd
 In purchasing the semblance of my soul 20
 From out the state of hellish cruelty !
 This comes too near the praising of myself ;
 Therefore no more of it : hear other things.
 Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
 The husbandry and manage of my house
 Until my lord's return ; for mine own part,
 I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow
 To live in prayer and contemplation,

Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return.
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there will we abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

Lorenzo. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Portia. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lorenzo. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

Jessica. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Portia. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you; fare you well, Jessica.—

[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.*]

Now, Balthasar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

Balthasar. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*]

Portia. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of. We'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Nerissa. Shall they see us?

Portia. They shall, Nerissa, but in such a habit,

That they shall think we are accomplished
 With that we lack. I 'll hold thee any wager,
 When we are both accoutred like young men,
 I 'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
 And wear my dagger with the braver grace,
 And speak between the change of man and boy
 With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps
 Into a manly stride, and speak of frays
 Like a fine bragging youth ; and tell quaint lies,
 How honourable ladies sought my love, 70
 Which I denying, they fell sick and died ;
 I could not do withal : then I 'll repent,
 And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
 And twenty of these puny lies I 'll tell,
 That men shall swear I have discontinued school
 Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
 A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
 Which I will practise.
 But come, I 'll tell thee all my whole device
 When I am in my coach, which stays for us 80
 At the park gate ; and therefore haste away,
 For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE V. *The Same. A Garden.**Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.*

Launcelot. Yes, truly ; for, look you, the sins of the father
 are to be laid upon the children : therefore, I promise you,
 I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I
 speak my agitation of the matter ; therefore be of good
 cheer, for truly I think you are damned. There is but one
 hope in it that can do you any good.

Jessica. And what hope is that, I pray thee ?

Launcelot. Marry, you may partly hope that you are not
 the Jew's daughter. 9

Jessica. So the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Launcelot. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother ; thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother : well, you are gone both ways.

Jessica. I shall be saved by my husband ; he hath made me a Christian.

Launcelot. Truly, the more to blame he : we were Christians enow before ; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs ; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

20

Enter LORENZO.

Jessica. I 'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say ; here he comes.

Lorenzo. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot.

Jessica. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo ; Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter ; and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth, for in converting Jews to Christians you raise the price of pork.

28

Lorenzo. I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah ; bid them prepare for dinner.

Launcelot. That is done, sir ; they have all stomachs.

Lorenzo. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you ! then bid them prepare dinner.

Launcelot. That is done too, sir ; only, cover is the word.

Lorenzo. Will you cover then, sir ?

Launcelot. Not so, sir, neither ; I know my duty.

Lorenzo. Yet more quarrelling with occasion ! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant ? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning : go to thy fellows ; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

42

Launcelot. For the table, sir, it shall be served in ; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered ; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [Exit.

Lorenzo. O dear discretion, how his words are suited !
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words ; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter.—How cheer'st thou, Jessica ?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife ?

Jessica. Past all expressing. It is very meet
The lord Bassanio live an upright life ;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth ;
And if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match, 60
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lorenzo. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.

Jessica. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

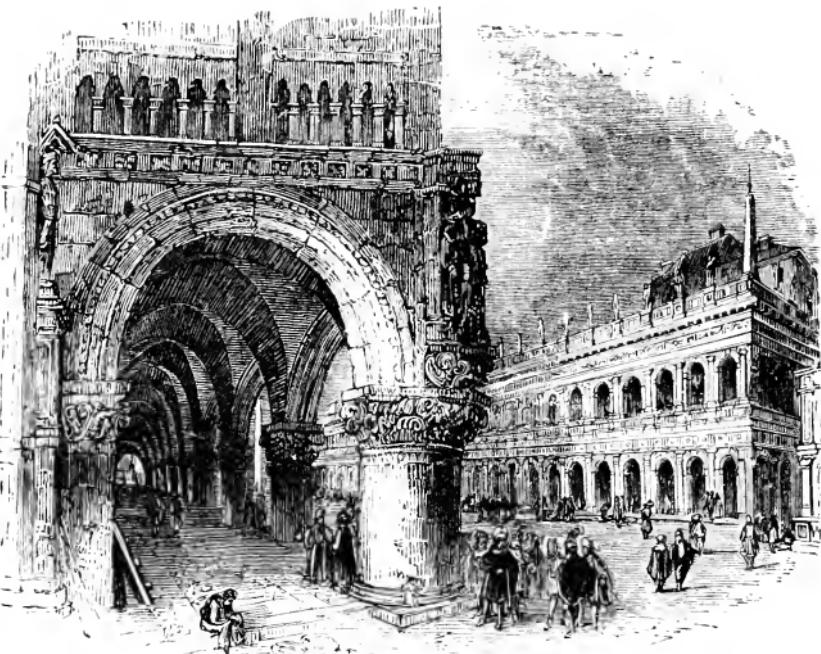
Lorenzo. I will anon ; first, let us go to dinner.

Jessica. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.

Lorenzo. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk ;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things 70
I shall digest it.

Jessica. Well, I 'll set you forth.

[*Exeunt.*



COLONNADE OF DUCAL PALACE, VENICE.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Venice. A Court of Justice.*

*Enter the DUKE, the Magnificoes, ANTONIO, BASSANIO,
GRATIANO, SALERIO, and others.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Antonio. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee ; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Antonio. I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course ; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me

Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
 My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
 To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
 The very tyranny and rage of his.

10

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Salerio. He is ready at the door ; he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.—

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
 That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
 To the last hour of act ; and then 't is thought
 Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
 Than is thy strange apparent cruelty ; 20
 And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
 Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
 Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
 But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
 Forgive a moiety of the principal ;
 Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
 That have of late so huddled on his back,
 Enow to press a royal merchant down,
 And pluck commiseration of his state 30
 From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
 From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
 To offices of tender courtesy.
 We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

20

30

Shylock. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose ;
 And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
 If you deny it, let the danger light
 Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
 You 'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
 A weight of carrion flesh than to receive 40
 Three thousand ducats. I 'll not answer that ;

40

But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat:
Masters of passion sway it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer: 50
As there is no firm reason to be render'd
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig,
Why he a harmless necessary cat,
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bassanio. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shylock. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bassanio. Do all men kill the things they do not love? 61

Shylock. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bassanio. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shylock. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Antonio. I pray you, think you question with the Jew.
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines 70
To wag their high tops and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that—than which what's harder?—
His Jewish heart. Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means.

But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bassanio. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shylock. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them ; I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none ?

Shylock. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong ?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them : shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs ?
Why sweat they under burthens ? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands ? You will answer,
The slaves are ours.—So do I answer you :
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought ; 't is mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law !
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment : answer ; shall I have it ?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

100

Salerio. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters ; call the messenger.

Bassanio. Good cheer, Antonio ! What, man, courage yet !
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Antonio. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death ; the weakest kind of fruit

110

Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.
 You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
 Than to live still and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Nerissa. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.

[Presenting a letter.]

Bassanio. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shylock. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gratiano. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
 Thou mak'st thy knife keen ; but no metal can,
 No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
 Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shylock. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gratiano. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog !
 And for thy life let justice be accus'd !
 Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
 To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
 That souls of animals infuse themselves
 Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit
 Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter.
 Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
 And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
 Infus'd itself in thee ; for thy desires
 Are wolvish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shylock. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
 Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.
 Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
 To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
 A young and learned doctor to our court.—
 Where is he ?

Nerissa. He attendeth here hard by,
 To know your answer, whether you 'll admit him.

120

130

140

Duke. With all my heart.—Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

Clerk. [Reads] ‘Your grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant; we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion, which, bettered with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.’

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes;
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

160

Portia. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome; take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Portia. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Portia. Is your name Shylock?

Shylock. Shylock is my name.

Portia. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow,
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger, do you not?

17c

Antonio. Ay, so he says.

Portia. Do you confess the bond?

Antonio. I do.

Portia. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shylock. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Portia. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'T is mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

180

190

200

Shylock. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,

The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Portia. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bassanio. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum; if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart;
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,

Wrest once the law to your authority;
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Portia. It must not be. There is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established ; 210
'T will be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

Shylock. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

Portia. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shylock. Here 't is, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Portia. Shylock, there 's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shylock. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven ;
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul? 220
No, not for Venice.

Portia. Why, this bond is forfeit ;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful :
Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

Shylock. When it is paid according to the tenour.—
It doth appear you are a worthy judge ;
You know the law ; your exposition
Hath been most sound : I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar, 230
Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Antonio. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Portia. Why then, thus it is :
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shylock. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Portia. For the intent and purpose of the law

Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shylock. 'T is very true. O wise and upright judge! 240
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Portia. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shylock. Ay, his breast ;
So says the bond—doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart ; those are the very words.

Portia. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?

Shylock. I have them ready.

Portia. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shylock. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Portia. It is not so express'd ; but what of that?
'T were good you do so much for charity.

Shylock. I cannot find it ; 't is not in the bond.

Portia. You, merchant, have you any thing to say?

Antonio. But little ; I am arm'd and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio ; fare you well !
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom : it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow 260
An age of poverty ; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife :
Tell her the process of Antonio's end ;
Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death ;
And when the tale is told bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt ;
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I 'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

270

250

260

270

Bassanio. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Portia. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by to hear you make the offer.

286

Gratiano. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Nerissa. 'T is well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shylock. [Aside] These be the Christian husbands. I have
a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian!—
[To Portia] We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Portia. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine; 290
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shylock. Most rightful judge!

Portia. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shylock. Most learned judge!—A sentence! Come, prepare!

Portia. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed 300
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

300

Gratiano. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew!—O learned
judge!

•

Shylock. Is that the law?

Portia. Thyself shalt see the act ;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gratiano. O learned judge !—Mark, Jew !—a learned
judge !

Shylock. I take this offer, then ; pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bassanio. Here is the money.

310

Portia. Soft !

The Jew shall have all justice ;—soft ! no haste :—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gratiano. O Jew ! an upright judge, a learned judge !

Portia. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more
Or less than a just pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple—nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

320

Gratiano. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Portia. Why doth the Jew pause ?—Take thy forfeiture.

Shylock. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bassanio. I have it ready for thee ; here it is.

Portia. He hath refus'd it in the open court ;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

330

Gratiano. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel !
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shylock. Shall I not have barely my principal ?

Portia. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shylock. Why, then the devil give him good of it !
I 'll stay no longer question.

Portia. Tarry, Jew;
 The law hath yet another hold on you.
 It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
 If it be prov'd against an alien
 That by direct or indirect attempts
 He seek the life of any citizen,
 The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
 Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
 Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
 And the offender's life lies in the mercy
 Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
 In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
 For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
 That indirectly, and directly too,
 Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
 Of the defendant, and thou hast incur'd
 The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
 Down therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

350

Gratiano. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:
 And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
 Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
 Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
 I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
 For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
 The other half comes to the general state,
 Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

360

Portia. Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.

Shylock. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
 You take my house when you do take the prop
 That doth sustain my house; you take my life
 When you do take the means whereby I live.

Portia. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gratiano. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

370

Antonio. So please my lord the duke and all the court

To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
 I am content, so he will let me have
 The other half in use, to render it,
 Upon his death, unto the gentleman
 That lately stole his daughter :
 Two things provided more,—that, for this favour,
 He presently become a Christian ;
 The other, that he do record a gift,
 Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
 Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

380

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
 The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Portia. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shylock. I am content.

Portia. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shylock. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence ;
 I am not well. Send the deed after me,
 And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gratiano. In christening thou shalt have two godfathers ;
 Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more, 390
 To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit Shylock.*]

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Portia. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon ;
 I must away this night toward Padua,
 And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.—
 Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
 For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke and his train.*]

Bassanio. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
 Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
 Of grievous penalties ; in lieu whereof 400
 Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
 We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Antonio. And stand indebted, over and above
In love and service to you evermore.

Portia. He is well paid that is well satisfied ;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid :
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again ;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bassanio. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further ;
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee : grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Portia. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.—
[To *Antonio*] Give me your gloves, I 'll wear them for your
sake ;—
[To *Bassanio*] And, for your love, I 'll take this ring from
you.—

Do not draw back your hand ; I 'll take no more,
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bassanio. This ring, good sir,—alas ! it is a trifle ;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Portia. I will have nothing else but only this ;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.

Bassanio. There 's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation ;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Portia. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers ;
You taught me first to beg, and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bassanio. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife ;
And when she put it on she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Portia. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad woman,

And know how well I have deserv'd the ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.*

Antonio. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring; 440
Let his deservings and my love withal
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandement.

Bassanio. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house: away! make haste.—[*Exit Gratiano.*
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio. 450
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Same. A Street.*

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Portia. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed.
And let him sign it; we 'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home.
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gratiano. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en;
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

Portia. That cannot be.
His ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him; furthermore, 460
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

Gratiano. That will I do.

Nerissa. Sir, I would speak with you.—
[*Aside to Portia*] I 'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Portia. [Aside to *Nerissa*] Thou mayst, I warrant. We
shall have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we 'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away! make haste; thou know'st where I will tarry.

Nerissa. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?

[*Exeunt.*]





ACT V.

SCENE I. *Belmont. Avenue to Portia's House.*

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.

Lorenzo. The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise—in such a night,
Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jessica. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lorenzo. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jessica. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lorenzo. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jessica. In such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lorenzo. In such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jessica. I would out-night you, did nobody come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lorenzo. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Stephano. A friend.

Lorenzo. A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Stephano. Stephano is my name, and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont; she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lorenzo. Who comes with her?

Stephano. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lorenzo. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Launcelot. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

Lorenzo. Who calls?

Launcelot. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo and Mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!

Lorenzo. Leave hollaing, man ; here.

Launcelot. Sola! where? where?

Lorenzo. Here.

Launcelot. Tell him there 's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news ; my master will be here ere morning. [Exit]

Lorenzo. Sweet soul, let 's in, and there expect their coming. And yet no matter ; why should we go in?—

50

My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you, Within the house, your mistress is at hand ;

And bring your music forth into the air.— [Exit Stephano.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music

Creep in our ears ; soft stillness and the night

Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven

Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold :

There's not the smallest orb which thou behol'dst

60

But in his motion like an angel sings,

Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins ;

Such harmony is in immortal souls,

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho ! and wake Diana with a hymn ;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

[Music.]

Jessica. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lorenzo. The reason is, your spirits are attentive : For do but note a wild and wanton herd, Or race of youthful and unhandled colts, Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,

70

Which is the hot condition of their blood;
 If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
 Or any air of music touch their ears,
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
 Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
 By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods; 85
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
 But music for the time doth change his nature.
 The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus.
 Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Portia. That light we see is burning in my hall.
 How far that little candle throws his beams!
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world. 90

Nerissa. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Portia. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
 A substitute shines brightly as a king,
 Until a king be by; and then his state
 Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
 Into the main of waters.—Music! hark!

Nerissa. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Portia. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
 Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day. 100

Nerissa. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Portia. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
 When neither is attended; and I think
 The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
 When every goose is cackling, would be thought
 No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!—
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd.

[*Music ceases.*

Lorenzo. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Portia. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lorenzo. Dear lady, welcome home.

Portia. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lorenzo. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Portia. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you. [A *tucket* sounds.]

Lorenzo. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet.
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Portia. This night methinks is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 't is a day
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their
followers.*

Bassanio. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Portia. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all! You are welcome home, my lord.

Bassanio. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my
friend.

This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Portia. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Antonio. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Portia. Sir, you are very welcome to our house ;
It must appear in other ways than words, 140
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Gratiano. [To Nerissa] By yonder moon I swear you do
me wrong ;

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk.

Portia. A quarrel, ho, already ! what 's the matter ?

Gratiano. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose poesy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not.'

Nerissa. What talk you of the poesy or the value ?
You swore to me, when I did give it you, 150
That you would wear it till the hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave ;
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk ! but well I know
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on 's face that had it.

Gratiano. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Nerissa. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gratiano. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth, 160
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee ;
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Portia. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift ;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.

I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
 Never to part with it; and here he stands :
 I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it. 170
 Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
 That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
 You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief ;
 An 't were to me, I should be mad at it.

Bassanio. [Aside] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
 And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gratiano. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
 Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed
 Deserv'd it too ; and then the boy, his clerk,
 That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine ; 180
 And neither man nor master would take aught
 But the two rings.

Portia. What ring gave you, my lord ?
 Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bassanio. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
 I would deny it ; but you see my finger
 Hath not the ring upon it ; it is gone.

Portia. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
 By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
 Until I see the ring.

Nerissa. Nor I in yours,
 Till I again see mine.

Bassanio. Sweet Portia, 190
 If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
 If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
 And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
 And how unwillingly I left the ring,
 When nought would be accepted but the ring,
 You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Portia. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
 Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
 Or your own honour to contain the ring,

You would not then have parted with the ring.
 What man is there so much unreasonable,
 If you had pleas'd to have defended it
 With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
 To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
 Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
 I 'll die for 't but some woman had the ring.

200

Bassanio. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
 No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
 Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
 And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
 And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away,
 Even he that did uphold the very life
 Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
 I was enforc'd to send it after him;
 I was beset with shame and courtesy;
 My honour would not let ingratitude
 So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
 For, by these blessed candles of the night,
 Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
 The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

210

220

Portia. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house.
 Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
 And that which you did swear to keep for me,
 I will become as liberal as you;
 I 'll not deny him any thing I have.

Antonio. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Portia. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bassanio. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
 And, in the hearing of these many friends,
 I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
 Wherein I see myself,—

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Portia. Mark you but that!
 In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;

In each eye, one!—Swear by your double self,
And there 's an oath of credit.

Bassanio. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Antonio. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried ; I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Portia. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Antonio. Here, lord Bassanio ; swear to keep this ring.

Bassanio. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor !

Portia. You are all amaz'd.
Here is a letter : read it at your leisure ;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario.
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk : Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now return'd ; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—*Antonio*, you are welcome ;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon ;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Antonio. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living ;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Portia. How now, Lorenzo ?
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.
Nerissa. Ay, and I 'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you and Jessica,

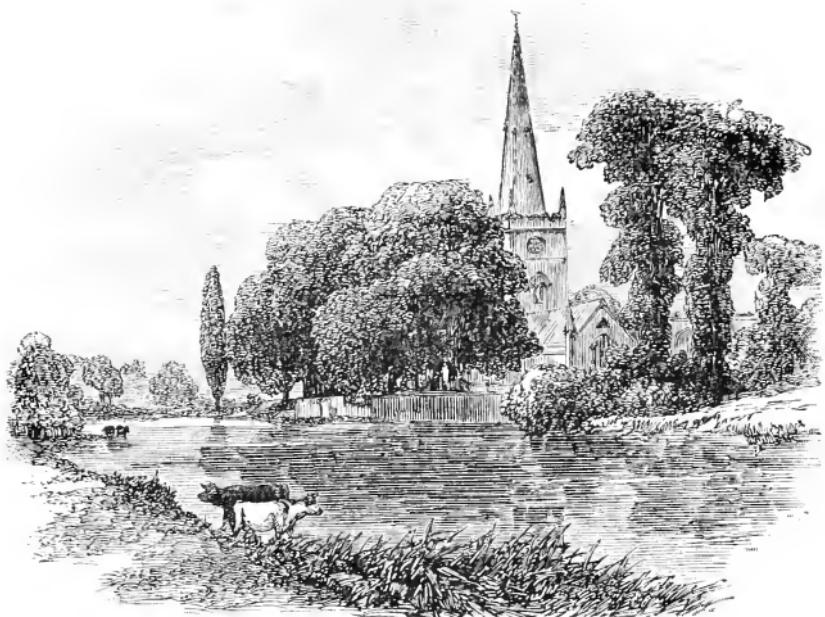
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lorenzo. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Portia. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in ;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

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[*Exeunt.*]



THE AVON AND STRATFORD CHURCH.

N O T E S.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*.

A. S., Anglo-Saxon.

B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.

B. J., Ben Jonson.

Cf. (*confer*), compare.

Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier

D., Dyce (2d ed.).

Fol., following.

Fr., French.

H., Hudson (1st ed.).

H.'s quarto, Heyes's quarto edition of the Play.

Id. (*idem*), the same.

K., Knight (2d ed.).

N. F., Norman-French.

Prol., Prologue.

R.'s quarto, Roberts's quarto edition of the Play.

S., Shakespeare.

Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).

Sr., Singer.

St., Staunton.

Theo., Theobald.

V., Verplanck.

Var. ed., the *Variorum* edition of Shakespeare (1821).

W., R. Grant White.

Warb., Warburton.

Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).

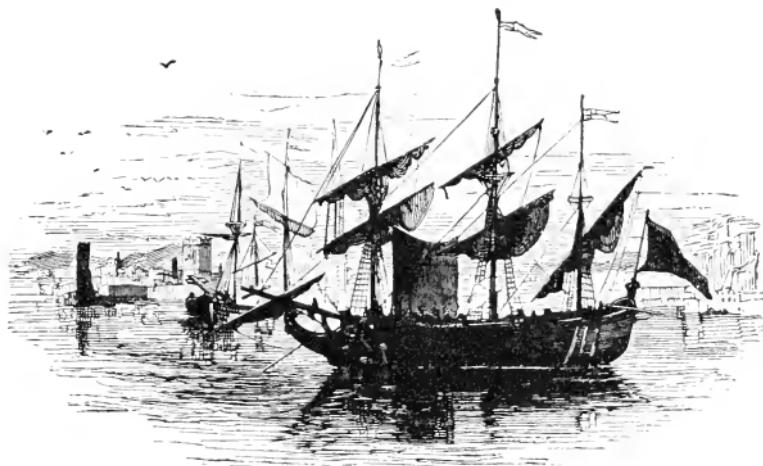
Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

Wr., Clark and Wright's "Clarendon Press" ed. of *M. of V.* (Oxford, 1868).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, *3 Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V.* and *A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant. The numbers of the lines in the references (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" ed.

NOTES.



AN ARGOSY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—In the 1st folio, the play is divided into acts, but not into scenes, and there is no list of *dramatis personæ*.

1. *In sooth*. In truth. A. S. *sóth* (truth, true, truly), as in *forsooth*, *soothsayer* (teller of hidden truth). Gower alludes to the origin of the latter word (*Conf. Am.* i.):

"That for he wiste he *said sooth*
A *sooth-saier* he was for ever."

3. *Came by it*. A familiar colloquial idiom in this country, but apparently not in England, since the editors there take the trouble to explain it.

8. *On the ocean*. *Ocean* is here a trisyllable; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 50. See Gr. 479; and cf. Milton, *Hymn on Nativ.* 66: "Whispering new joys to the mild ocean." Cf. also *opinion* in 102 below.

9. *Argosies*. Merchant vessels (sometimes war vessels) of great size for that day, though not exceeding two hundred tons. The name is from the classical *Argo*, through the low Latin *argis*. Cf. *T. of S.* ii. 1. 376, etc.

11. *Pageants*. The word in S. means usually a theatrical exhibition, literal or figurative. Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 163. See also the verb in *T. and C.* i. 3. 151: "he pageants us."

12. *Do overpeer*. This use of the auxiliary was common in Shakespeare's time, though obsolescent. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 2. 14: "Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree." See also *Ham.* iv. 5. 99, etc.

13. *Curtsy*. The same word as *courtesy*; used of both sexes. The quartos have "cursie." Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 159.

15. *Venture*. Still used in this commercial sense. *Forth*=abroad.

17. *Still*. Ever, constantly; as in 136 below. Cf. "still-waking sleep," *R. and J.* i. 1. 187; "still-vexed Bermoothes," *Temp.* i. 2. 229; "still-closing waters," *Temp.* iii. 3. 64, etc. It is even used as an adjective in the sense of *constant*, as in *Rich.* III. iv. 4. 229: "still use of grief," etc.

24. *Might do at sea*. R.'s quarto has "at sea, might do."

27. *My wealthy Andrew*. My richly freighted ship. Some suppose the name to be taken from that of the famous Genoese admiral, Andrea Doria, who died 1560. For *dock'd* the early eds. have "docks;" corrected by Rowe.

28. *Vailing*. Lowering. Cf. "Vail your regard" (=let fall your look), *M. for M.* v. i. 20, etc. The word is contracted from *avail* or *avale*, the French *avaler* (from Latin *ad vallem*). Spenser uses *avale*, both with an object (*Shep. Kal.* Jan. 73) and without one (*F. Q.* ii. 9. 10).

35. *But even now worth this*. The force of *this* (=all this, so much) was probably meant to be expressed by a gesture.

38. *Bechanc'd*. On the prefix *be-* see Gr. 438.

40. *To think upon*. From thinking upon. Gr. 356.

42. *Bottom*. This word, like *venture*, is still used in commerce in the same sense as here. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 73: "the English bottoms;" *T. N.* v. 1. 60: "the most noble bottom of our fleet," etc.

50. *Two-headed Janus*. The allusion is probably to those ancient bifrontine images in which a grave face was associated with a laughing one.

52. *Peep through their eyes*. That is, eyes half shut with laughter.

54. *Other of such vinegar aspect*. *Other* is often plural in S. and other writers of the time. Cf. *Job*, xxiv. 24, *Luke*, xxiii. 32, *Phil.* ii. 3, iv. 3. Gr.

12. *Aspect* is always accented on the last syllable in S. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 12. 23: "Most ugly shapes, and horrible aspects;" Milton, *P. L.* iii. 266: "His words here ended, but his meek aspect," etc. This is but one illustration out of many that show the tendency of the accent in English to fall back toward the beginning of the word. Thus we have *char-acter'd* in S. (*T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 4, etc.) and Milton (*Comus*, 530); *contráry* in S. (*Ham.* iii. 2. 221, etc.) and Spenser (*F. Q.* iii. 1. 47, iii. 2. 40, etc.); *rev-éneue* in S. (*Ham.* iii. 2. 63, etc.); *solémnized* in S. (*L. L. L.* ii. 1. 42) and Spenser (*F. Q.* v. 2. 3); etc.

56. *Nestor*. The oldest of the Greek heroes in the Iliad, famed for his wisdom and gravity. See *T. and C.* i. 3. 32, etc.

61. *Prevented*. In its primitive sense of *anticipated*. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 305, etc.; also *Ps.* cxix. 147, and *1 Thess.* iv. 15.

67. *Exceeding strange*. S., like other writers of his time, often uses *exceeding* as an adverb. He uses *exceedingly* only five times—in four of which it modifies the adverb *well* ("exceedingly well met," *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 144, etc.), while in the fifth (*Ham.* v. 2. 103) it modifies an adjective *understood*. Cf. *Gen.* xv. 1, 2 *Sam.* viii. 8, etc. *Exceeding strange*=our expression, "very much of a stranger."

74. *Respect upon the world.* Regard for the world. "There is an allusion to the literal meaning of *respect*: 'You look too much upon the world'" (Gr. 191).

78. *A stage.* Cf. the famous passage, "All the world's a stage," *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 139 fol.

79. *Let me play the fool.* Let the part assigned to me be that of the fool; who was always one of the characters in the old comedies. Cf. *2 Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 154: "thus we play the fools with the time;" and *Lear*, iv. 1. 40: "Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow."

81. *Liver.* Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 1. 23: "I had rather heat my liver with drinking."

82. *Than my heart cool*, etc. There may be an allusion here to the old belief that every sigh or groan robbed the heart of a drop of blood. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 97: "Sighs of love that costs the fresh blood dear." See our ed. p. 163.

84. *Alabaster.* All the early eds. have "alabaster," as in all other instances of the word in S. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 2. 42: "Her alabaster breast," etc.

85. *Creep into the jaundice.* In the only other passage in which S. mentions the jaundice, the cause of the disease is, as here, a mental one. See *T. and C.* i. 3. 2.

89. *Do cream and mantle.* Cf. *Lear*, iii. 4. 139: "the green mantle of the standing pool." R.'s quarto has "dreame" for *cream*.

90. *And do a wilful stillness entertain.* And who do maintain an obstinate silence. This kind of ellipsis is not uncommon in writers of the time. Cf. Bacon (*Adv. of L.*): "His eye and tooth they lent to Perseus; and so . . . (he) hastens towards Medusa;" and Spenser (*F. Q.* i. 1. 19):

"His gall did grate for grieve and high disdain,
And knitting all his force [he] got one hand free."

91. *With purpose to be dress'd.* Cf. "with purpose presently to leave," etc., *K. John*, v. 7. 86; "with purpose to relieve," *1 Hen. IV.* i. 1. 133, etc.

Opinion of wisdom. Reputation for wisdom.

92. *Conceit.* Intellect. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 194, note on 50.

93. *As who should say.* Like one who should say. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 3. 13:

"As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,
'T were deadly sickness, or else present death."

The early folios read: "I am sir an Oracle."

96. *That therefore only are reputed wise*, etc. That are reputed wise only on this account, that they say nothing. For similar transposition of a clause with *therefore*, see *Isa.* v. 13 and *John*, viii. 47. Pope calls silence "Thou varnisher of fools, and cheat of all the wise."

97. *When, I am very sure*, etc. Rowe changes *when* to "who," and Coll. reads "'t would" for *would*; but it is probable that we have here an ellipsis of the nominative, as in 90 above. Cf. Gr. 399. *Would almost damn*, etc., means that the hearers could hardly help calling them fools, and thus exposing themselves to the judgment threatened in Scripture (*Matt.* v. 22).

102. *Fool-gudgeon.* Old Izaak Walton says of the gudgeon: "It is an

excellent fish to enter (initiate) a young angler, *being easy to be taken.*" On the adjective use of *fool*, cf. "fool multitude," ii. 9. 25 below.

108. *Moe.* More. See *A. Y. L.* p. 176.

110. *For this gear.* For this purpose, or matter; an expression sometimes used, as here, without very definite meaning.

116. *You shall seek all day.* *Shall* and *should* are often used in all three persons, by the Elizabethan writers, to denote mere futurity. See Gr. 315, 322 fol.

124. *By something showing.* This adverbial use of *something* (=somewhat), which occurs twice in this speech, is common in S. Gr. 68.

More swelling port. Grander state. Cf. "greatest port," iii. 2. 283 below, and "keep house, and port, and servants," *T. of S.* i. 1. 208.

125. *Would grant continuance.* That is, continuance of. Such ellipsis is common in the Elizabethan writers. Cf. ii. 6. 9 and iv. 1. 380 below; and see Gr. 394 (cf. 202).

126. *Make moan to be abridg'd.* "Complain that I am curtailed." Cf. "made moan to me," iii. 3. 23 below.

130. *Gag'd.* Engaged, bound. Cf. *T. and C.* v. 1. 46: "gaging me to keep An oath," etc.

136. *Still.* See on 17 above.

137. *Within the eye of honour.* Within the range of what can be viewed (or regarded) as honourable.

139. *Occasions.* Needs; here a quadrisyllable. See on 8 above.

141. *Flight.* A technical term to denote the range of an arrow. Wr. quotes Ascham's *Toxophilus*: "You must have divers shafts of one flight, feathered with divers wings, for divers winds."

142. *More advised.* More careful. See *Rich.* II. i. 3. 188: "advised purpose," that is, deliberate purpose. Cf. the modern use of *unadvised*.

143. *To find the other forth.* To find the other out. Cf. "to find his fellow forth," *C. of E.* i. 2. 37; and "inquire you forth," *T. G. of V.* ii. 4. 186.

144. *Childhood proof.* Experiment of my childhood.

146. *Like a wilful youth.* Elliptical for "like what will happen with a wilful (that is, wilful in his prodigality) youth." For *wilful* Warb. reads "witless," and the Coll. MS. "wasteful."

148. *That self way.* That same way. Cf. "this self place," 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 11; "that self mould, *Rich.* II. i. 2. 23, etc. This use of *self* is found before Chaucer ("self lond," *Robt. of Glouc.*, A.D. 1298); and even so late a writer as Dryden has "at that self moment."

154. *Circumstance.* Circumlocution; as in *Ham.* i. 5. 127, *C. of E.* v. 1. 28, *Oth.* i. 1. 13, etc.

156. *In making question, etc.* "In doubting my readiness to do my utmost in your service" (Wr.).

160. *Prest.* Ready; the old French *prest* (now *prêt*), Italian and Spanish *presto*, from Latin adv. *præsto*, through the late Latin *præstus*. Cf. *Per.* iv. prol. 45.

161. *Richly left.* Cf. "those rich-left heirs," *Cymb.* iv. 2. 226.

163. *Sometimes.* In time past, formerly. *Sometimes* and *sometime* are used interchangeably by S. in this and their other senses. See Gr. 632. Cf. also *Col.* i. 21, iii. 7 with *Eph.* ii. 13.

165. *Nothing undervalued*. Nowise inferior. Cf. ii. 7. 53 below.
 166. *Brutus' Portia*. See *Julius Cæsar*, in which this "woman well reputed, Cato's daughter," is a prominent character.

170. *Like a golden fleece*, etc. The Argonautic expedition is alluded to again, iii. 2. 243 below: "We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece."

175. *I have a mind presages*. That is, *which presages*. This omission of the relative *was* very common in S.'s time. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 2. 34: "I have a brother is condemned to die;" *W. T.* v. 1. 23: "You are one of those Would have him wed again." In modern usage, the objective is sometimes omitted, but the nominative very rarely. Gr. 244.

Thrift. Success. Cf. "well-won thrift" and "thrift is blessing," i. 3. 44, 80 below.

178. *Commodity*. Property. In iii. 3. 27 below the word is used in the obsolete sense of *advantage* or *gain*. Cf. *W. T.* iii. 2. 94: "To me can life be no commodity;" *Lear*, iv. 1. 23: "our mere defects Prove our commodities," etc.

183. *Presently*. Immediately. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 42: "Ariel. Presently? Prospero. Ay, with a twink;" and again, v. 1. 101: "Prospero. And presently, I prithee. Ariel. I drink the air before me, and return Or ere your pulse beat twice;" *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 89: "Come, answer not, but to it presently?" See also *1 Sam.* ii. 16, and *Matt.* xxvi. 53.

185. *To have it of my trust*, etc. Of obtaining it either on my credit as a merchant, or as a personal favour.

Note the rhyme in the last couplet, as often at the close of a scene.

SCENE II.—1. *Aweary*. Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 255, *Much.* v. 5. 49, etc.

6. *It is no mean happiness*. So in the quartos. The folios have "no small happiness." The repetition is in Shakespeare's manner.

18. *But this reasoning is not in the fashion*. The 1st folio has, "But this reason is not in fashion;" and below, "It is not hard" for "Is it not hard."

23. *Nor refuse none*. For the double negative, cf. *K. John*, v. 7. 112: "This England never did, nor never shall," etc. Gr. 406.

28. *But one who you shall rightly love*. *Who* is the object, not the subject, of *love*, as appears from the question which follows: What affection have you for any of the suitors that are *already* come? *Who for whom* is not unusual in the writers of the time. Cf. ii. 6. 30 below. Gr. 274.

30. *Are already come*. On *are come* (= *have come*), see Gr. 295.

33. *Level at*. Aim at, guess. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 286: "the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife." The noun is used in the same way, as in *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 2: "I stood i' the level Of a full-charge'd confederacy."

36. *Makes it a great appropriation*, etc. That is, takes great credit to himself for it. S. nowhere else uses either *appropriation* or *appropriate*.

38. *Then is there the County Palatine*. The folio has it, "Than is there the Countie Palentine." *Then* and *then* are different forms of the same word, used interchangeably by old writers. Cf. *R. of L.* 1440. For *county* = *count*, see *R. and J.* (where it occurs eleven times), *A. W.* iii. 7. 22, etc.

40. *An you will not*. The folio has "And you." *And* or *an* for *if* is very common in old writers, as well as *and if* or *an if*. See Gr. 105.

41. *The weeping philosopher.* Heracleitus, of Ephesus, who, from his melancholy disposition, is represented in various old traditions as the contrast to Democritus ("the laughing philosopher"), weeping over the frailties and follies at which the latter laughed.

43. *I had rather to be married.* *Had rather* and *had better* are good English, though many writers of grammars tell us that we should say *would rather*, etc., instead. Cf. *A. Y. L.*, p. 158. In *Rich. II.*, iii. 3. 192, we find the impersonal form, "me rather had." See Gr. 230. *Rather* is the comparative of *rath* (see Milton, *Lycidas*: "the rath primrose"), and is often found in the old writers in the sense of *earlier, sooner.* Thus Spenser, *Shep. Kal.* Feb., speaks of "the rather lambes." The *to* is omitted by the quartos and many modern editors, but it is found in the folio. Cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 191: "I had rather to adopt a child," etc. For *to* with the infinitive, and examples of its use by S. where it would now be omitted, and its omission where it would now be used, see Gr. 349 fol.

46. *How say you by*, etc. *By* here, as not unfrequently =*about* or *concerning*. Cf. ii. 9. 25: "may be meant by the fool multitude." So Latimer (*Serm.*): "How think you by the ceremonies," etc. So in *1 Cor.* iv. 4, "I know nothing by myself," that is, am conscious of nothing (of guilt) concerning (or against) myself. Gr. 145. For "Monsieur le Bon" the early eds. have "Mounsier *Le Bonne*."

52. *Throstle.* Pope's emendation for the "trassell" of the quartos and 1st folio. The other folios have "tarrell" or "tassell."

A-cafering. See Gr. 24.

62. *A proper man's picture.* A *proper* man is a man "as he should be" (Craik); often, a *handsome* man. S. uses *properer* (*R. and J.* ii. 4. 217) and *properest* (*Much Ado*, v. 1. 174) in the same sense. *Improper* (= unbecoming) he uses but once (*Lear*, v. 3. 221).

64. *Suited.* Dressed. Cf. "richly suited," *A. W.* i. 1. 170, and Milton's "civil-suited morn" (*Il Pens.*).

Doublet. "The doublet (so called from being originally lined or wadded for defence) was a close-fitting coat, with skirts reaching a little below the girdle." The "round *hose*" were coverings for the legs, not the feet—"trowsers or breeches, reaching to the knee." The phrase "doublet and hose," as equivalent to "coat and breeches," occurs often in S. See *M. W.* iii. 3. 35, *Much Ado*, v. 1. 203, *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 206, 232, etc. "French *hose*" are referred to in *Mach.* ii. 3. 16 and *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 56. *Bonnet*, originally the name of a stuff, came to be applied to the man's cap made of it, as it still is in Scottish.

67. *The Scottish lord.* The *Scottish* of the quartos, printed before the accession of James I., was changed to *other* in the folio of 1623, to avoid giving offence to that monarch. Warb. sees in this passage an allusion to the "constant pronises of assistance that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the English."

71. *Sealed under for another.* Became surety for another box on the ear.

74. *Viley.* *Vildy* or *wildey* in the early eds., as almost always.

80. *You should refuse.* For the *should*, see Gr. 322.

90. *Some other sort.* Some other way; or perhaps *sort* may be =*lot*, as W. suggests. Cf. "draw the sort," *T. and C.* i. 3. 376. *Imposition* = con-

dition imposed. In iii. 4. 33 the word is used again in this literal sense of something "laid upon" one as a burden or duty.

92. *Sibylla*. Here used as a proper name, like "Sibyl" in *T. of S. i.* 2. 70. So Bacon, in *Colours of Good and Evil*, 10, speaks of "Sybilla, when she brought her three books," and in *Adv. of L. ii.* 23. 33, of "Sybillae books." But in *Oth.* iii. 4. 70 we have "A sibyl," and in *I Hen. VI.* i. 2. 56, "nine sibyls." The reference here is to the Cumæan sibyl, who obtained from Apollo a promise that her years should be as many as the grains of sand she was holding in her hand. The story is told by Ovid, *Met.* xv.

94. *This parcel of wooers*. Cf. "This youthful parcel of noble bachelors," *A. W.* ii. 3. 58.

96. *I wish them a fair departure*. The quartos read, "I pray God grant them," etc. It has been supposed that the latter was the original reading, and that it was changed in the folio on account of the act of Parliament, in the time of James I., against the use of the name of God on the stage. But the folio has the word *God* in more than a dozen places in the play, and Portia herself (though W. thinks it would not "suit her lips" in this case) has used it twice already in this very scene. In ii. 2, Launcelot uses it often and profanely.

105. *Thy praise*. The quartos (followed by some modern eds.) add "How now! what news?"

106. *Seek for you*. The folios omit *for*.

110. *With so good heart as*, etc. We now seldom use *so . . . as*, preferring *as . . . as*, except where *so* requires special emphasis. See Gr. 275.

112. *Condition*. Nature, disposition. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 1. 255: "she's full of most blessed condition;" and *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 157: "I have a touch of your condition," etc. Cf. also "best conditioned," *iii. 2. 295* below.

116. *Whiles*. The genitive singular of *while* (which was originally a noun) used as an adverb. It occurs in *Matt. v. 25*. See Gr. 137.

SCENE III.—1. *Ducats*. The value of the Venetian silver ducat was about that of the American dollar.

4. *For the which*. This archaism is occasionally found in S., as in the Bible (*Gen. i. 29*, etc.). *The who* is never found; perhaps, as Abbott suggests, because *which* is considered an adjective and indefinite, while *who* is not. So in French we have *lequel*, but not *le qui*. See Gr. 270.

6. *May you stead me?* Can you assist me? *May* originally expressed ability, as the noun *might* still does. *Can*, on the other hand, signified "to know or have skill." We have both words in their old sense in Chaucer's line (*C. T. 2314*), "Now helpe me, lady, sith ye may and can." This archaic *can* is found in *Ham. iv. 7. 85*: "they can well on horseback," that is, are well skilled in riding. On *stead*, cf. *M. for M.* i. 4. 17: "Can you so stead me As bring me to the sight of Isabella?" and *A. W.* v. 3. 87: "to reave her Of what should stead her most."

Pleasure me. So in *M. W.* i. 1. 251: "What I do is to pleasure you, coz." See also *Much Ado*, v. 1. 129 and *3 Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 22. Cf. Gr. 290.

11. *A good man*. That is, "good" in the commercial sense—"having pecuniary ability; of unimpaired credit" (Wb.).

13. *Ho, no, etc.* The reading of all the early eds.

15. *In supposition.* Doubtful, risked at sea.

16. *Tripolis.* The old name of *Tripoli*, a seaport of Syria, formerly of great commercial importance.

17. *Rialto.* The chief of the islands on which Venice is built was called *Isola di Rialto* (*rivo alto*), the Island of the Deep Stream. The name *Rialto* came also to be applied to the Exchange, which was on that island. It is the Exchange which is here meant—"a most stately building . . . where the Venetian gentlemen and the merchants doe meeete twice a day, betwixt eleven and twelve of the clocke in the morning, and betwixt five and sixe of the clocke in the afternoon" (*Coryat's Crudities*, 1611). The bridge known as the *Rialto* (*Ponte di Rialto*) was begun in 1588 and finished in 1591.

18. *Squandered.* Scattered. So in Howell's *Letters*, 1650, we have "islands that lie squandered in the vast ocean." Even Dryden (*Annus Mirab.*) has "They drive, they squander the huge Belgian fleet." S. uses the word only here and in *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 57: "squandering glances."

19. *There be land-rats.* In old English, besides the present tense *am*, etc., there was also this form *be*, from the Anglo-Saxon *beon*. The 2d pers. sing. was *beest*. The 1st and 3d pers. plu. *be* is often found in S. and the Bible. Cf. Gr. 300.

27. *If it please you.* This impersonal form (cf. the French *s'il vous plait*), after being contracted into *if you please*, has come to be considered as personal, and we now say *if I please, if he pleases*, etc. The verb thus gets a new meaning, *to please* becoming = *to be pleased*.

30. *And so following.* And so forth. S. uses the phrase nowhere else.

36. *For he is a Christian.* We should now say, *for being* a Christian. When thus used, *for* is often followed by *that*, as in the next line. Of course we could now say, "I hate him, for he is a Christian," but the meaning would be different. In this case, as in the other, the *for* is equivalent to *because*, but it connects more loosely, as the comma indicates. The difference in meaning is perhaps better illustrated by a case like the following (*M. for M.* ii. 1. 27):

"You may not so extenuate his offence
For I have had such faults;"

that is, the fact that I have been guilty is no excuse for him. The modern reading would make nonsense of it.

39. *Usance.* Interest. Thomas, in his *Historye of Italye*, 1561, says: "It is almoste incredyble what gaine the Venetians receiue by the vsury of the Jewes, both pryuately and in common. For in euerye citee the Jewes kepe open shops of vsurie, taking gaiges of ordinarie for xv. in the hundred by the yere: and if at the yeres ende, the gaige be not redemed, it is forfeite, or at the least dooen away to a great disaduantage: by reason whereof the Jewes are out of measure wealthie in those parties."

40. *Upon the hip.* To "catch upon the hip" was a phrase used by wrestlers. Some make it refer to hunting, "because, when the animal pursued is seized upon the hip, it is finally disabled from flight." Cf. iv. 1. 330 below, and *Oth.* ii. 1. 314.

45. *Which he calls interest.* *Usance, usury, and interest* were equivalent

terms in S.'s day. It was disreputable to take interest at all. It was considered "against nature for money to beget money." See Bacon's *Essay on Usurie*.

47. *Debating of my present store.* *Of* is often used by the Elizabethan writers in the sense of *about* or *concerning*. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 81: "You make me study of that," etc. See Gr. 174.

53. *Rest you fair.* "Heaven grant you fair fortune!" Cf. "Rest you merry!" (*R. and J.* i. 2. 65) "God rest you merry!" (*A. Y. L.* v. 1. 165), etc.

56. *Excess.* More than the sum lent or borrowed; interest.

57. *Ripe wants.* Wants that admit of no delay, like ripe fruit that must be gathered at once.

58. *Possess'd.* Informed. Cf. iv. 1. 35 below: "I have possessed your grace of what I purpose;" *Cor.* ii. 1. 145: "Is the senate possessed of this?" etc.

59. *How much you would.* The folio misprints "he would." *Would* is often used absolutely, as here, for *wish* or *require*.

63. *Methought.* This *thought* is from the A. S. verb *thincan*, to seem, and not from *thencan*, to think. It is used impersonally, the *me* being a dative. *Methought*=it seemed to me. In Chaucer we find *him thoughte*, *hem* (them) *thoughte*, *hir* (her) *thoughte*, etc.

65. *When Jacob*, etc. See *Gen.* xxvii. and xxx.

72. *Were compromis'd.* Had mutually agreed.

73. *Eanlings.* Lambs just brought forth; from A. S. *eanian*, to bring forth. *Yeanling* is another form of the same word, and was substituted by Pope here.

Pied. Spotted. We have "daisies pied" in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 904 (and in Milton's *L'Allegro*); and in *Temp.* iii. 2. 71 Caliban calls Trinculo a "pied ninny," from the parti-coloured coat which he wore as a jester.

75. *Pill'd me.* Peeled. Cf. the Bible narrative (*Gen.* xxx. 37, 38). The *me* is expletive, as often. See the dialogue between Petruchio and Grumio in *T. of S.* i. 2. 8 fol. Gr. 220.

78. *Fall.* Let fall, bring forth. Gr. 291.

84. *Was this inserted*, etc. Was this inserted in Scripture to justify usury?

88. *The devil can cite Scripture.* See *Matt.* iv. 4, 6.

89. *Producing holy witness.* Adducing sacred authority.

95. *Beholding.* Often used by S., Bacon, and other writers of the time, instead of *beholden*, which, as Craik has shown, is probably a corrupted form of *gehealden*, the perfect participle of A. S. *healdan*, to hold, whence its meaning of *held*, *bound*, *obliged*.

96. *Many a time and oft.* An old phrase, still familiar, =many and many a time, that is, many times, and yet again many more times.

101. *Misbeliever.* Strictly, one who believes *wrongly*, as *unbeliever* is one who does *not* believe, or an infidel. S. uses the word only here.

102. *Spet.* An obsolete spelling of *spit*, used occasionally by S., as it is by Milton in the one instance (*Comus*, 132) in which he employs the word.

Gaberdine. A long coarse frock. See *Temp.* ii. 2. 40, 115. The garment and the name are still used by the peasantry in some parts of England.

105. *Go to.* A phrase of exhortation or encouragement, sometimes used scornfully. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 297, *M. W.* i. 4. 165, etc.; also *Gen.* xi. 4, etc.

124. *A breed of barren metal.* The quartos have "a breed for." *Breed* is money *bred* from the principal. Shylock had used the same metaphor for interest.

126. *Who if he break.* The "relative with a supplementary pronoun" (Gr. 248, 249) often occurs in the writers of the time. Cf. *V. and A.* 935:

"Who, when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell on the violet."

"If he *break*," that is, "break his day," a current expression =fail to fulfil his engagement. Shylock uses the phrase below.

128. *I would be friends with you.* A "grammatical impropriety," but even now a familiar idiom.

130. *Doit.* A small Dutch coin, worth about a quarter of a cent. Cf. *T. of A.* i. 1. 217: "Which will not cost a man a doit;" and *Cor.* v. 4. 60: "I'd not have given a doit."

135. *Your single bond.* Your individual bond, without sureties.

In a merry sport. In the old ballad of *Gernutus*, the Jew says:

"But we will haue a merry iest,
for to be talked long:
You shall make me a Band (quoth he)
that shall be large and strong.

And this shall be the forfeiture,
of your own Flesh a pound:
If you agree, make you the Band,
and here is a hundred Crownes."

138. *Let the forfeit*, etc. Let the forfeit named as an equivalent be a pound of your flesh.

141. *Pleaseth me.* That is, "it pleaseth me" (the folio reading). See on 27 above. In *C. of E.* iv. 1. 12 we have, "Pleaseth you walk with me," etc.; and in 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 6. 104, "Warwick . . . shall do and undo, as him pleaseth best."

145. *Dwell.* Continue, remain.

151. *Dealings teaches them suspect.* There were three forms of the plural in early English—the Northern in *es*, the Middle in *en*, the Southern in *eth*. The first two are found in Elizabethan authors. Sometimes they are used for the sake of the rhyme; sometimes for reasons that are not evident. *Teaches*, according to Abbott (Gr. 333), is one of these old plurals. On the omission of the *to* of the infinitive, see Gr. 349.

153. *Break his day.* See on 127 above, and cf. Heywood's *Fair Maid of the Exchange*, ii. 2:

"If you do break your day, assure yourself
That I will take the forfeit of your bond."

157. *Muttons, beefs.* These Norman-French words are here used in their original sense. The plural *beeves* is still used for the living animals, and the singular form *beeve* is occasionally met with. Wb. quotes an instance from Irving.

159. *If he will take it, so.* That is, *so be it*, or something of the kind. *So* was often thus used as a particle of assent or affirmation. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 144: "If your father will do me any honour, so," etc.

165. *Fearful guard Of an unthrifty knave.* *Fearful*=to be feared or distrusted; untrustworthy. *Knave*, which meant originally only a boy, and now means only a rogue, was in current use in S.'s time with either signification.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The stage-direction in the first folio is: “Enter *Morochnus a twemie Moore all in white, and three or fourre followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerrissa, and their traine. Flo. Cornets.*”

1. *Mislike.* S. generally uses *dislike*, but *mislike* in 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 140 and *A. and C.* iii. 13. 147; also once as a noun, in 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 24.

Complexion. A quadrisyllable. See on i. 1. 8 above. Gr. 479.

6. *Let us make incision, etc.* Red blood was a traditional sign of courage. Macbeth (v. 3. 15) calls one of his frightened soldiers a “lily-livered boy,” and Falstaff (2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 113) speaks of the “liver white and pale” as a badge of cowardice. Below (iii. 2. 86) Bassanio talks of cowards who “have livers white as milk.”

7. *Reddest.* The use of the superlative in a comparison of two objects, though condemned by most of the modern grammars, is good old English.

8. *Aspect . . . fear'd.* On the accent of *aspect*, see on i. 1. 54 above. *Fear'd*=caused to fear, terrified. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 2. 2: “For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.” In *T. of S.* i. 2. 211 we have both senses of *fear* in close connection: “*Petruchio.* Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs. *Grumio.* For he fears none.”

10. *Best-regarded.* “Of highest rank and estimation” (Schmidt).

12. *To steal your thoughts.* As a thief disguised.

14. *Nice direction.* Fastidious estimation. Cf. “*nice and coy,*” *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 82, etc.

17. *Scanted.* Limited, restricted. Cf. iii. 2. 112 below: “*Scant this excess;*” and v. 1. 141: “*Scant this breathing courtesy.*”

18. *Wit.* In its original sense of *foresight, wisdom* (A. S. *wit*, mind), as in the familiar expressions, “*at his wit's end,*” “*lost his wits,*” etc. S. uses the word also in its present sense.

20. *Yourselv.* The pronouns *myself, thyself, etc.*, were often used in S.'s time (as they still are in poetry) as the subject of a verb. See Gr. 20. Cf. Milton, *P. L.* iv. 75: “*Myself am hell,*” etc.

Stood as fair. Would have stood. In *fair* there is an allusion to the Moor's complexion.

25. *The Sophy.* The *Sufi*, or *Shah* of Persia. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 5. 197 and iii. 4. 307. Bacon (*Essay* 43) speaks of “*Ismael, the Sophy of Persia.*”

26. *Sultan Solyman.* The most famous sultan of this name was Solyman the Magnificent, who reigned from 1520 to 1566.

27. *O'er-stare.* This is the reading of the folios and H.'s quarto. R.'s quarto has “*outstare.*”

31. *Alas the while!* This expression, like *Woe the while!* (*J. C.* i. 3. 82), seems originally to have meant, “*Alas for the present state of things!*” but it came to be used as indefinitely as the simple *alas!*

32. *Hercules and Lichas.* Lichas was the servant who brought to Hercules the poisoned tunic from Dejanira, according to Ovid (*Met.* ix. 155).

Play at dice Which is, etc. That is, in order to decide which is, etc. As Abbott (Gr. 382) has said, "The Elizabethan writers objected to scarcely any ellipsis, provided the deficiency could be easily supplied from the context."

35. *Alcides beaten by his page.* Alcides, according to Diodorus, was the original name of Hercules, given him on account of his descent from Alcæus, the son of Perseus. The early eds. all have "rage" instead of *page*; corrected by Theobald.

43. *Nor will not.* See on i. 2. 23 above.

44. *The temple.* The church, where the oath was to be taken.

46. *Blest or cursed'st.* It is probable that *blest* is to be regarded as an instance of the ellipsis of the superlative ending, not unusual at that time. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 6. 13: "The generous and gravest citizens." So Heywood: "Only the grave and wisest of the land;" and Ben Jonson: "The soft and sweetest music." In iii. 2. 288 we have "The best-conditioned and unwearied spirit," where the ellipsis is in the second adjective.

SCENE II.—The stage-direction in the early eds. is "*Enter the clowne alone.*"

8. *Scorn running with thy heels.* The play upon words is obvious, though it sorely troubled Steevens, who even proposed as an emendation "Scorn running; *withe* (i. e. hamper with a *withe*, or osier band) thy heels." Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 51: "I scorn that with my heels."

9. *Via!* Away! (Italian). Cf. *M. IV.* ii. 2. 159, *L. L. L.* v. 1. 156, etc. Here the early eds. have "fia;" corrected by Rowe.

10. *For the heavens!* Mason proposed to change *heavens* to *haven*, because "it is not likely that S. would make the *Devil* conjure Launcelot to do anything for *Heaven's sake*;" but, of course, as Boswell has suggested, the wit of the expression consists in that very incongruity.

14. *Well, my conscience says*, etc. The 1st folio reads thus: "wel, my conscience saies *Lancelet* bouge not, bouge saies the fiend, bouge not saies my conscience, conscience say I you counsaile well, fiend say I you counsaile well, to be rul'd by my conscience I should stay with the *Iew* my Maister, (who God blesse the marke) is a kinde of diuell;" etc.

18. *God bless (or save) the mark!* The origin and the meaning of this expression are alike obscure. It appears to be used most frequently "as a parenthetic apology for some profane or vulgar word."

21. *Incarnation.* For *incarnate*, of course. R.'s quarto has *incarnal*.

29. *Sand-blind.* Dim of sight; as if there were sand in the eye, or perhaps floating before it. It means something more than *purblind*, for Latimer (*Sermons*) says, "The Saintis be purre-blinde and sand-blinde." *High-gravel-blind* is Launcelot's own exaggeration of the word.

30. *Confusions.* The reading of H.'s quarto and the folios. R.'s quarto has *conclusions*, which K. adopts; but, as Wr. suggests, "Launcelot would not have given a hard word so correctly."

34. *Marry.* A corruption of *Mary*. It was originally a mode of swearing by the Virgin, but its origin had come to be forgotten in S.'s day.

37. *God's sonthies.* Corrupted from *God's saints*, or *sanctities*, or *sante* (health)—it is impossible to decide which.

46. *What a' will.* *A'* for *he* is common in the old dramatists, in the mouths of peasants and illiterate people.

50. *Talk you of young Master Launcelot?* The early eds. make this imperative, and not interrogative, and are followed by K. and W.; but D. and the Camb. editors are probably right in regarding the sentence as a repetition of the preceding interrogation (40).

53. *Father.* Launcelot twice calls Gobbo *father*, but the old man does not even suspect with whom he is talking, since, as W. remarks, the peasantry used to call all old people *father* or *mother*.

54. *The sisters three.* The Fates of classic fable.

76. *Your child that shall be.* Here again some of the sand-blind critics have been mystified by Launcelot's incongruous talk. Malone says, "Launcelot *probably* here indulges himself in talking nonsense," but he is not quite sure about it; and Steevens suggests that he "*may* mean that he shall hereafter prove his claim to the title of child by his dutiful behaviour," etc.

82. *Lord worshipped.* Perhaps, as some explain it = a lord worshipful, referring to the beard and the claim to the title of *Master*. According to stage tradition, Launcelot kneels with his back to the old man, who, "being sand-blind," mistakes the hair on his head for a beard (St.).

84. *Fill-horse.* *Fill* for *thill*, or *shaft*, is a familiar word in New England, but in old England it is not known except as a provincialism in the Midland counties. We have "i' the fills" in *T. and C.* iii. 2. 48.

91. *Gree.* The spelling of all the early eds. Cf. Wb.

92. *I have set up my rest.* That is, I have determined. "A metaphor taken from play, where the highest stake the parties were disposed to venture was called the *rest*." Nares restricts the term to the old game of *primero*, but Gifford (endorsed by Dyce) says that it is incorrect to do so. The expression occurs also in *A. W.* ii. 1. 138, *C. of E.* iv. 3. 27, *R.* and *J.* iv. 5. 6, etc.

97. *Give me your present.* See on i. 3. 75 above.

99. *As far as God has any ground.* A characteristic speech in the mouth of a Venetian. The lower orders in Venice regard the mainland with an admiration which can hardly be understood by those who have been able, all their days, to walk where they would (K.).

108. *Gramercy.* A corruption of the French *grand merci*, "great thanks."

117. *Cater-cousins.* Commonly explained as = *quatre-cousins*, that is, "fourth cousins," but this is doubtful. The meaning evidently is, that they do not seem much akin, or do not agree very well.

121. *A dish of doves.* Mr. C. A. Brown infers, from this and other passages in his plays, that S. must have visited Italy. "Where," he asks, "did he obtain his numerous graphic touches of national manners? Where did he learn of an old villager's coming into the city with 'a dish of doves' as a present to his son's master? A present thus given, and in our days too, and of doves, is not uncommon in Italy." It is possible, however, that the poet gained this knowledge of the country from other travellers; and it is well known that Kemp, a fellow-actor, visited Italy.

131. *Preferr'd thee.* To *prefer* often meant to "recommend for promotion," and sometimes to "promote." Cf. *Cymb.* ii. 3. 51, iv. 2. 386, 400, etc.

134. *The old proverb.* It is said that there is a Scotch proverb, "The grace of God is gear enough."

140. *Guarded.* Trimmed, ornamented. The broidered edging *guarded* (protected) the cloth from wear. See *Hen. VIII.* prol. 16 and *Much Ado*, i. 1. 288. Cf. "guards on wanton Cupid's hose," *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 58.

141. *In.* Go in; as in *C. of E.* v. 1. 37, etc.

142. *Well, if any man*, etc. This is Johnson's punctuation, which W. also follows. The construction is, "Well, if any man in Italy which doth offer to swear upon a book have a fairer table"—the expression being like "any man that breathes," etc. After having thus admired his table, he breaks off to predict his good fortune. As Johnson remarks, "the act of expanding his hand" reminds him of laying it on the book in taking an oath.

In chiromancy, or palmistry (fortune-telling by the lines on the palm of the hand), the *table line*, or *line of fortune*, is the one running from the fore-finger below the other fingers to the side of the hand. The *natural line* is the one running through the middle of the palm. The *line of life* is the one which encircles the ball of the thumb. The space between the two first is called *mensa*, or the *table*.

145. *Eleven.* A vulgarism for *eleven*.

149. *For this gear.* See on i. 1. 110 above.

151. *Of an eye.* The words are found only in R.'s quarto.

153. *Bestow'd.* Put away, disposed of. Cf. *2 Kings*, v. 24, *Luke*, xii. 17, 18, etc. See also *C. of E.* i. 2. 78, *J. C.* i. 3. 151, etc.

163. *Hear thee.* In this, as in some other expressions ("fare thee well," etc.), *thee* appears to be used for *thou*, and not reflexively. Cf. Gr. 212.

168. *Liberal.* Free, reckless; but not in so bad a sense as in *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 93 ("a liberal villain"), where it means licentious. Cf. "liberal shepherds," *Ham.* iv. 7. 171.

Take pain. We now use only the plural, "take pains." S. uses both. See below, v. 1. 180.

170. *Thy skipping spirit.* Thy frolicsome humour. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 4.

123: "Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper Sprinkle cool patience." *Spirit*, as often, is a monosyllable =*sprite*. Gr. 463.

171. *Misconstrued.* The 1st folio has *misconsterd* here, but *misconstrued* in *J. C.* v. 3. 84.

176. *While grace is saying.* See Marsh, *Lect. on Eng. Lang.* (First Series), pp. 649–658. In S.'s day the construction *in saying* or *a-saying* was going out of use, and the verbal noun in *-ing* was beginning to be regularly used in a passive sense. The construction, *is being said*, etc., as Marsh remarks, "is an awkward neologism, which . . . ought to be discountenanced as an attempt at the artificial improvement of the language at a point where it needed no amendment." The "ignorance of grammarians" has been "a frequent cause of the corruption of language."

Hood mine eyes. Hats were worn at meals, and especially on ceremonial occasions—a custom probably derived from the days of chivalry. Even now, at the installation banquet of the Knights of the Garter, all the Knights Companions wear their hats and plumes (St.).

179. *Studied in a sad ostent.* Trained to put on a sober aspect. Below (ii. 8. 44) we have "fair ostents (manifestations, tokens) of love;" and in *Hen. V.* v. chor. 21, "full trophy, signal, and ostent" (display).

188. *I must to Lorenzo.* This ellipsis of the verb was common, especially after *will*; as "I'll to him," *R. and J.* iii. 2. 141, etc. Gr. 405.

SCENE III.—9. *In talk.* The quarto reading; the folios omit *in*.

10. *Exhibit.* For *inhibit* (restrain).

14. *What heinous sin.* Possibly this is one of the instances in which *what* is used for *what a*. Cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 42: "What night is this!" See other examples in Gr. 86 (cf. 256).

SCENE IV.—5. *We have not spoke us yet of.* We have not yet bespoken. The reading of the 4th folio (adopted by Pope) is "as yet."

6. *Quaintly.* Tastefully, gracefully. *Quaint* (from Latin *comptus*, or, according to some, *cognitus*—or from both, as Wb. makes it), in the old writers, means *elegant*, and hence *artful, ingenious*. In Johnson's day it had come to mean *affected*, and now it has "the united sense of *antique* and *odd*." Cf. "quaint lies" below, iii. 4. 69; "fine, quaint, graceful," *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 22; "more quaint, more pleasing," *T. of S.* iv. 3. 102; "quaintly writ," *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 128; "quaintly made," *Id.* iii. 1. 117, etc.

7. *Not undertook.* We have "underta'en" in *W. T.* iii. 2. 79, and "to be undertook" in *Oth.* v. 2. 311. S. often uses two or more forms of the participle. Thus in *J. C.* we have *stricken*, *struck*, and *strucken* (stroken in folio, but *strucken* in *C. of E.* i. 2. 45, etc.). So we find *mistook* and *mistaken*, etc. We must bear in mind that the Elizabethan age was a transitional period in the history of the language. See Gr. 343. 344.

10. *Break up.* Break open; as in *W. T.* iii. 2. 132. *Break up* was a term in carving; and in *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 56 we have "break up this capon," where the "capon" is a letter. See our ed. p. 143.

13. *Writ.* S. uses both *writ* and *wrote* for the past tense, and *writ*, *written*, and *wrote* for the participle.

23. *Provided of.* *Of* is often used of the agent (where we use *by*), and of the instrument (for *with*), as here. Cf. *Mach.* i. 2. 13: "supplied of kernes," etc. Gr. 171. A small number of prepositions serve to express an immense number of relations, and their use in different periods of the language is very variable.

29. *Needs.* Of necessity; a genitive used adverbially. Cf. Gr. 25.

Directed . . . What gold, etc. The ellipsis here is very like what is called a *zeugma*.

35. *Dare.* Either the "subjunctive used imperatively" (Gr. 364), or the 3d pers. of the imperative.

37. *Faithless.* Unbelieving; as in *Matt.* xvii. 17.

SCENE V.—2. *Difference of.* Cf. *Lear*, iv. 2. 26: "O, the difference of man and man!"

3. *What, Jessica!* A customary exclamation of impatience, in calling to persons (cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 33, *M. W.* i. 4. 1, 40, etc.); like *when* (*Temp.* i. 2. 316, *J. C.* ii. 1. 5, etc.). See Gr. 73a.

11. *Bid forth*. Invited out. Cf. "find forth," i. 1. 143 above, and "reast-
ing forth," 36 below. S. uses *bidden* only in *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 32. He
uses both *bade* and *bid* for the past tense. See on 7 above.

17. *Towairis my rest*. Against my peace of mind.

18. *To-night*. That is, last night; as in *J. C.* iii. 3. 1: "I dreamt to-
night that I did feast with Cæsar." Usually in S. it has its modern
meaning.

21. *So do I his*. Shylock plays upon Launcelot's blunder of *reproach*
for *approach*.

24 *Black-Monday*. Easter-Monday; so called, as the old chronicler
Stowe tells us, because "in the 34th of Edward III. (1360), the 14th of
April, and the morrow after Easter-day, King Edward with his host lay
before the city of Paris: which day was full dark of mist and hail, and so
bitter cold that many men died on their horses' backs with the cold."

29. *The wry-neck'd fife*. It is doubtful whether *wry-necked* refers to the
fife or the fifer. Boswell quotes from Barnaby Rich (1618): "A fife is a
wry-neckt musician, for he always looks away from his instrument." On
the other hand, the old English fife (like one used in classical times) had
a bent mouth-piece. It was called the *flute à bec*, as the mouth-piece
resembled the beak of a bird. For *squealing* R.'s quarto has "squeak-
ing."

35. *Jacob's staff*. See *Gen.* xxxii. 10 and *Heb.* xi. 21. In Spenser, *F.*
Q. i. 6. 35, "Iacobs staffe" more probably refers to St. James (Jacobus),
who is usually represented with a pilgrim's hat and staff.

36. *Of feasting forth*. *Of=for*, as often. See Gr. 174; and for *forth*,
Gr. 41.

42. *Jewess' eye*. It is "Jewes" in the quartos and 1st and 2d folios,
"Jew's" in the later folios. Pope suggested *Jewess*, which has been
generally adopted. W. says that *Jewess* is not so old as the time of S.,
but Wr. states that it occurs in the Bible of 1611 (*Acts*, xvi. 1), and
even as early as Wiclif's version. Launcelot's phrase, as D. remarks,
is "a slight alteration, for the nonce, of the proverbial expression, *Worth
a Jew's eye*." The Jews were often threatened with the loss of an eye,
or some other mutilation, in order to extort treasure from them.

45. *Patch*. A name given to the professional jester (probably from his
patched or parti-coloured coat), and afterwards used as a term of con-
tempt. Some derive the word from the Italian *pazzo* (foolish, insane).

51. *Perhaps I will return*. Abbott (Gr. 319), who denies that S. ever uses
will for *shall*, thinks this (and *Perchance I will*) may be "a regular idiom."
It may be that the *will=shall* (as Wr. makes it), but it is quite as likely
that the shade of meaning is such as would now be expressed by *will*—
"Perhaps I may decide to return," or something of the sort. "I *shall*
return" would be future *pure and simple*; "I *will* return" adds the idea
that the possible future act depends upon the speaker's *will*.

SCENE VI.—5. *Venus' pigeons*. The chariot of Venus was drawn by
doves. In *Temp.* iv. 1. 94 she is described as "dove-drawn," and her
"doves" are also referred to in *M. N. D.* i. 1. 171, *V.* and *A.* 1190, etc.

7. *Obliged*. Pledged, plighted.

9. *Sits down.* That is, sits down with. So in the next sentence, "pace them (with)." This ellipsis of a preposition which has already been expressed before the relative is quite common in S. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 2. 331: "To whom it must be done" (to); *M. for M.* ii. 2. 119: "Most ignorant of what he's most assured" (of); and below (iv. 1. 380): "A gift of all (of which) he dies possess'd." See also on i. 1. 125 above.

10. *Untread agin.* Retrace.

14. *Younger.* The reading of all the early eds. Rowe changed it to *younger*, which S. uses in *I Hen. IV.* iii. 3. 92 and *3 Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 24.

15. *Scarfed.* Decked with flags and streamers. In *A. W.* ii. 3. 214 "scarfs" are associated with "bannerets" in the comparison of a person to a "vessel."

17. *How like the prodigal doth she return.* The reading of the quartos, which makes the reference to the parable more direct than the folio "a prodigal."

18. *Over-weather'd.* Weather-beaten. This is the reading of both quartos. The folios have "over-wither'd."

30. *Who love I*, etc. The inflection of *who* is often neglected. See examples in *Macb.* iii. 1. 123, iv. 3. 173, *Cor.* ii. 1. 8, etc. Directly after a preposition, *whom* is usually found. Cf. *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 2: "Consider *who* the king your father sends, To *whom* he sends." But in *Cymb.* iv. 2. 75 and *Oth.* i. 2. 52 we have the interrogative *who* even after a preposition: "To *who*?" See Gr. 274.

35. *Exchange.* That is, of apparel.

42. *Too-too iight.* Halliwell has urged that "too too" used to be a compound epithet, and should always have the hyphen; but, as W. remarks, it seems clear that in some cases (as in *Ham.* i. 2. 129: "this too, too solid flesh") it was an emphatic repetition, just as it is now.

43. *An office of discovery*, etc. The office of a torch-bearer is to show what is in the way, but I ought to keep in the shade.

47. *Close.* Secret, stealthy. Cf. *Rich.* III. p. 183.

50. *More.* The quartos have "mo." See on i. 1. 108 above.

51. *By my hood.* This has been explained as swearing by the *hood* of his masque-dress; but it is possible that W. is right in understanding "my hood" here and elsewhere to be "myself," that is, "my estate"—manhood, knighthood, or whatever may be appropriate to the speaker.

Gentile. H.'s quarto and the 1st folio have "gentle." There is evidently a play upon the two words.

52. *Beshrew me.* A very mild imprecation, often used playfully and even tenderly. Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 152.

54. *If that.* This use of *that* as "a conjunctional affix" (Gr. 287) was common. Thus we have "when that" (*J. C.* iii. 2. 96), "why that" (*Hen. V.* v. 2. 34), "while that" (*Id.* v. 2. 46), "though that" (*Cor.* i. 1. 144), "since that" (*Macb.* iv. 3. 106), etc., etc. The fuller forms, "If so were that" (Chaucer), "If so be that," etc., suggest that all these expressions may be similar ellipses, as Abbott explains them.

67. *Glad on't.* S. often uses *on* where we should use *of*. Cf. "jealous on me," *J. C.* i. 2. 71, and see Gr. 180, 181, 182. In *Temp.* i. 2 *on't=of it* occurs three times. See also *1 Sam.* xxvii. 11.

SCENE VII.—4. *Of gold, who.* In the Elizabethan age, *which* was not yet established as the neuter relative. It was often applied to persons (as in the Lord's Prayer, "Our Father *which* art in heaven") and *who* to things. In the next line but one, we have "*silver, which.*" See Gr. 264, 265.

5. *What many men desire.* The folios omit *many.*

26. *If thou be'st rated.* This *beest* must not be confounded with the subjunctive *be*. It is the A. S. *bist*, 2d pers. sing. pres. indicative of *beón*, to be. See on i. 3, 19 above.

29. *Afeard.* S. uses *afeard* and *afraid* interchangeably.

30. *Disabling*. *Disparaging*. *Disable* is used in the same sense in *A. Y. L.* iv. 1. 34, v. 4. 80, and 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 67.

41. *Hyrcanian*. Hyrcania was an extensive tract of country southeast of the Caspian. S. three times mentions the tigers of Hyrcania: 3 *Hen.* VI. i. 4. 155, *Macb.* iii. 4. 101, and *Ham.* ii. 2. 472. Cf. Virgil, *Aen.* iv. 367.

Vasty. Waste, desolate, like the Latin *vastus*. S. uses *vast* several times as a noun = *waste*. See *W. T.* i. 1, 33, *Per.* iii. 1, 1, etc.

42. *Throughfares*. *Thorough* and *through* are the same word, and S. uses either, as suits the measure. So with *throughly* and *thoroughly*. We find *throughfare* again in *Cymb.* i. 2. 11 (see our ed. p. 168).

43. *Come view.* See Gr. 349.

49. *Like*. Likely; as very often.

51. *Too gross, etc.* Too coarse a material to enclose her shroud. *Cer-cloth* = *cerement* (*Ham.* i. 4. 48), cloth smeared with melted wax (Lat. *cera*) or gums, for embalming the dead. *Obscure* has the accent on the first syllable, because followed by an accented syllable. Cf. *Rich.* II. iii. 5. 154: *A little, little grave, an obscure grave;*" *Ham.* iv. 5. 213: *"His means of death, his obscure funeral;"* etc. See also on ii. 9. 60 below.

53. *Undervalued, etc.* See on i. 1. 165 above. During the Middle Ages, and down to the 16th century, the value of silver was $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{1}{11}$, and even, as here stated, $\frac{1}{6}$ that of gold. In the latter part of the 17th century it fell to as low as $\frac{1}{6}$. In the 18th it rose to $\frac{1}{4}$, and is now about $\frac{1}{2}$.

57. *Insculp'd upon.* Graven on the outside. The *angel* was worth about ten shillings. It had on one side a figure of Michael piercing the dragon. The use of the device is said to have originated in Pope Gregory's pun



GOLDEN ANGEL OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

of *Angli* and *Angeli*. Verstegan, in his *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*, says: "The name of *Engel* is yet at this present in all the Teutonick tongues, to wit, the high and low Dutch, &c., as much to say as Angel, and if a Dutch-man be asked how he would be in his language call an Angei-like-man, he would answer, *ein English-man*, *Engel* being in their tongue an Angel, and English, which they write *Engelsche*, Angel-like. And such reason and consideration may have moved our former kings, upon their best coin of pure and fine gold, to set the image of an angel." The figure shows the angel of Elizabeth.

63. *A curriō death.* That is, a skull.

65. *Glisters.* *Glisten* does not occur in S. nor in Milton. In both we find *glistēr* several times. See *W. T.* iii. 2. 171, *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 178, *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 117, etc.; *Lycidas*, 79, *Comus*, 219, *P. L.* iii. 550, iv. 645, 653, etc.

69. *Tombs.* Johnson's emendation for the "timber" of the early eds.

77. *Part.* Depart. See *Cor.* v. 6. 73: "When I parted hence," etc. *Depart* was also used where we should say *part*; as in the Marriage Service "till death us do part" is a corruption of "till death us depart."

SCENE VIII.—12. *A passion.* Passionate outcry. Cf. *T. and C.* v. 2. 181: "Your passion draws ears hither." See also the verb in *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 172, *V. and A.* 1059, etc.

27. *Reason'd.* Talked, conversed; as in *Rich. III.* ii. 3. 39, etc. K. quotes B. and F.: "There is no end of women's reasoning."

28. *The narrow seas.* The English Channel—a name not unfrequently applied to it in that day. It occurs again iii. 1. 3 below.

30. *Franght.* We now use *fraught* (=freighted) only in a figurative sense. *Fraught* is used as a noun in *T. A.* v. 1. 64 and *Oth.* iii. 3. 449. *Freight* does not occur in S. or Milton. In *Temp.* i. 2. 13, where many modern editions have "freighting souls," the folio has "fraughting."

39. *Slubber.* To do carelessly or imperfectly. It also means to obscure, or soil; as in *Oth.* i. 3. 227: "slubber the gloss of your new fortunes."

40. *Riping.* Ripeness, maturity.

42. *Mind of love.* That is, loving mind. Cf. "mind of honour," *M. for M.* ii. 4. 179 (W.).

44. *Ostents.* Manifestations, displays. See on ii. 2. 179 above.

45. *Conveniently.* In its original sense, fitly, suitably. Cf. *Prov.* xxx. 8, *Rom.* i. 28, *Eph.* v. 4. So in the one instance in which Milton uses the word, *S. A.* 1471: "some convenient ransom."

47. *Turning his face*, etc. As Malone suggests, we have here "the outline of a beautiful picture."

48. *Sensible.* Sensitive. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 337: "Love's feeling is more soft and sensible Than are the tender horns of cockled snails."

52. *Quicken his embraced heaviness.* Enliven the melancholy he indulges. Cf. iii. 2. 109 below: "rash-embra'c'd despair."

53. *Do we so.* 1st pers. imperative; a form not uncommon in S. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 8. 127: "Do we all holy rites!" See also v. 1. 36 below.

SCENE IX.—18. *Address'd me.* Prepared myself. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 6. 103, etc. *Fortune now*, etc. Success now to the hope of my heart!

25. *By the fool multitude.* For *by*, see on i. 2. 46; and for the adjective *fool*, on i. 1. 102 above.

26. *Fond.* Foolish; as usually in S. Cf. Milton, *S. A.* 812: "fond and reasonless;" etc. Cf. iii. 3. 9 below.

27. *The martlet.* The house-martin. Cf. *Macb.* i. 6. 4: "the temple-haunting martlet." See our ed. p. 174.

28. *In the weather.* Exposed to the weather. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 109: "Pour down thy weather," and *Cymb.* iii. 3. 64: "left me bare to weather."

31. *Jump with.* Agree with. Cf. *Rich.* III. iii. 1. 11: "outward show, which . . . seldom or never jumpeth with the heart." *Jump* also means to risk, hazard, as in *Macb.* i. 7. 7: "jump the life to come." See also *Cor.* iii. 1. 154. *Jump* is found as an adjective (=matched, or suitable), as "jump names" (B. J.); also as an adverb (=just, exactly), as in *Ham.* i. 1. 65: "jump at this dead hour" (see our ed. p. 172).

40. *Estates.* Ranks. Cf. *Ham.* v. 1. 244: "'t was of some estate" (that is, high rank).

43. *Should cover*, etc. Should wear their hats, that now take them off, as to superiors.

45. *Peasantry.* The folios have "pleasantry."

47. *Ruin.* Refuse, rubbish.

60. *To offend*, etc. That is, an offender cannot be the judge of his own case. For the accent of *distinct*, see on ii. 7. 51 above.

62. *Fire.* As often, a dissyllable. In *J. C.* iii. 1. 171 we have it both as a monosyllable and as a dissyllable: "As fire drives out fire, so pity pity." *Hours* is a dissyllable four times in as many lines in 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 31-34, and a monosyllable four lines below. Gr. 480. Cf. iii. 2. 20 below.

67. *I wis.* This, as Craik has shown, is a corruption of the adverbial *ywis* (certainly), but S. no doubt regarded it as a pronoun and verb.

71. *You are sped.* Your fate is settled. Cf. "you two are sped," *T. of S.* v. 2. 185, and "I am sped," *R. and J.* iii. 1. 94. See also *Lycidas*, 122: "What need they? They are sped."

77. *Wroth.* The old eds. have "wroath." Schmidt makes it =*ruth* (sorrow); but some take it to be another form of *wrath*, used in the sense of "torturing anger."

84. *My lord.* Probably used jestingly in response to the *my lady*. So in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 317 the prince says, "How now, my lady the hostess?" in reply to her "My lord the Prince!" In *Rich.* II. v. 5. 67, also, a groom addresses the king, "Hail, royal prince!" and Richard replies, "Thanks, noble peer!" See our ed. p. 219.

88. *Sensible regrets.* Tangible greetings, substantial salutations. *Re-greet* strictly means a responsive greeting. The noun occurs again in *K. John*, iii. 1. 241. For the verb, see *Rich.* II. p. 162.

89. *Commends.* Cf. *Rich.* II. iii. 1. 38: "I send to her my kind commends;" and *Id.* iii. 3. 126: "Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends." See also *Per.* ii. 2. 49.

90. *Yet I have not.* I have not yet. *Yet*=up to this time, is now used only after a negative, but in the Elizabethan age it was often used, as here, before a negative. Cf. *T. of S.* ind. 1. 96: "For yet his honour never heard a play;" and this from Ascham's *Scholemaster*: "There be

that kepe them out of fier and yet was never burned"—which would be nonsense nowadays. Gr. 76.

91. *Likely*. In the Yankee sense of *promising*. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 186: "a likely fellow!" and *Id.* iii. 2. 273: "your likeliest men."

97. *High-day wit*. "Holiday terms," as Hotspur expresses it (1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 46). Cf. *M. W.* iii. 2. 69: "he speaks holiday."

99. *Cupid's post*. So below (v. 1. 46) we have "there's a post come from my master." For the adverbial *mannerly*, cf. *Cymb.* iii. 6. 92, etc.

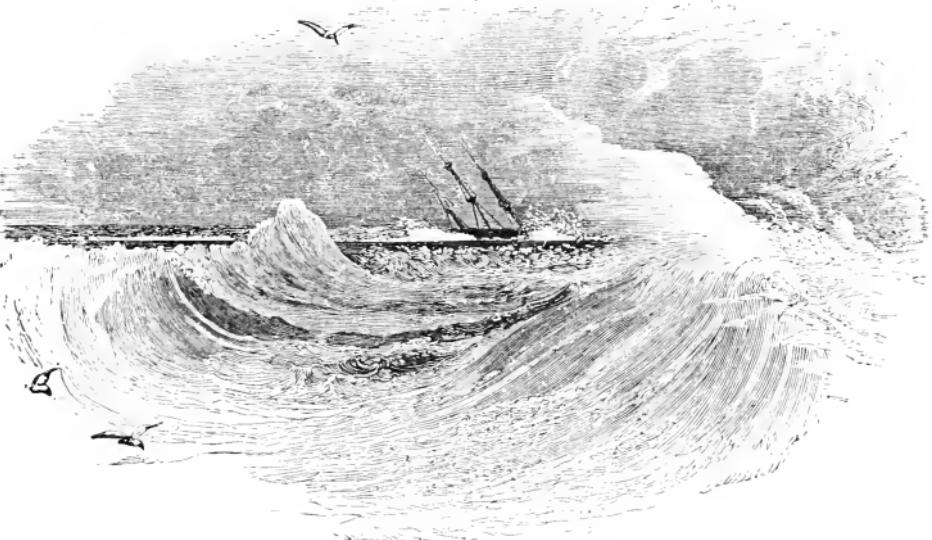
100. *Bassanio, lord Love*. May it be Bassanio, O Cupid!

ACT III.

SCENE I.—2. *It lives there unchecked*. The report prevails there uncontradicted.

3. *Wracked*. The only spelling in the early eds. See *Rich. II.* p. 177.

The Goodwins. The Goodwin Sands, off the eastern coast of Kent. According to tradition, they were once an island belonging to Earl Godwin, which was swallowed up by the sea about A.D. 1100.



THE GOODWIN SANDS, DURING A STORM.

9. *Knapped*. Snapped, broke up. The word occurs in *Ps. xlvi. 9* (Prayer-Book version): "He knappeth the spear in sunder." Ginger was a favourite condiment with old people.

24. *The wings*, etc. The boy's clothes she wore when she eloped.

33. *Match*. Bargain, compact. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 6. 30: "'t is our match," etc.

35. *Smug*. Spruce, trim. Cf. *Lear*, iv. 6. 202: "a smug bridegroom."
43. *Half a million*. That is, ducats.
57. *It shall go hard*, etc. I will spare no effort to outdo you in what you teach me.
63. *Matched*. That is, matched with them, found to match them.
74. *Why, so*. Well, well. Cf. *Rich. II*. ii. 2. 87, etc.
100. *My turquoise*. The folio reads, "my Turkies." Marvellous properties were ascribed to this "Turkey-stone." Its colour was said to change with the health of the wearer. Cf. Ben Jonson, *Sejanus*:

"And true as Turkise in the deare lord's ring,
Looke well or ill with him."

And Fenton (*Secret Wonders of Nature*, 1569) says: "The *Turkeys* doth move when there is any peril prepared to him that weareth it."

SCENE II.—6. *Hate counsels not*, etc. Hatred would prompt no such feeling.

14. *Beshrew*. See on ii. 6. 52 above.
15. *O'erlook'd*. Bewitched by the "evil eye." Cf. *M. W.* v. 5. 87: "thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth."
20. *Though yours, not yours*. One *yours* (probably the second) must be a dissyllable. See on ii. 9. 62 above.

Prove it so, etc. If it prove so (that is, that I am "not yours"), let fortune, not me, bear the penalty.

22. *Peize*. The French *peser*, to weigh. Here it means to delay, as if weighing each moment deliberately, or (as Steevens and others explain the figure) as if the time were retarded by hanging weights to it. S. uses the word in the sense of *weigh* in *Rich. II*. v. 3. 105, and in that of *poise* in *K. John*, ii. 1. 575. *Peize* is intelligible enough here, but Rowe substituted "piece," and the Coll. MS. has "pause."

26. *Then confess*. Alluding to the use of the rack to extort confession.

44. *A swan-like end*. Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 247: "I will play the swan, And die in music;" and *K. John*, v. 7. 21: "this pale, faint swan, Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death."

54. *Presence*. Dignity of mien.

55. *Alcides*. Laomedon, king of Troy, had offended Neptune, who threatened to inundate the country unless the monarch should sacrifice his daughter Hesione. Accordingly, she was fastened to a rock on the seashore to become the prey of a sea-monster. Hercules rescued her, not for "love," but to get possession of a pair of famous horses belonging to the king. The story is told by Ovid, *Met.* xi.

58. *Dardanian wives*. Trojan women. Cf. *Hen. V*. iii. 3. 40, etc.

61. *Live thou, I live*. The 1st folio gives the passage thus:

"Live thou, I live with much more dismay
I view the sight, then thou that mak'st the fray."

II.'s quarto and the 2d folio have "much much more dismay."

63. *Fancy*. Love; as often. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 155: "sighs and tears, poor fancy's followers." So also in compounds, as "fancy-free" (*M. N. D.* ii. 1. 164), "fancy-sick" (*Id.* iii. 2. 96), etc. The *Song* describes in

exquisite imagery the birth and the death of a transient affection, “ergendered in the eye,” not in the heart.

74. *Still*. Ever. See on i. 1. 17 above.
 76. *Season'd*. This carries on the metaphor suggested by *tainted*.
 79. *Approve*. Justify, prove. Cf. *Macb.* p. 174.
 81. *No vice so simple*. So unmixed. The quartos and 1st folio have “voice;” corrected in 2d folio.
 82. *His outward parts*. On *his* for *its*, see Gr. 228.
 84. *Stairs*. The folio has “stayers,” which K. prints, explaining it as =barriers or bulwarks.

86. *Livers white as milk*. See on ii. 1. 6 above.
 87. *Excrement*. Used, as the related word *excrecence* still is, for a superficial growth. It refers here to the *beards*; as in *L. L. L.* v. 1. 109: “dally with my excrement, with my mustachio.” It is also applied to the hair in *C. of E.* ii. 2. 79 and *IV. T.* iv. 4. 734.

91. *Lightest*. That is, in a bad sense. Cf. below (v. 1. 129), “Let me give light, but let me not be light,” etc. See *C. of E.* p. 128 (on 52).

92. *Crisped*. Curled. Milton (*Com.* 984) speaks of “crisped shades and bowers,” referring to the leaves waved and curled by the wind.

94. *Upon supposed fairness*. On the strength of their fictitious beauty. The expression seems to us to be closely connected with the preceding line, and not with the one before that. Wr. explains *upon* as =“surmounting.”

95. *The dowry*, etc. S. has several times expressed his antipathy to false hair. In *Sonn.* 68 there is a passage very similar to the one in the text. See also *T. of A.* iv. 3. 144: “Thatch your poor thin roofs With burdens of the dead.” In *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 258 Biron says:

“O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
 It mourns that painting and usurping hair
 Should ravish doters with a false aspect.”

It was then comparatively a recent fashion. Stow says: “Women's periwigs were first brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris” (1572). Barnaby Rich, in 1615, says of the periwig-sellers: “These attire-makers within these forty years were not known by that name. . . . But now they are not ashamed to set them forth upon their stalls—such monstrous mop-poles of hair—so proportioned and deformed that but within these twenty or thirty years would have drawn the passers-by to stand and gaze, and to wonder at them.”

97. *Guiled*. Full of guile, treacherous. See Gr. 294 for many similar participial adjectives derived from nouns, and meaning “endowed with (the noun).” Cf. *beguiled* in *R. of L.* 1544, etc.

99. *An Indian beauty*. This has been a great stumbling-block to the critics, who have proposed “dowdy,” “gipsy,” “favour” (=face), “visage,” “feature,” “beldam,” etc., in place of *beauty*. Theo. wished to punctuate thus: “Veiling an Indian; beauty, in a word,” etc. As W. remarks, “*Indian* is used in a derogatory sense; and the occurrence of *beautious* and *beauty* in the same sentence is not at all unlike Shakespeare's manner.”

102. *Hard food for Midas*. An allusion to the story of Midas, king of

Phrygia, who gained from Bacchus the power to change whatever he touched to gold, and found to his sorrow that even his food was thus transmuted. See Ovid, *Met.* xi.

I will none of thee. See on ii. 2. 188 above.

106. *Thy plainness.* The folio and both quartos have "palenesse." Warb. suggested the emendation, which is adopted by St., D., and W. K., H., Sr., and the Camb. ed. follow the folio. The antithesis of *plainness* and *eloquence* is more natural and more forcible, especially after that of *threatenest* and *promise* in the preceding line. It is an objection to *paleness* that *pale* has just been applied to the *silver casket*.

110. *Green-eyed jealousy.* Cf. "green-eyed monster," in *Oth.* iii. 3. 166. On *green* as a complimentary epithet of *eyes*, see *R. and J.* p. 198.

112. *Rain thy joy.* The later quartos have *rain*, which some prefer.

115. *Counterfeit.* Portrait. Cf. *T. of A.* v. 1. 83: "Thou draw'st a counterfeit Best in all Athens." So in the *Wit of a Woman* (1604): "the drawing of my daughter's counterfeit."

120. *Hairs.* Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 142: "her hairs were gold," etc.

126. *Unfurnish'd.* Unaccompanied by the other eye, or, perhaps, by the other features.

130. *Continent.* In its original sense of *that which contains*. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 4. 64: "tomb enough and continent;" and v. 2. 115: "you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see" (that is, find him containing every quality which a gentleman would desire to contemplate for imitation). In *2 Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 309 ("thou globe of sinful continents"), some make it = *that which is contained* (contents); but see our ed. p. 172.

140. *I come by note*, etc. "I come according to written warrant (the scroll just read) to give a kiss and receive the lady" (Wr.).

141. *Prize.* By metonymy, for the contest.

145. *Peals.* R.'s quarto has "pearles."

156. *Livings.* Possessions, fortune. Cf. v. 1. 260: "you have given me life and living." So in *R. and J.* iv. 5. 40: "life, living, all is death's." See also *Mark*, xii. 44, *Luke*, viii. 43, xv. 12, 30, etc.

158. *Sum of nothing.* This is the reading of the folio, and is more in keeping with the negative characteristics which follow than "sum of something," the reading of the quartos. K. and W. adopt the former; the Camb. editors and H. the latter.

163. *Happiest of all in.* The folio and both quartos have "of all is," which is retained by the Camb. editors; but we agree with W. that "there can be no reasonable doubt" that S. wrote *in*.

174. *Be my vantage*, etc. Be a sufficient ground for my crying out against you. "Exclaim on" occurs also in *V. and A.* 930, *R. of L.* 741, *1 Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 60, v. 3. 134, etc.; but in *Ham.* ii. 2. 367, *Oth.* ii. 3. 314, etc., we find "exclaim against."

178. *Fairly spoke.* S. uses both *spoke* and *spoken* as participles. See on ii. 4. 7 above.

191. *None from me.* That is, none *away* from me, since you have enough yourselves. Cf. *Rich.* III. p. 233 (note on 259), or Gr. 158.

195. *So thou canst get.* If thou canst. See Gr. 133.

197. *As swift*. The Elizabethan writers use adjectives freely as adverbs. Cf. *T. of S.* ind. 1. 89: "Thou didst it excellent," etc. Gr. 1.

199. *Intermission*. Pause, delay. The pointing is Theobald's. The folio reads (as do the other early eds. substantially):

"You lou'd, I lou'd for intermission,
No more pertaines to me my Lord then you."

Intermission is metrically five syllables. See on i. 1. 8 above.

201. *Caskets*. R.'s quarto has "casket."

208. *Achiev'd her mistress*. S. often uses *achieve* in this sense. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 1. 161: "If I achieve not this young modest girl" (see 184 and 224 in same scene); *Oth.* ii. 1. 61: "achiev'd a maid;" etc.

212. *Our feast shall be*. *Shall*=*will*, as often. See on i. 1. 116 above.

216. *If that*. See on ii. 6. 55 above.

218. *Very friends*. True friends. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 1. 115: "My very friend." See also *Gen.* xxvii. 21, *John*, vii. 26. *Very* is the Fr. *vrai* (old Fr. *verai*), from Lat. *vericus*, a derivative of *verus*.

228. *Doth*. *Dost* and *doth* are the established forms for the auxiliary; *doest* and *doeth*, in other cases. In old writers we find the former used for the latter, as here. Cf. *J. C.* i. 1. 8: "What dost thou with thy best apparel on?"

231. *Estate*. State, condition. Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 17, *A. W.* ii. 1. 122, etc.; also *Gen.* xliii. 7, *Ps.* cxxxvi. 23, etc. On the other hand, *state* is sometimes found in the sense of *estate*. See 254 below.

235. *Success*. Elsewhere S. often uses this word in its old sense of *issue, result*. Cf. *A. W.* v. 1. 62, *Oth.* iii. 3. 122, *Cor.* i. 1. 264, etc.

236. *Won the fleece*. Cf. i. 1. 170 above.

238. *Shrewd*. Evil; the original sense of the word. See *J. C.* p. 145.

239. *Steals*. Changed by Pope to "steal." See Gr. 247.

242. *Constant*. Steadfast, self-possessed. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 207: "Who was so firm, so constant," etc.

257. *Mere*. Absolute, thorough. See *Temp.* p. 111, note on 51.

262. *Hare*. All the early eds. read "Hath," which might be retained. See Gr. 334.

Hit. Hit the mark, succeeded.

265. *Scape*. Not to be printed "scape." See *Macb.* p. 214.

267. *Should appear*. Would appear. See Gr. 322.

268. *Discharge*. Pay. Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 4. 122: "I will discharge thee."

271. *Confound*. Destroy, ruin. Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 2. 57: "What willingly he did confound," etc.

273. *Impeach the freedom of the state*. Denies that strangers have equal rights in Venice (Wr.). Cf., however, iv. 1. 38, where Shylock says:

"If you deny me, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom;"

as if the freedom depended upon a charter which might be revoked by the power that had granted it. The thought here may be the same.

275. *Magnificoes of greatest port*. Grandees of highest rank.

276. *Persuaded with*. Used persuasion with. It is the only instance in which S. joins *with* to this verb.

277. *Envious*. Malicious. So *envy*=malice, in iv. 1. 10, 121 below.

284. *Deny.* Forbid. Elsewhere it means *refuse*; as in ii. 2. 161, etc.

288. *Best-condition'd and unwearied.* See on ii. 1. 46 above. In like manner, the ending *-ly* is sometimes omitted in the second of a pair of adverbs. See *Rich. II.* i. 3. 3: "sprightly and bold;" *Rich. III.* iii. 4. 50: "cheerfully and smooth;" *Oth.* iii. 4. 79: "startingly and rash," etc. More rarely, it is omitted in the first word; as in B. and F., *Pilgrim*, ii. 2: "poor and basely." For *conditioned*, see on i. 2. 112 above.

296. *Description.* A quadrisyllable. See on 199 above.

297. *Hair.* Probably a dissyllable, as Malone and others make it; but it is barely possible that *through* should be *thorough*, as Coll. suggests. See on ii. 7. 42 and ii. 9. 62 above.

307. *Cheer.* In its original meaning of *countenance*. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 96: "pale of cheer," etc. It is the French *chère*, which even up to the 16th century was used in the sense of *head, face*. Nicot's "la chère baissée" is exactly equivalent to Milton's "drooping cheer" (*P. L.* vi. 496). In some of the provincial dialects of France the word still retains its old meaning.

312. *Is forfeit.* Is forfeited. So below, iv. 1. 356: "thy wealth being forfeit." See Gr. 342.

313. *You and I.* Cf. "who you shall rightly love," i. 2. 28, and "not I" for "not me," in 21 above. See also *Oth.* iv. 2. 3: "you have seen Cassio and she together." This disregard of the inflections of pronouns was common in writers of the time. See Gr. 205-216.

320. *Nor rest.* R's quarto has "no rest," which may be right.

SCENE III.—2. *Lends.* The folio reading; "lent" in the quartos.

9. *Naughty.* This word was formerly used in a much stronger sense than at present. In *Much Ado*, v. 1. 306 the villain Borachio is called a "naughty man;" and Gloster, in *Lear*, iii. 7. 37, when the cruel Regan plucks his beard, addresses her as "Naughty lady!" Cf. *Prov.* vi. 12, 1 *Sam.* xvii. 28, *James*, i. 21. See also v. 1. 91 below.

Fond. Foolish; as in ii. 9. 26 above. This appears to be the original sense of the word. In Wyclif's Bible, 1 *Cor.* i. 27, we find "the thingis that ben fonyd of the world."

10. *To come.* That is, *as to come*. See Gr. 281.

14. *Dull-eyed.* Wanting in perception (as explained by Wr.), not with eyes dimmed with tears, as some make it.

19. *Kept.* Kept company, dwelt. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 100, etc.

23. *Made moan.* See on i. 1. 126 above.

25. *Grant this forfeiture to hold.* Allow it to hold good.

26. *Deny the course of law.* Interfere with it, refuse to let it take its course. See on iii. 2. 284 above.

27. *For the commodity*, etc. For if the advantages heretofore enjoyed by strangers in Venice be refused them, it will seriously impeach the justice of the state. Capell (whom K. follows) read and pointed thus:

"The duke cannot deny the course of law
For (that is, *on account of*) the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice: if it be denied,
"It will much impeach," etc.

Commodity there means "traffic, commercial intercourse." But, as W suggests, the ordinary reading is more in Shakespeare's free style than such a precise passage as Capell makes of it. R.'s quarto has "*his state*."—Thomas, in his *History of Italye* (1561), has a chapter on "The libertee of straungers" in Venice, in which he says: "Al men, specially strangers, haue so muche libertee there, that though they speake very ill by the Venetians, so they attempt nothinge in effect against theyr astate, no man shall control theim for it. . . . And generally of all other thynges, so thou offende no man priuately, no man shal offende the: whyche vndoubtedly is one principall cause, that draweth so many straungers thither" (Wr.). See on i. 1. 178 above.

32. *Bated*. Reduced, lowered. Cf. "bated breath," i. 3. 114 above. It should not be printed *bated* (as by K., W., H., and others), since it is not a mere metrical contraction of *abated*, but a distinct word (cf. *wake* and *awake*, etc.) often found in prose writers. See examples in Wb. The folio has "bated" both here and in i. 3. 114.

35. *Pray God*. The subject is omitted, as ever now it often is in "Would to God," etc.

SCENE IV.—2. *Conceit*. Conception. See *Much Ado*, p. 133.

6. *Send relief*. For the omission of the preposition, see on i. 1. 125 above.

7. *Lover*. Friend. So just below, "bosom lover." Cf. *J. C.* iii. 2. 13: "Romans, countrymen, and lovers." See also *P's.* xxxviii. 11. The word, moreover, was formerly applied to both sexes, as *paramour* and *villain* were. Even now we say of a man and woman that they are lovers, or a pair of lovers.

9. *Than customary bounty*, etc. "Than ordinary benevolence can constrain you to be" (Wr.).

11. *Nor shall not*. See on i. 2. 23 above.

Companions. This word was sometimes used contemptuously, as *fellow* still is. See *J. C.* iv. 3. 138: "Companion, hence!" and cf. *Temp.* p. 131, note on *Your fellow*.

12. *Waste*. Spend. Cf. Milton (*Sonnet to Mr. Lawrence*): "Help waste a sullen day;" where, however, the idea of "killing time" is more evident than here.

14. *Be needs*. Just below we have the more familiar *needs be*. For *needs*, see on ii. 4. 29 above.

21. *Cruelty*. R.'s quarto has "misery."

25. *Husbandry*. Stewardship. Cf. *T. of A.* ii. 2. 164: "If you suspect my husbandry," etc.

Manage. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 70: "The manage of my state." The word is especially used of horses; as in *1 Hen. IV.* ii. 3. 52: "Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed." See also *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 179, *A. Y. L.* i.

1. 13, etc.

28. *Contemplation*. Metrically five syllables. Gr. 479.

30. *Her husband*, etc. An ellipsis like that in ii. 1. 46 above. Gr. 397.

33. *Deny this imposition*. Refuse this charge *laid upon* you. See on i. 2. 90 above.

49. *Padua*. The old eds. have *Mantua*. The triple mention of *Padua*

as the residence of Bellario in iv. 1, makes the correction here an obvious one; besides, the University of Padua was famed for its jurists (Theo.).

50. *Cousin's hand*. The word *cousin* in that day "seems to have been used instead of our *kinsman* and *kinswoman*, and to have supplied the place of both" (Malone). Cf. *Ham.* p. 179.

52. *With imagin'd speed*. With the speed of thought. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. chor. 1: "Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies."

53. *Tranect*. The word occurs nowhere else. It may be a misprint for "traject" (Rowe), the English equivalent of the French *trajet*, Italian *traghetto*. Coryat (*Crudities*, 1611) says: "There are in Venice thirteen ferries or passages, which they commonly call *Traghetti*, where passengers may be transported in a gondola to what place of the city they will." K. thinks the *tranect* was the *tow-boat* of the ferry.

55. *Convenient*. Proper, suitable. See on ii. 8. 45 above.

59. *Of us*. That is, of our seeing them.

61. *Accomplished*. Furnished. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 177: "Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;" that is, when he was of thy age. See also *Hen. V.* iv. chor. 12: "The armourers accomplishing (that is, equipping) the knights."

63. *Accoutré*. R.'s quarto has "apparrel'd."

65. *Braver*. Finer, more showy. Both *brave* and *bravery* are often used in this sense with reference to dress, personal appearance, etc. See *Temp.* i. 2. 6, 411, ii. 2. 122, iii. 2. 12, etc. Cf. also Bacon, *Essay* 37: "the bravery of their liveries;" and *Isa.* iii. 18. The Scottish *brav* is the same word.

67. *Mincing*. This word was not always contemptuous. In the one instance in which Milton uses it (*Comus*, 964: "the mincing Dryades") it appears to mean tripping lightly or gracefully. Cf. also Drayton, *Pol-yolb. Song* 27: "Ye maids, the hornpipe then so mincingly that tread."

69. *Quaint*. Ingenious, elaborate. See on ii. 4. 6 above.

72. *I could not do withal*. I could not help it. In Palgrave's *Lesclaircissement de la Lang. Fr.*, 1530, we find it thus explained: "I can nat do withall, a thyng lyeth nat in me, or I am nat in faulfe that a thyng is done." In Florio's *Giardino di Ricerche*, 1591, "Io non saprei farci altro" is rendered "I cannot doo with all." Cf. also Shelton's *Don Quixote*, 1620: "Why, if you do not understand (said Sancho), I cannot do withall."

75. *That men*. This omission of *so* before *that* is very common. See *J. C.* i. 1. 50: "That Tiber trembled;" *Mach.* ii. 2. 7: "That death and nature do contend," etc. See Gr. 283.

77. *Raw*. Crude, or, in Yankee parlance, "green." Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 76: "Thou art raw," etc.

Jacks. A common term of contempt. See *Much Ado*, v. 1. 91, *Rich. III.* i. 3. 72, *A. and C.* iii. 13. 93, 103, *R. and J.* ii. 4. 160, etc.

79. *All my whole*. Cf. i *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 126: "All the whole army;" *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 12: "All the whole time," etc.

SCENE V.—3. *I fear you*. That is, fear *for* you; as in 24 below. Steevens quotes *Rich. III.* i. 1. 137: "his physicians fear him mightily."

4. *Agitation*. The clown's blunder for *cogitation*.

12. *When I shun Scylla*, etc. In the *Alexandreis* of Philip Gaultier, written in the early part of the 13th century, we find the line, "Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim," which had been often quoted and translated by English writers before the time of S. The substance of the line has been traced even farther back, to St. Augustine, who (*In Iohannis Evang.*) writes: "quasi fugiens Charybdim, in Scyllam incurras . . . a Charybdi quidem evasisti, sed in Scyllaeis scopulis naufragasti."

17. *Enow*. A form of *enough*, generally plural. Cf. iv. 1. 29 below.

36. *Cover*. Launcelot quibbles on the two meanings of the word, *to lay the table* and *to wear one's hat* (see above, ii. 9. 43: "how many then should cover," etc.).

38. *Quarrelling with occasion*. "Quibbling on every opportunity, taking every opportunity to make perverse replies" (Wr.).

46. *Discretion*. Discrimination.

Suited. Suited to each other, arranged.

49. *A many*. This expression is obsolete, though we still say *a few*, and *many a* in a distributive sense. It is occasionally used in poetry, as by Gerald Massey (*Love's Fairy Ring*):

"We've known a many sorrows, Sweet:
We've wept a many tears."

Wr. quotes Tennyson (*Miller's Daughter*): "They have not shed a many tears." Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 121, *K. John*, iv. 2. 199, etc.

50. *Garnish'd*. Furnished, equipped.

For a tricksy word, etc. For a quibbling word (or a play upon words), set the meaning at defiance. *Tricksy* means sportive in *Temp.* v. 1. 226: "My tricksy spirit!"

51. *How cheer'st thou?* Equivalent to "What cheer? How is 't with you?" in *W. T.* i. 2. 148. R.'s quarto has "How far'st thou?"

52. *Good sweet*. No term of compliment or endearment did more service in that day than *sweet*. This combination of *good sweet* occurs in *Cor.* i. 3. 119, *M. W.* iv. 2. 189, etc. *Opinion* is here a quadrisyllable.

58. *Mean it, then In reason*, etc. The reading of R.'s quarto. H.'s quarto differs from this by having "it" instead of *then*; and the folio has "meane it, it Is," etc. Pope reads "merit it, In ;" and St. conjectures "moan, it is In." *Mean it*=intend to *live an upright life*.

63. *Pawn'd*. Staked, wagered. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 1. 15, *Cymb.* i. 4. 118.

70. *Howsoe'er*. The folio has "how som ere"—a common vulgarism in that day.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—5. *Uncapable*. S. uses both *incapable* (six times) and *uncapable* (twice). So we find *uncertain* and *incertain*, *unconstant* and *inconstant*, *unfortunate* and *inf fortunate*, *ungrateful* and *ingrateful*, etc. Gr. 442.

8. *Obdurate*. The accent is on the penult, as always in S. See *Worc.* on the word.

9. *And that*. Here *that* is omitted after *since*, and is then inserted in

the second clause without *since*. This is a common construction in the Elizabethan writers. See Gr. 285. In most cases the subjects of the clauses are different. Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 2. 177:

"If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds," etc.

So in Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, iii. 2: "Though my soul be guilty and that I think," etc. On the use of *that* with *if*, *since*, *when*, etc., see on ii. 6. 54 above.

10. *Envy's*. See on iii. 2. 277 above. Cf. *Mark*, xv. 10.
18. *Lead'st this fashion*, etc. You keep up this show of malice only until the final hour of execution.

20. *Remorse*. Relenting, pity. This is its usual meaning in S. See *K. John*, ii. 1. 478: "Soft petitions, pity, and remorse;" *Id.* iv. 3. 50: "tears of soft remorse," etc. So *remorseful*=compassionate, and *remorseless*=pitiless (as at present).

21. *Apparent*. Here =seeming. For another sense, see *Rich. II.* p. 150.

22. *Whereas*. Whereas. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 74: "Where I thought the remnant of mine age," etc.; *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 103: "Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance;" *Cor.* i. 10. 13: "Where I thought to crush him," etc. On the other hand, *whereas* sometimes =*where* (D.), as in *2 Hen. VI.* i. 2. 58: "Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk."

24. *Loose*. Release. This is the reading of the early eds. except the 4th folio, which has "lose."

26. *Moiety*. Portion, share (not an exact half); as often in S. Cf. *Ham.* i. 1. 90: "a moiety competent;" and see our ed. p. 174.

29. *Royal merchant*. This epithet was striking and well understood in S.'s time, when Sir Thomas Gresham was honoured with the title of the *royal merchant*, both from his wealth, and because he transacted the mercantile business of Queen Elizabeth; and at Venice the Giustiniani, the Grimaldi, and others were literally "merchant princes," and known as such throughout Europe. For *enow*, see on iii. 5. 17 above.

34. *Gentle*. A pun on *Gentile* is doubtless intended (Wr.): Possibly.

35. *Possess'd*. See on i. 3. 58 above.

36. *Sabbath*. H.'s quarto has "Sabaoth." "The same mistake occurs in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, ii. 24: 'Sacred & inspired Diuinite, the Sabaoth and port of all men's labours and peregrinations.' Spenser also confounds the signification of the two words (*F. Q.* viii. 2):

"But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With him that is the God of Sabaoth hight."

Dr. Johnson, in the first edition of his Dictionary, treated *Sabbath* and *Sabaoth* as identical words, and Sir Walter Scott has (*Ivanhoe*, ch. x.), "The gains of a week, aye the space between two Sabaoths." But the error has been corrected in later editions" (Wr.).

39. *Your charter*. See on iii. 2. 273 above.

41. *Carrión*. A favourite term of contempt with S.

43. *But, say, it is*. But suppose it is. Capell first inserted the commas, which are required to make the sense clear.

47. *Some men there are love not*. For the omitted relative, see Gr. 244.

A gaping pig. "Editors and commentators have thought it necessary to discuss the point whether *Shylock* means the gaping of a pig brought to table with an apple in its mouth, or the gaping of the living, squealing animal. He may have meant either" (W.).

49. *Masters of passion.* Agencies (such as he has been speaking of) that move either the sympathy or antipathy of any man. *Passion* is used in the original sense of *feeling* or *emotion*. Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 48: "I have much mistook your passion," etc.

52. *Abide.* Bear, endure. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 360: "which good natures Could not abide to be with," etc.

55. *Lodg'd.* Settled, abiding.

59. *Current.* Persistent course.

60. *My answer.* H.'s quarto has "my answers."

65. *Think you question.* Consider that you are arguing with.

67. *Main flood.* The "ocean tide." Cf. "the flood," i. 1. 10. "The main" generally means the sea (as in *Rich.* III. i. 4. 20: "tumbling billows of the main"), but sometimes the main land. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 4. 15: "the main of Poland," and *Lear*, iii. 1. 6: "swell the curled waters 'bove the main."

68. *You may as well use question*, etc. In the copy of H.'s quarto belonging to the Duke of Devonshire we have:

"well use question with the Woolfe,
the Ewe bleake for the Lambe."

while in the copy of *the same edition*, the property of the Earl of Ellesmere, it is corrected to read as in the text (except that it retains "bleake"). The change must have been made while the edition was printing. The folio prints "Or euen as well vse question with the Wolfe," but leaves the second line imperfect.

70. *Pines.* The quartos have "of pines."

72. *Fretted.* Both quartos have "fretten;" but elsewhere S. uses *fretted*.

74. *What's harder?* Thus in the quartos. The folios have "what harder?"

77. *With all brief and plain conveniency.* "With such brevity and directness as befits the administration of justice" (Wr.).

78. *Have judgment.* Receive sentence. Cf. *Rich.* II. iv. 1. 123: "Thieves are not judg'd," etc. See also *Luke*, xix. 22.

87. *Parts.* Capacities, employments.

95. *Dearly bought.* In "dear bought" (iii. 2. 308 above) we have, as often, the adjective for the adverb.

99. *Upon my power.* By virtue of my prerogative.

101. *Determine.* Decide. The word sometimes means *to put an end to*, as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 82: "Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me;" sometimes, *to come to an end*, as in *Cor.* v. 3. 120: "till these wars determine."

117. *Forfeiture.* Rowe reads "forfeit."

118. *Not on thy sole, but on thy soul.* Cf. the quibble in *J. C.* i. 1. 15: "a mender of bad soles." For the sentiment, cf. 2. *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 107:

"Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart."

120. *The hangman's axe.* So in Fletcher's *Prophetess*, iii. 2, Dioclesian,

who had *stabbed* Aper, is called "the hangman of Volusius Aper;" and in *Jacke Drums Entertainment* (1616), when Brabant Junior says, "let mine owne hand Be mine owne hangman," he refers to *stabbing* himself. In the Duke of Buckingham's *Rehearsal*, Bayes speaks of "a great huge hangman, . . . with his sword drawn" (D.). Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 143.

121. *Envie*. Malice. See on iii. 2. 277 above.

123. *Inexorable*. The reading of the 3d folio; "inexecrable" in all the earlier eds.

124. *For thy life*. For allowing thee to live.

126. *Pythagoras*. The philosopher of Samos, to whom was attributed the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. Cf. *T. N.* iv. 2. 54: "Clown. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl? *Mulvolio*. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird."

129. *Who, hang'd*, etc. See on i. 3. 126 above.

133. *Starv'd*. The folio has "steru'd." The word is the A. S. *steorfan* Old Eng. *sterven* (frequent in Chaucer), Ger. *sterben*. It originally meant to die, but in the latter part of the 16th century came to be used in the narrower sense of perishing with *cold*—a meaning which it still has in the North of England (see also 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 343, etc.)—or with *hunger*. We find the form *sterve* in Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 6. 34, ii. 7. 57, etc. (=to die), and in *Shep. Kal.* Feb. 83, "starved with cold."

137. *Cureless*. The quarto reading; "endless" in the folios.

143. *Go give*. Cf. "come view," ii. 7. 43; "go sleep," *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 139; "go seek the king," *Ham.* ii. 1. 101, etc. Gr. 349.

153. *To fill up*. To fulfil.

154. *No impediment to let him lack*. "No hindrance to his receiving" (Wr.). For this peculiar form of "double negative" in S., see Schmidt, p. 1420. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 156, note on 12.

160. *Came you*. The quartos have "Come you."

162. *The difference*, etc. The dispute which is the subject of the present trial.

164. *Throughly*. See on ii. 7. 42 above.

169. *Such rule*. Such due form.

171. *Within his danger*. Cf. *V. and A.* 639: "Come not within his danger; *T. N.* v. 1. 87: "Into the danger of this adverse town," etc.

176. *It droppeth*, etc. As Douce suggests, S. may have had in mind *Ecclesiasticus*, xxxv. 20: "Mercy is seasonable in the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time of drought."

177. *Twice blest*. "Endowed with double blessing" (Wr.).

181. *Shows*. Represents. Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 4. 42: "showing, as in a model, our firm estate."

187. *Show*. Show itself, appear. Cf. ii. 2. 167 above.

188. *Seasons*. Tempers. Malone quotes *Edward III.* (1596):

"And kings approach the nearest unto God
By giving life and safety unto men."

and Sir John Harrington's *Orlando Furioso*:

"This noble virtue and divine
Doth chiefly make a man so rare and odd,
As in that one he most resemblmeth God."

191. *We do pray for mercy*, etc. Sir W. Blackstone considered this out of character as addressed to a Jew. S. probably had the Lord's Prayer immediately in his mind, but the sentiment is also found in *Ecclesiasticus*, xxviii. (K.).

195. *Follow*. Insist upon. For *court* the folios have "course."

199. *Discharge*. Pay. See on iii. 2. 268 above.

201. *Twice*. Some critics would change this to *thrice*, because we have "thrice the sum" just below. It is possible that *twice* is a misprint, as W. suggests, but we see no necessity for bringing the two passages into mathematical agreement. For Shakespeare's carelessness in these little arithmetical matters, see *C. of E.* p. 148, note on 400.

205. *Truth*. Honesty. So "a true man" was an honest man, as opposed to a thief. See *M. for M.* iv. 2. 46: "Every true man's apparel fits your thief;" *1 Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 98: "the thieves have bound the true men," etc.

211. *Precedent*. The folios have "president."

214. *A Daniel come to judgment*. The allusion is to the *History of Susanna*, 45: "The Lord raised up the holy spirit of a young youth, whose name was Daniel," etc.

215. *How do I*. The quartos have "how I do."

239. *Hath full relation*, etc. Clearly recognizes that this penalty (like any other) should be paid.

242. *More elder*. Double comparatives and superlatives are common in the Elizabethan writers. In S. we find "more larger" (*A. and C.* iii. 6. 76), "more better" (*Temp.* i. 2. 19), "more braver" (*Id.* i. 2. 439), "more rawer" (*Ham.* v. 2. 129), "most boldest" (*J. C.* iii. 1. 121), "most unkindest" (*Id.* iii. 2. 187), etc. See Gr. 11. In *Rich.* II. ii. 1. 49 we find "less happier," the only instance with *less* found in S.

245. *The very words*. We still use *very* as an adjective in this sense of *exact*, or *precise*, though not in the sense of *true*, as in iii. 2. 218 above.

246. *Balance*. W. says, "The plural form *balances* was rarely used in S.'s day, if at all." We find "ballances, or a payre of ballance: *libra*" in Baret's *Alvearie* (1580), and Cotgrave (1611) has "balance; a pair of balances." Here, however, it may be a contracted plural. See Gr. 471.

248. *On your charge*. At your expense.

249. *Do bleed*. The folios have "should bleed," and in the next line "It is so nominated," and in 254 "Come merchant."

259. *Still her use*. Ever her custom. See on i. 1. 17 above. On *use*, cf. *J. C.* ii. 2. 25: "these things are beyond all use."

263. *Such misery*. Wr. suggests that *misery* may have the accent on the penult both here and in *K. John*, iii. 4: "And buss thee as thy wife. Misery's love," etc. Cf. Gr. 490 (p. 390).

266. *Speak me fair in death*. Speak well of me when I am dead. "Romeo that spoke him fair" (*R. and J.* iii. 1. 158) means "Romeo that spoke to him in conciliatory terms;" and, as Wr. remarks, this is the usual meaning of the phrase.

268. *A love*. Cf. *lover* in iii. 4. 17 above. D. reads "lover" here.

269. *Repent not you*. The quartos have "Repent but you," which the Camb. ed. retains.

272. *Instantly.* R.'s quarto has "presently."
With all my heart. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 74 fol., where the dying Gaunt jests on his name :
- "Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old :
 * * * * *
 Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave," etc. ;
- and where, in reply to Richard's question, "Can sick men play so nicely with their names?" he says : "No, misery makes sport to mock itself."
274. *Which is as dear.* See on ii. 7. 4 above.
286. *These be.* See on i. 3. 19 above.
287. *Barrabas.* So spelled in Tyndale's and Coverdale's versions. In Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* the name is *Barabas*, not *Barabbas* (Wr.).
289. *Pursue.* Accented on the first syllable. Cf. *pursuit* in *Sonn. 143. 4*.
299. *Take then.* The folios read "Then take."
302. *Confiscate.* Confiscated. This Latinism is most frequent in verbs derived from the first conjugation (as *dedicate*, *consecrate*, *degenerate*, *suffocate*, etc.), but it is found in other Latin derivatives. See Gr. 342.
318. *Be it but.* The folios omit *but*.
319. *The substance.* The amount.
325. *I have thee on the hip.* See on i. 3. 40 above.
335. *So taken.* The folios have "taken so."
340. *Alien.* A trisyllable. See on i. 1. 8 above.
343. *Contrive.* Plot. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 3. 16: "the fates with traitors do contrive;" and see our ed. p. 153.
359. *Spirits.* H.'s quarto and the folios have "spirit."
363. *Which humbleness, etc.* Which humble entreaty on thy part may induce me to commute for a fine.
364. *Ay, for the state, etc.* That is, the half which goes to the state may be thus commuted, but not Antonio's.
374. *In use.* In trust for Shylock, for the purpose of securing it at his death to Lorenzo. *Use* does not mean *interest*, which Antonio has said (i. 3. 55 above) that he neither gives nor takes.
380. *Of all he dies possess'd.* See on i. 1. 125 above.
389. *Thou shalt.* The quartos have "shalt thou."
390. *Ten more.* To make up a jury of twelve. This, as Malone observes, appears to have been an old joke.
392. *Home with me.* The folios have "with me home."
393. *Desire your grace of pardon.* Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 185: "desire you of more acquaintance;" and *Oth.* iii. 3. 212: "beseech you of your pardon." So in Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 9. 42: "If it be I, of pardon I you pray."
397. *Gratify.* Recompense. Cf. *Cor.* ii. 2. 44: "To gratify his noble service," etc.
403. *Cope.* Reward, requite.
412. *Of force.* Of necessity. *Perforce* is still used in this sense.
- Attempt.* Tempt. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 2. 205: "neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you" (Wr.).
442. *Be valued 'gainst.* The folios have "valued against," the quartos "valew'd against," which requires "commandement" (the reading of both

quartos and folio) to be a quadrisyllable. W. says that this pronunciation was obsolete in S.'s day; but it is required in 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 20: "From him I have express commandement." See Gr. 488.

SCENE II.—6. *Upon more advice.* Upon further consideration. Cf. *M. for M.* v. 1. 469: "after more advice;" and *Rich. II.* i. 3. 233: "upon good advice" (after due deliberation), etc.

15. *Old swearing.* *Old* in this intensive or augmentative sense is common in writers of the time. For other examples in S., see *Macb.* ii. 3. 2, *M. W.* i. 4. 5, *Much Ado*, v. 2. 98, and 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 21. Cf. the slang phrase of our day, "a high old time." The Italian *vecchio*, as D. remarks, is (or was) used in the same sense.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—4. *Troilus.* S. in the play of *Troilus and Cressida* makes "Cressid" the daughter of the soothsayer Calchas, but her name is not found in classic fable. The allusion here is borrowed from Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, in which the prince is described as watching "upon the walles" for Cressida's coming.

7. *Thisbe.* The story of the Babylonian lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe, is told by Ovid, *Met.* iv. 55. fol. Golding's translation was published in 1564, but S. may have read the original. He probably drew more directly from Chaucer's *Legende of Goode Women*, in which Thisbe, Dido, and Medea are introduced one after another.

10. *Dido.* The picture of Dido is not in accordance with Virgil's narrative. It may have been suggested by that of Ariadne in the *Legende of Goode Women* (2187 fol.):

"to the stronde barefote fast she went.—
* * * * *
Hire kerchefe on a pole styked shee,
Ascaunce that he shulde hyt wel ysee,
And hym remembre that she was behynde,
And turn agayne, and on the stronde hire fynde."

The earliest reference to the *willow* as a symbol of forsaken love is found in a MS. collection of poems by John Heywood, about 1530. See Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, vol. i. pp. 121-124 (Bohn's ed.). Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 194, 225, *Oth.* iv. 3. 28 fol., 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 228, etc.

11. *Waft.* For *wafted*, as in *K. John*, ii. 1. 73: "Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er." Theo. altered it to *wav'd*, which W. and many other editors adopt. Cf. *lift* for *lifted* in 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 16, *Gen.* vii. 17, *Ps.* xciii. 3, etc. Gr. 341.

13. *Medea.* The allusion is to the fable of her restoring Æson, the father of Jason, to youthful vigour by her enchantments. Ovid (*Met.* vii.) tells us that she drew blood from his veins, and supplied its place with the juice of certain herbs. In Gower's *Conf. Am.* there is a beautiful description of Medea going forth at midnight to gather "the enchanted herbs:"

"Thus it befell upon a night
Whann there was nought but sterre light,

She was vanished right as hir list,
That no wight but herself wist,
And that was at midnight tide,
The world was still on every side," etc.

16. *Unthrift*. We have the adjective again in *T. of A.* iv. 3. 311, and the noun in *Rich.* II. ii. 3. 122, *Soun.* 9. 9 and 13. 13.

28. *Stephano*. In the *Temp.* this name has the accent on the first syllable, where it belongs.

31. *Holy crosses*. These are very common in Italy. Besides those in churches, they mark the spots where heroes were born, where saints rested, where travellers died. They rise on hill-tops, and at the intersection of roads; and there is now a shrine of the Madonna del Mare in the midst of the sea between Mestre and Venice, and another between Venice and Palestrina, where the gondolier and mariner cross themselves in passing, and whose lamp nightly gleams over the waters, in moonlight and storm (K.).

36. *Go we in*. See on ii. 8. 53 above. In "let us prepare," in the next line, we have the ordinary form of the 1st pers. imperative.

39. *Sola*, etc. An imitation of the post-horn.

41. *Master Lorenzo and Mistress Lorenzo*. R.'s quarto has "M. Lorenzo, M. Lorenzo;" H.'s quarto and the 1st folio, "M. Lorenzo & M. Lorenzo;" the later folios, "M. Lorenzo, and Mrs. Lorenzo." The Camb. ed. reads: "did you see Master Lorenzo? Master Lorenzo, sola, sola!"

53. *Music*. This word sometimes meant musical instruments, or a band of music. See *Hen.* VIII. iv. 2. 94: "Bid the music leave; They are harsh," etc. Cf. 98 below: "It is your music, madam, of the house."

56. *Creep in*. On *in* for *into*, see Gr. 159.

59. *Patines*. The *patine* was the plate used for the sacramental bread, and was sometimes made of gold. R.'s quarto has "pattents;" H.'s quarto and the 1st folio, "pattens;" and the 2d folio, "patterns," which is adopted by some modern editors.

61. *His motion*. *His* for *its*; as in 82 below. Gr. 228.

Sings. For other allusions to the "music of the spheres" in S., see *A.* and *C.* v. 2. 84, *T. N.* iii. 1. 121, *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 6, etc.

62. *Cherubins*. So in both quartos and first two folios; "cherubims" in the later folios. The singular *cherubin* is found in *Temp.* i. 2. 152, *Macb.* i. 7. 22, *Oth.* iv. 2. 63, and *L. C.* 319; *cherub* only in *Ham.* iv. 3. 50. *Cherubin* occurs in Spenser and other poets of the time, and is used even by Dryden. The French word is *cherubin*, the Italian *cherubino*, the Spanish *querubin*.

63. *Such harmony*, etc. Besides the music of the spheres, which no mortal ear ever caught a note of, there was by some philosophers supposed to be a harmony in the human soul. "Touching musical harmony," says Hooker (quoted by Farmer), "whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low sounds in a due proportionable disposition, such, notwithstanding, is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself, by nature is, or hath in it, harmony." But, though this harmony is within us, "this muddy vesture of decay," as the poet tells us, "doth grossly close it in" so that we cannot hear it.

72. *Unhandied colts.* Cf. Ariel's simile of the "unback'd colts," *Temp.* iv. 1. 176.

77. *Mutual.* Common. Cf. *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 122: "mutual cry," etc.
80. *Orpheus.* Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 2. 78:

"For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones," etc.;

and *Hen. VIII.* iii. 1. 3:

"Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing."

87. *Erebus.* Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 84: "Not Erebus itself were dim enough," etc. The word, though sometimes used figuratively for the lower world in general, denotes strictly "a place of nether darkness between the Earth and Hades."

99. *Without respect.* Absolutely, without regard to circumstances. St. thinks it means *without attention*, and refers to the *attended* that follows.

103. *Attended.* Attended to, listened to attentively. Cf. *Sonn.* 102. 7:

"As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days;
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight."

All the birds mentioned here—the crow, lark, cuckoo, etc.—are found in Italy.

107. *By season*, etc. "By fitness of occasion are adapted or qualified to obtain their just appreciation, and to show their true excellence."

109. *Peace, ho!* The old copies have "Peace ! How the moon," etc., and some of the editors prefer this reading. But, as D. remarks, "how" is often the old spelling of *ho!* In *J. C.* i. 2. 1 we find "Peace, ho!" used, as here, to silence the music.

Endymion. A beautiful shepherd beloved by Diana. Fletcher, in the *Faithful Shepherdess*, tells

"How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies;
How she convey'd him softly in a sleep.
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
Head of old Latmos, where she stoops each night,
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
To kiss her sweetest."

The fable appears in many forms in the classic writers, and has been a favourite one with poets ever since.

115. *Which speed.* See on ii. 7. 4 above.

121. *A tucket sounds.* This stage-direction is found in the 1st folio. A *tucket* (probably from the Italian *toccata*) is a flourish on a trumpet. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 2. 35: "Then let the trumpet sound The tucket-sonance."

127. *We should hold day*, etc. We should have day when the Antipodes do, if you, Portia, would walk abroad at night.

129. *Let me give light*, etc. See on iii. 2. 91 above.

132. *God sort all!* God dispose all things! Cf. *Rich. III.* ii. 3. 36:

"All may be well; but if God sort it so,
'T is more than we deserve, or I expect."

136. *In all sense.* In all reason.

141. *Breathing courtesy.* Cf. *Macb.* v. 3. 27: "Mouth-honour, breath."

146. *Poesy.* The *poesy* or *posy* (for the two words are the same), of a ring was a motto or rhyme inscribed upon its inner side. The fashion of putting such "posies" on rings prevailed from the middle of the 16th to the close of the 17th centuries.* In 1624 a little book was published with the quaint title, *Love's Garland, or Posies for Rings, Handkerchiefs, and Gloves; and such pretty tokens, that lovers send their loves.* Lyly, in his *Euphues*, Part Second, 1597, hopes that the ladies will be favourable to his work, "writing your judgments as you do the Posies in your rings, which are always next to the finger, not to be seene of him that holdeth you by the hand, and yet knowne by you that weare them on your hands." The Rev. Giles Moore, in his *Journal*, 1673-4, writes, "I bought for Ann Brett a gold ring, this being the posy: *When this you see, remember me.*" Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 162: "Is this a prologue, or the poesy of a ring?" In most of the modern editions (not in K. or W.) we find "posy" in this passage, as well as in the *M. of V.*; but the 1st folio has "Poesie" in both plays. These are the only instances in which S. uses the word in this sense.

148. *Leave me not.* Do not part with me. *Leave* is used in the same sense by Portia in 170 below.

154. *Respective.* Considerate, regardful. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 1. 128: "respective lenity;" which Malone well explains by "cool, considerate gentleness." See also *K. John*, i. 1. 188.

155. *But well I know.* Both quartos have "No, God 's my judge." The change may have been made on account of the statute of James I. against the use of the name of God on the stage; but see on i. 2. 96 above.

156. *On's.* For examples of similar contraction, see Gr. 182.

160. *Scrubbed.* Not merely stunted, as usually explained, but rather, as W. gives it, "dwarfish and unkempt." Cotgrave (*Fr. and Eng. Dict.*) has, "Marpaut. *An ill-favoured scrub, a little onglie or swartie wretch.*" Coles (*Lat. and Eng. Dict.*) translates "scrubbed" by *squalidus*.

175. *I were best.* Cf. *J. C.* iii. 3. 13: "truly you were best," etc. Gr. 352.

197. *The virtue of the ring.* The power it has; the right to me and mine of which it is the pledge. See iii. 2. 171, where Portia gives the ring.

199. *Contain.* Retain; as in *Sonn.* 77. 9: "what thy memory cannot contain," etc. It often means restrain; as in *T. of A.* ii. 2. 26: "contain thyself," etc.

202. *Had pleas'd to have defended.* For "had pleased to defend." The inaccuracy is sometimes found in good writers of our day, and has even been defended by one or two grammarians.

203. *Wanted.* As to have wanted.

* Inscriptions on the outside of rings have been common from the old Greek and Roman times. Chaucer, in *Troilus and Cresseide*, describes the heroine as giving her lover a ring with a love-motto upon it, and receiving one in return.

204. *Urge*. Urge you to give it to him; insist upon it. *Ceremony*=a sacred thing.

208. *Civil doctor*. Doctor of civil law.

212. *Did uphold*. H.'s quarto and the folios have "had held up."

218. *For, by these*, etc. The folios have "And, by these." Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 5. 9: "Night's candles are burnt out;" *Macb.* ii. 1. 5: "There's husbandry in heaven; Their candles are all out;" and Fairfax's *Tasso*, ix. 10: "When heaven's small candles next shall shine" (where the original has merely *di notte*). See also *Sonn.* 21. 12.

237. *Wealth*. Weal, welfare. In the Litany "wealth" is opposed to "tribulation."

238. *Which*. That is, which *loan*.

239. *Miscarried*. Perished; as in ii. 8. 29 and iii. 2. 310 above. Cf. *T. N.* p. 152, or *2 Hen. IV.* p. 182.

241. *Advisedly*. Deliberately. Cf. *advised* in i. 1. 142 and ii. 1. 42 above.

257. *Richly*. Richly laden. Cf. "richly left," i. 1. 161 above.

260. *Living*. See on *livings*, iii. 2. 156 above.

262. *To road*. To harbour. Cf. "ports, and piers, and roads," i. 1. 19 above.

270. *Satisfied of*. Satisfied concerning (Gr. 174); that is, you wish to know more about them. *At full*=in full, fully.

272. *And charge us*, etc. "In the Court of Queen's Bench, when a complaint is made against a person for 'contempt,' the practice is that before sentence is finally pronounced he is sent into the Crown Office, and being there 'charged upon interrogatories' he is made to swear that he will 'answer all things faithfully'" (Lord Campbell's *Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements*).

Inter'gatories. This contracted form was common in S.'s time. We find it even in prose in *A. W.* iv. 3. 207, as printed in the early editions. The full form occurs in *K. John*, iii. 1. 147. See also *Cymb.* p. 223.

ADDENDA.

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—The Rev. N. J. Halpin, in an elaborate paper published in the *Transactions of the New Shakspere Society*, 1875-76, pp. 388-412, makes the entire time covered by the play only *thirty-nine hours*, which he divides into two periods, with the interval between them, as follows:

"1. The first period ranges from the opening of the action and the borrowing of Shylock's money, to the embarkation of Bassanio and his suite for Belmont [10 hours].

"2. The second includes the time between Bassanio's *arrival at Belmont* and *his return* to it, accompanied by Antonio after the trial [18 hours].

"3. And the interval between these two periods is *concurrent with the time of the bond*, whatever that may be [11 hours, or from 9 P.M. of one day to 8 A.M. of the next]."

Mr. Halpin assumes that the bond is a fraudulent one, payable *at sight*

or *on demand*, which Shylock has substituted for the three-months bond agreed upon.

In a note read before the New Shaks. Soc. Oct. 12th, 1877 (printed in the *Transactions*, 1877-79, pp. 41-57), and also in his paper "On the Times or Durations of the Action of Shakspere's Plays" (same vol. of *Transactions*, p. 148 fol.), Mr. P. A. Daniel shows the inaccuracy of Halpin's scheme, and sums up his own "time-analysis" thus:

"Time: eight days represented on the stage; with intervals. Total time: a period of rather more than three months.

Day 1. Act 1.

Interval—say a week.*

" 2. Act II. sc. i.-vii.

Interval—one day.†

" 3. Act II. sc. viii. and ix.

Interval—bringing the time to within a fortnight of the maturity of the bond.

" 4. Act III. sc. i.

Interval—rather more than a fortnight.‡

" 5. Act III. sc. ii.-iv.

" 6. Act III. sc. v., Act IV.

" 7 and 8. Act V. §

BASSANIO'S ARROWS (i. 1. 140 fol.).—In the *Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877-79, p. 460, Mr. Furnivall quotes the following illustrative passage from *Quips upon Questions*, 1600:

"How shall I finde it?

Ile tell thee how to finde that care againe.
Children, in shooting, when they loose an Arrow
In high growne or deepe grasse, omit no paine,
But with their Bowes end, rake and search it narrow,
And when they bootesse seeke, and finde it not,
After some sorrow, this amedes is got:

* In ii. 2, we find Launcelot lamenting his hard life in Shylock's service; he knows that Bassanio gives "rare new liveries," and we may suppose that in going of errands between Shylock and Bassanio he has gained his knowledge of the superior comforts to be obtained in the service of the latter. He accordingly petitions to be admitted his servant, and he obtains his end; for Bassanio "knows him well," and tells him that this very day Shylock himself has preferred him. This fact alone shows that Shylock—however inwardly he has cherished his hate—has been at least for some little time in familiar intercourse with Bassanio and his friends since the signing of the bond. Meanwhile Bassanio has engaged his ship, and is waiting for a fair wind; and Lorenzo has been courting Jessica. Note also what Jessica says in iii. 2. 279 fol. All this supposes a lapse of time—say a week—since the signing of the bond.

† For Bassanio's journey to Belmont, etc.

‡ In iii. 1, Shylock says to Tubal: "Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a *fortnight* before." However doubtful we may feel as to its flight, this distinct note of time leaves us no choice but to believe in an interval between this and the preceding scenes, of sufficient length to bring the three-months bond to within a fortnight of its maturity.

§ After the trial Bassanio and Antonio propose to fly towards Belmont early next morning. Portia and Nerissa start for home that night, and arrive on the next night (Day 7) before their husbands. Act V. begins at a late hour that night, and ends two hours before day (Day 8).

An other shaft they shoothe that direct way
As whilome they the first shot; and be plaine
Twentie to one, as I haue heard some say,
The former Arrow may be found againe.

So, as you lost the first eare, gentle brother,
Venture the second eare, to find the tother.

Nay, soft and faire, to do that I am loth;
So I may happen for to lose them both.

Quip. { *Better lost than found: who will beweepe them?*
 Fool's haning eares. yet do want wit to keepe them."}

A breed of barren metal (p. 136). Mr. Furnivall cites Middleton, *The Blanke Booke*: "coming to repay both the money and the breed of it—for interest may well be called the usurer's bastard," etc.

Sand-blind (p. 138). Mr. Furnivall quotes Baret, *Alvearie*, 1580: "Sand-blind. Vide Bleare eied, & Poreblind" (that is, purblind); and "Poore-blind, or that seeth dimlie . . . Qui ha courte veue."

No master, sir, but a poor man's son (ii. 2. 43). Mr. Furnivall quotes Sir Thomas Smith's *Commonwealth of England* (ed. 1612): "as for gentleme, they be made good cheap in England. For whosoeuer studieth the laws of the Realm, who studieth in the Uniuersities, who professeth liberall Sciences: and to be short, who can liue idely, and without manuell labour, and will beare the port, charge and countenance of a Gentleman, hee shall bee called *master*, for that is the tytle which men giue to Esquires, and other Gentlemen, and shall bee taken for a Gentleman."

Cater-cousins (p. 139). W. G. S. (*Trans. New Shaks. Soc.* 1877-79, p. 463) finds an instance of this word in Mabbe's *Guzman de Alfarache*, 1623: "I was not halfe Cater-cousins with him, because by his meanes, I had lost my Cloake, and sup't vpon a Mule."

Reply, reply (iii. 2. 66). The early eds. print "How begot, how nourished." *Replie, replie.*" H. ("Harvard" ed.) follows Hanmer and Johnson in reading "*Reply*" as a stage-direction, though no other instance of such use has been pointed out. As the Camb. editors remark, the words "seem to be required as part of the song by the rhythm, and (if we read *eye* with the quartos) by the rhyme also." All recent editors except H. retain them in the text.

Salerio (iii. 3. 214).—It is not strange that the similarity in the names *Salarino*, *Salanio*, and *Salerio* caused some confusion in the prefixes to the speeches in the early eds. and also here and there in the text; but the modern editors have made deliberate alterations that are less excusable than these slips of the old printers. Several of them have changed *Salanio* to "Solanio," though the former is the prevailing form in both quartos and folios; and K. (followed by D., H., and others) assumes that *Salerio* is a misprint for "Solanio." It happens, however, that this name is given with singular uniformity in the early eds.; and, as W. remarks, "the style of Salerio's speech shows that he is a person of inferior rank to Salarino and Salanio." No doubt some critic would be making these latter two gentlemen one, if they did not several times appear on the stage together. Furness thinks that the limited number of actors in the old theatres would prevent the introduction of a new character here; but this play has fewer characters than the average, even if we add Salerio.

SILVAYN'S "ORATOR" (p. 12).—The 95th Declamation of *The Orator* is headed "*Of a Jew, who would for his debt hau a pound of the flesh of a Christian,*" and reads as follows: "*A Jew, vnto whom a Christian Marchant ought nine hundred crownes, would haue summoned him for the same in Turckie: the Merchant because he would not be discredited, promised to pay the said summe within the tearme of three months, and if he paied it not, he was bound to give him a pound of the flesh of his bodie. The tearme being past some fifteene daies, the Jew refused to take his money, and demaunded the pound of flesh: the ordinarie Judge of that place appointed him to cut a iust pound of the Christians flesh, and if he cut either more or lesse, then his owne head should be smitten off: the Jew appealed from this sentence, vnto the chiefe iudge, saying:*

Impossible is it to breake the credite of trafficke amongst men without great detriment vnto the Commonwealth: wherfore no man ought to bind himselfe vnto such couenants which hee cannot or wil not accomplitsh, for by that means should no man feare to be deceaued, and credit being maintained, euery man might be assured of his owne; but since deceit hath taken place, neuer wonder if obligations are made more rigorous and strict then they were wont, seeing that although the bonds are made neuer so strong, yet can no man be very certaine that he shal not be a loser. It seemeth at the first sight, that it is a thing no lesse strange then cruel, to bind a man to pay a pound of the flesh of his bodie, for want of money: Surely, in that it is a thing not vsuall, it appeareth to be somewhat the more admirable, but there are diuers others that are more cruell, which because they are in vse seeme nothing terrible at all: as to binde al the bodie vnto a most lothsome prison, or vnto an intollerable slauerie, where not only the whole bodie but also al the sences and spirits are tormented, the which is commonly practised, not only betwixt those which are either in sect or Nation contrary, but also euen amongst those that are all of one sect and nation, yea amongst neighbours and kindred, and euen amongst Christians it hath ben seene, that the son hath imprisoned the father for monie. Likewise in the Roman Commonwealth, so famous for laws and armes, it was lawfull for debt, to imprison, beat, and afflict with torments the free Citizens: How manie of them (do you thinke) would haue thought themselues happie, if for a small debt they might haue ben excused with the paiment of a pound of their flesh? Who ought then to maruile if a Jew requireth so small a thing of a Christian, to discharge him of a good round summe? A man may aske why I would not rather take siluer of this man, then his flesh: I might alleage many reasons, for I might say that none but my selfe can tell what the breach of his promise hath cost me, and what I haue thereby paied for want of money vnto my creditors, of that which I haue lost in my credit: for the miserie of those men which esteeme their reputation, is so great, that oftentimes they had rather indure any thing secretlie then to haue their discredit blazed abroad, because they would not be both shamed and harmed. Nevertheless, I doe freely confesse, that I had rather lose a pound of my flesh, then my credit should be in any sort cracked: I might also say that I haue need of this flesh to cure a friend of mine of a certaine maladie, which is otherwise incurable, or that I would haue it to terrifie thereby the Christians

for euer abusing the Iewes anie more hereafter: but I will onelie say, that by his obiigation he oweth it me. It is lawfull to kill a souldior if he come vnto the warres but an houre too late, and also to hang a theefe though he steale neuer so little: is it then such a great matter to cause such a one to pay a pound of his flesh, that hath broken his promise manie times, or that putteth another in danger to lose both credit and reputation, yea and it may be lise and al for greife? were it not better for him to lose that which I demand, then his soule, alreadie bound by his faith? Neither am I to take that which he oweth me, but he is to deliuer it me: And especiallie because no man knoweth better then he where the same may be spared to the least hurt of his person, for I might take it in such a place as hee might thereby happen to lose his life: what a matter were it then, if I should cut of his [head], supposing that the same would . . . weigh a iust pound? . . . Should I be suffered to cut it off, although it were with the danger of mine owne life? I beleue I should not; because there were as little reason therein, as there could be in the amends whereunto I should be bound; or els if I would cut off his nose, his lips, his eares, and pull out his eies, to make of them altogether a pound, should I be suffered? Surely I thinke not, because the obligation dooth not specifie that I ought either to chuse, cut, or take the same, but that he ought to give me a pound of his flesh. Of every thing that is sold, he which deliuereth the same is to make waight, and he which receiueth, taketh heed that it be iust: seeing then that neither the obligation, custome, nor law doth bind me to cut, or weigh, much lesse vnto the aboue mentioned satisfaction, I refuse it all, and require that the same which is due shoule bee deliuered vnto me."

"The Christians Answere," which follows, is about as long as the Jew's plea, but contains nothing that bears any particular resemblance to Shakespeare's text.

LIST OF CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY, WITH THE SCENES IN WHICH THEY APPEAR.—The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

Duke of Venice: iv. 1(57). Whole no. 57.

Prince of Morocco: ii. 1(32), 7(71). Whole no. 103.

Prince of Arragon: ii. 9(66). Whole no. 66.

Antonio: i. 1(46), 3(39); ii. 6(6); iii. 3(19); iv. 1(66); v. 1(12). Whole no. 188.

Bassanio: i. 1(51), 3(16); ii. 2(38); iii. 2(144); iv. 1(50); v. 1(42). Whole no. 341.

Salanio: i. 1(11); ii. 4(3), 8(21); iii. 1(24). Whole no. 59.

Salarino: i. 1(41); ii. 4(3), 6(5), 8(34); iii. 1(22), 3(4). Whole no. 109.

Gratiano: i. 1(34); ii. 2(18), 4(3), 6(20); iii. 2(31); iv. 1(33), 2(5), v. 1(34). Whole no. 178.

Lorenzo: i. 1(6); ii. 4(27), 6(21); iii. 2(5), 4(12), 5(34); v. 1(76). Whole no. 181.

Shylock: i. 3(134); ii. 5(39); iii. 1(72), 3(16); iv. 1(103). Whole no. 364.

Tubal: iii. 1(16). Whole no. 16.

Launcelot: ii. 2(120), 3(5), 4(6), 5(15); iii. 5(35); v. 1(7). Whole no. 188.

Old Gobbo: ii. 2(41). Whole no. 41.

Salerio: iii. 2(20); iv. 1(4). Whole no. 24.

Leonardo: ii. 2(2). Whole no. 2.

Balthazar: iii. 4(1). Whole no. 1.

Stephano: v. 1(8). Whole no. 8.

Servant: i. 2(5); ii. 9(11); iii. 1(2). Whole no. 18.

Musician: iii. 2(9). Whole no. 9.

Portia: i. 2(96); ii. 1(17), 7(9), 9(20); iii. 2(118), 4(71); iv. 1(138), 2(12); v. 1(108). Whole no. 589.

Nerissa: i. 2(46); ii. 9(6); iii. 2(5), 4(2); iv. 1(22), 2(4); v. 1(25). Whole no. 110.

Jessica: ii. 3(16), 5(4), 6(18); iii. 2(7), 4(1), 5(29); v. 1(14). Whole no. 89.

“*All*”: iii. 2(1). Whole no. 1.

In the above enumeration, parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total in the play greater than it is. The actual number of lines in each scene (Globe edition numbering) is as follows: i. 1(186), 2(147), 3(183); ii. 1(46), 2(215), 3(21), 4(40), 5(57), 6(68), 7(79), 8(53), 9(101); iii. 1(136), 2(330), 3(36), 4(84), 5(96); iv. 1(458), 2(19); v. 1(307). Whole no. in the play, 2662.



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ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE AT SHOTTERY.



THE ELY PALACE PORTRAIT



SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY

OF

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW



P R E F A C E.

The Taming of the Shrew is one of the most interesting of the plays, from the fact that it is not wholly Shakespeare's, and that we have the earlier play from which he took the main incidents of his plot, as well as some minor details of the action and occasionally the very phraseology. In the *Notes* I have quoted more of this old play than any other editor has given (except Halliwell, who reprints the whole of it in his great folio edition), in order that the reader may see just how Shakespeare has made use of it. The comic parts of it have considerable merit, but the serious or sentimental portions are generally poor, sometimes very poor. Shakespeare helped himself freely to the former where they suited his purpose, but the latter he used scarcely at all. For instance, in iv. 3 and iv. 5 he followed the old play quite closely, as the extracts on pages 159, 161, and 166 will show; and so, too, in the final scene until we come to Kate's long speech (136-179), where he gives us something all his own and in keeping with the character, instead of the pedantic homily (see page 171) on the creation of the world and of man, with which the earlier Kate is absurdly made to address her sisters. This is but one illustration out of many that might be cited to show how Shakespeare has bettered the characterization of the old play, not only by making the personages consistent with themselves, but also by lifting them to a higher plane of humanity. Kate, "curst" though she be, is not the vulgar vixen the earlier playwright made her; and Petruchio, if "not a gentleman," judged by the standard of our day (see p. 27 below), is much nearer being one than his prototype Ferando. The two Kates are tamed by the very same methods, but in the case of the first we miss all the subtle touches that show the result to be a genuine "moral reform" (compare the quotation from Clarke, p. 161 below), and make us feel

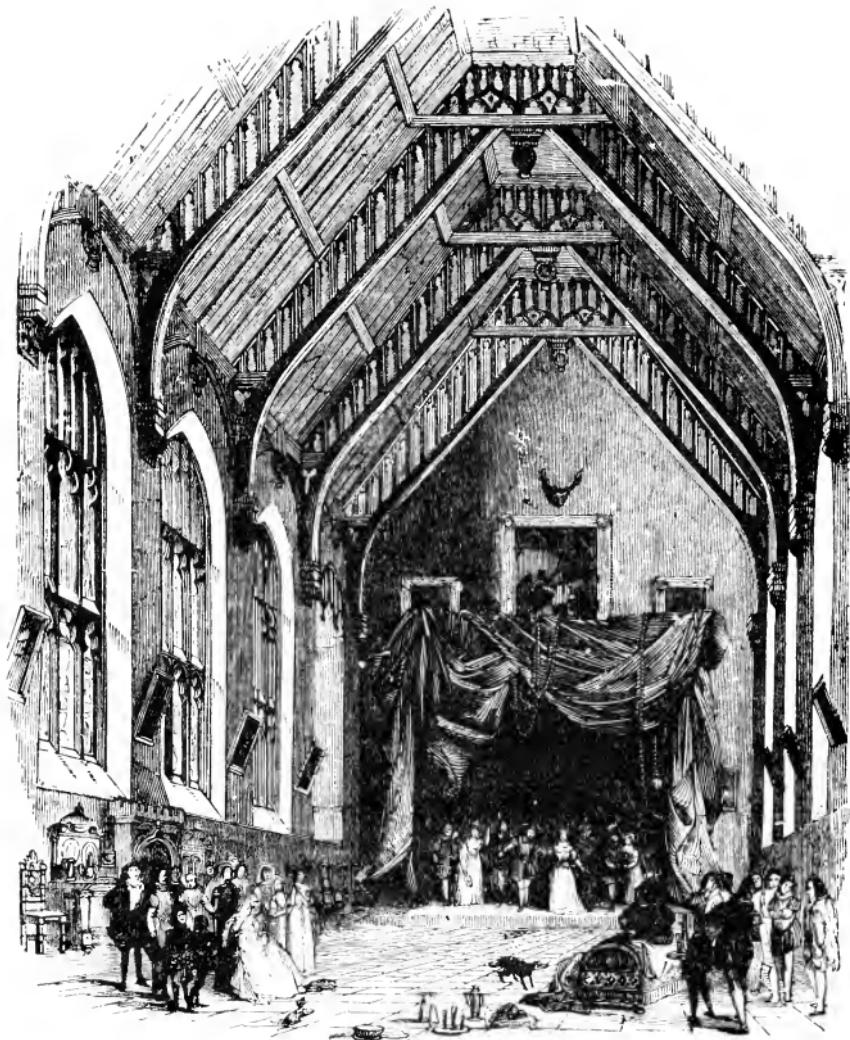
that the Shrew has learned to love her conqueror as well as to respect him—"taming her wild *heart* to his *loving* hand," as Beatrice expresses it.

The extracts from *The Taming of a Shrew* are copied verbatim from the reprint published by the Shakespeare Society in 1844. I have preferred not to modernize the spelling and pointing, as most of the editors have done, because the original is an interesting specimen of the printing of the time. The proof-reader, like Quince in his prologue, does not "stand upon points," and consequently the text is often "like a tangled chain, nothing impaired, but all disordered." The reader will no doubt find some amusement in disentangling it.

The illustrations on pages 8, 9, 41, 56, 71, 72, 84, 107, and 108 are from Knight's "Pictorial Shakspere." The views of the town-house and the church of St. Giustina (completed in 1549, and still standing) at Padua are copied by Knight from the "Storia Dimostrazione della Città di Padova," 1767. That of Pisa is from a print by Franciscus of Milan, 1705, but the famous *quattro fabbriche* look just as they do to-day. The Prato della Valle (now known as the Piazza di Vittorio Emmanuele) is from Piranesi, 1786; and the Gymnasium from an old print in the King's Library, British Museum.

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ITINERANT PLAYERS IN A COUNTRY HALL.



WINCOT.

INTRODUCTION
TO
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

The Taming of the Shrew was first printed, so far as we know, in the folio of 1623, where it occupies pages 208-229 in the division of "Comedies." A quarto edition appeared in 1631 with the following title-page, which we transcribe

from one of the copies in the Barton collection, Boston Public Library :

A WITTIE | AND PLEASANT | COMEDIE | Called |
The Taming of the Shrew. | As it was acted by his Maiesties |
Seruants at the Blacke Friers | and the Globe. | Written by |
Will. Shakespeare. | *LONDON,* | Printed by *W. S.* for *John* |
Smethwicke, and are to be | sold at his Shop in Saint *Dunstones* |
Church- | yard, vnder the Diall. | 1631.

Collier (2d ed.) maintains that this quarto was printed long before 1623, perhaps as early as 1607 or 1609, that its publication was "stayed" for some reason, and that a remnant of the edition was brought out by Smethwicke in 1631 with a new title-page; but, according to the Cambridge editors, an examination of Capell's copy shows that "the title forms part of the first quire, and has not been inserted," and "the paper on which it is printed is the same as that used for the rest of the play." A minute comparison of the quarto with the folio proves that the former was printed from the latter.

The Taming of the Shrew is evidently an adaptation of an earlier play published anonymously in 1594 under the title of "A Pleasant Conceited Historie, called The taming of a Shrew," which had been "sundry times acted by the Right honorable the Earle of Pembrook his seruants."* Fleay believes that this old play was written by Marlowe and Shakespeare in conjunction in 1589, but the critics generally agree that the latter had no hand in it. They also agree that somebody besides Shakespeare had a hand in the revision of the play. We are inclined to adopt the theory of Furnivall and Dowden that *The Taming of the Shrew* is Shakespeare's adaptation, not of the original *Taming of a Shrew*, but of an enlarged version of that play made by some unknown writer. As Furnivall puts it, "an adapter, who

* Reprinted by Steevens in 1776, and by the Shakespeare Society in 1844.

used at least ten bits of Marlowe in it, first recast the old play, and then Shakspere put into the recast the scenes in which Katherina, Petruchio, and Grumio appear.” Dowden remarks: “In *The Taming of the Shrew* we may distinguish three parts: (1) the humorous Induction, in which Sly, the drunken tinker, is the chief person; (2) a comedy of character, the Shrew and her tamer Petruchio being the hero and heroine; (3) a comedy of intrigue—the story of Bianca and her rival lovers. Now the old play of ‘*A Shrew*’ contains, in a rude form, the scenes of the Induction, and the chief scenes in which Petruchio and Katherina (named by the original writer Ferando and Kate) appear; but nothing in this old play corresponds with the intrigues of Bianca’s disguised lovers. It is, however, in the scenes connected with these intrigues that Shakspere’s hand is least apparent. It may be said that Shakspere’s genius goes in and out with the person of Katherina. We would therefore conjecturally assign the intrigue-comedy—which is founded upon Gascoigne’s *Supposes*, a translation of Ariosto’s *I Suppositi*—to the adapter of the old play, reserving for Shakspere a title to those scenes—in the main enlarged from the play of ‘*A Shrew*’—in which Katherina, Petruchio, and Grumio are speakers.”*

* Compare what White says in his Introduction to the play: “A play in Shakespeare’s day was as often written by two, or three, or four persons as by one: each theatre had several poets and playwrights in its pay, if not in its company, ready to write or rewrite, as the spirit moved or occasion required; and Shakespeare’s own company was of course not an exception to the general rule. Our *Taming of the Shrew* is an example of the result of this system. In it three hands at least are traceable: that of the author of the old play, that of Shakespeare himself, and that of a colabourer. The first appears in the structure of the plot, and in the incidents and the dialogue of most of the minor scenes; to the last must be assigned the greater part of the love business between Bianca and her two suitors; while to Shakespeare belong the strong, clear characterization, the delicious humour, and the rich verbal colouring of the recast Induction, and all the scenes in which Katherina and

As to the date of the play the critics differ widely. Drake, Knight, and Delius put it in 1594, Malone (after first making it 1606) in 1596,* Chalmers 1598, Collier (whom White is disposed to follow) 1601-3, Fleay 1601-2, Furnivall 1596-7, and Dowden "about 1597." The internal evidence seems to us to favour a date not later than 1597, and possibly a year or two earlier. The play is not mentioned by Meres in 1598.†

II. THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

These appear to be limited to the old play and Gascoigne's *Supposes*, already mentioned. The latter was "englished" from Ariosto in 1566. Holt White compares the story of the Induction with a part of Sir Richard Barckley's *Discourse on the Felicitie of Man*, 1598; Malone with a tale in Goulart's *Trésor d'Histoires*, etc. (translated by E. Grimstone, 1607, but some of the tales may have appeared in English much earlier); and Steevens, with a story quoted from Marco Paolo

Petruchio and Grumio are the prominent figures, together with the general effect produced by scattering lines and words and phrases here and there, and removing others elsewhere, throughout the rest of the play."

This last point seems to us an important one; and it explains, we think, the difficulty that some of the critics have had in deciding just how much Shakespeare had to do with certain parts of the play. He *re-wrote* considerable portions of it and *retouched* the rest. This will be considered more in detail in the *Notes*.

* See the Var. of 1821, vol. ii. p. 340. White inadvertently transposes the dates: "M. Malone decided at first for 1596, afterward for 1606."

† See our ed. of *M. N. D.* p. 9. Craik, in his *English of Shakespeare* (see our ed. p. 9), and Hertzberg would make *The Taming of the Shrew* Meres's *Love Labours Wonne*; but, as Stokes remarks (*Chron. Order of Shakespeare's Plays*, p. 37), "their theory need not be accepted when we find that Craik's chief argument is drawn from one of Mr. Collier's MS. corrections, and that the German professor's reasons have been answered by his countryman, Dr. Karl Elze." Delius, who dates the play in 1594, says that Meres does not mention it because Shakespeare was only part-author of it. See also the *Transactions of the New Shaks. Soc.* for 1874, p. 123.

by Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1621. T. Warton says that it is to be found in a collection of short comic stories, printed in black letter in 1570, "sett forth by maister Richard Edwards, mayster of her Maiesties revels ;" and that it is like "an incident which Heuterus relates from an epistle of Ludovicus Vives to have actually happened at the marriage of Duke Philip the Good of Burgundy, about the year 1440." Percy, in his *Reliques*, gives an old ballad on the same subject, *The Frolicsome Duke, or the Tinker's Good Fortune*, the date of which is not known. Knight remarks that the story is in all probability of Eastern origin, being found in the *Thousand and One Nights*; and Mr. Lane conjectures that it is founded on fact.

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[From Hazlitt's "Characters of Shakespear's Plays."*]

The Taming of the Shrew is almost the only one of Shakespear's comedies that has a regular plot and downright moral. It is full of bustle, animation, and rapidity of action. It shows admirably how self-will is only to be got the better of by stronger will, and how one degree of ridiculous perversity is only to be driven out by another still greater. Petruchio is a madman in his senses ; a very honest fellow, who hardly speaks a word of truth and succeeds in all his tricks and impostures. He acts his assumed character to the life, with the most fantastical extravagance, with complete presence of mind, with untired animal spirits, and without a particle of ill-humour from beginning to end. The situation of poor Katherine, worn out by his incessant persecutions, becomes at last almost as pitiable as it is ludicrous, and it is difficult to say which to admire most, the unaccountableness of his actions or the unalterableness of his resolutions. It is a character which most husbands

* *Characters of Shakespear's Plays*, by William Hazlitt, edited by W. Carew Hazlitt (London, 1869), p. 219 fol.

ought to study, unless the very audacity of Petruchio's attempt might alarm them more than his success would encourage them. . . .

The most striking and at the same time laughable feature in the character of Petruchio throughout is the studied approximation to the untractable character of real madness, his apparent insensibility to all external conditions, and utter indifference to every thing but the wild and extravagant freaks of his own self-will. There is no contending with a person on whom nothing makes an impression but his own purposes, and who is bent on his own whims just in proportion as they seem to want common-sense. With him a thing's being plain and reasonable is a reason against it. The airs he gives himself are infinite, and his caprices as sudden as they are groundless. The whole of his treatment of his wife at home is in the same spirit of ironical attention and inverted gallantry. Every thing flies before his will, like a conjurer's wand, and he only metamorphoseś his wife's temper by metamorphosing her senses and all the objects she sees, at a word's speaking. Such are his insisting that it is the moon and not the sun which they see, etc. This extravagance reaches its most pleasant and poetical height in the scene (iv. 5) where, on their return to her father's, they meet old Vincentio, whom Petruchio immediately addresses as a young lady. . . .

The whole is carried off with equal spirit, as if the poet's comic muse had wings of fire. It is strange how one man could be so many things; but so it is. The concluding scene, in which trial is made of the new-married wives (so triumphantly for Petruchio) is a very happy one.

In some parts of this play there is a little too much about music-masters and masters of philosophy. They were things of greater rarity in those days than they are now. Nothing however can be better than the advice which Tranio gives his master for the prosecution of his studies:

“The mathematics and the metaphysics,
 Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you;
 No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en:
 In brief, sir, study what you most affect.”

The Taming of the Shrew is a play within a play. It is supposed to be a play acted for the benefit of Sly the tinker, who is made to believe himself a lord when he wakes after a drunken brawl. The character of Sly and the remarks with which he accompanies the play are as good as the play itself. His answer when he is asked how he likes it—“Indifferent well; 't is a good piece of work, would 't were done!”—is in good keeping, as if he were thinking of his Saturday night's job. Sly does not change his tastes with his new situation, but in the midst of splendour and luxury still calls out lustily and repeatedly for “a pot o' small ale.” He is very slow in giving up his personal identity in his sudden advancement :

“I am Christopher Sly; call me not honour nor lordship. I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef.... What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath, by birth a peddler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bearherd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not; if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom.”

This is honest. “The Sly's are no rogues,” as he says of himself. We have a great predilection for this member of the family; and what makes us like him the better is that we take him to be of kin (not many degrees removed) to Sancho Panza.

[From Schlegel's “Dramatic Literature.”*]

The Taming of the Shrew has the air of an Italian comedy; and indeed the love intrigue, which constitutes the main part

* *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature*, by A. W. Schlegel; Black's translation, revised by Morrison (London, 1846), p. 381 fol.

of it, is derived mediately or immediately from a piece of Ariosto. The characters and passions are lightly sketched; the intrigue is introduced without much preparation, and in its rapid progress impeded by no sort of difficulties; while, in the manner in which Petruchio, though previously cautioned as to Kathérine, still encounters the risks in marrying her, and contrives to tame her—in all this the character and peculiar humour of the English are distinctly visible. The colours are laid on somewhat coarsely, but the ground is good. That the obstinacy of a young and untamed girl, possessed of none of the attractions of her sex, and neither supported by bodily nor mental strength, must soon yield to the still rougher and more capricious but assumed self-will of a man: such a lesson can only be taught on the stage with all the perspicuity of a proverb.

The prelude is still more remarkable than the play itself: a drunken tinker, removed in his sleep to a palace, where he is deceived into the belief of being a nobleman. The invention, however, is not Shakspeare's. Holberg has handled the same subject in a masterly manner, and with inimitable truth; but he has spun it out to five acts, for which such material is hardly sufficient. He probably did not borrow from the English dramatist, but like him took the hint from a popular story. There are several comic motives of this description, which go back to a very remote age, without ever becoming antiquated. Here, as well as everywhere else, Shakspeare has proved himself a great poet: the whole is merely a slight sketch, but in elegance and delicate propriety it will hardly ever be excelled. Neither has he overlooked the irony which the subject naturally suggested: the great lord, who is driven by idleness and ennui to deceive a poor drunkard, can make no better use of his situation than the latter, who every moment relapses into his vulgar habits. The last half of this prelude, that in which the tinker, in his new state, again drinks himself out of his senses, and is

transformed in his sleep into his former condition, is, from some accident or other, lost. It ought to have followed at the end of the larger piece. The occasional remarks of the tinker, during the course of the representation of the comedy, might have been improvisatory ; but it is hardly credible that Shakspeare should have trusted to the momentary suggestions of the players, whom he did not hold in high estimation, the conclusion, however short, of a work which he had so carefully commenced. Moreover, the only circumstance which connects the play with the prelude is, that it belongs to the new life of the supposed nobleman to have plays acted in his castle by strolling actors. This invention of introducing spectators on the stage, who contribute to the entertainment, has been very wittily used by later English poets.

[From Verplanck's "Shakespeare."*]

In preparing *The Taming of the Shrew*, as we now have it, for the stage, Shakespeare seems to have originally intended nothing more than a revisal or improvement of a play of considerable but very unequal merit, very popular at the time, under the title of "The Taming of a Shrew," which he found in possession of the stage, and which was printed in 1594. In retaining the well-known old title, with the whole plot, and all those striking incidents of the action which tell most upon the stage, and become most familiar to the public, it was evident that he made no claim to originality, and had no thought of concealing the source of his obligations. But it is as evident that, in the progress of his revision, his busy invention and poetic fancy could not rest contented with the mere corrections and alterations of an editor or a manager ; so that he was led to recast and reconstruct the whole story, to change the scene of action from Greece to the Italy of his own times, and to interweave with its incidents some cir-

* *The Illustrated Shakespeare*, edited by G. C. Verplanck (New York, 1847), vol. ii. pp. 5, 49, and 50 of *T. of S.*

cumstances from a play of Ariosto's, of a similar plot (the *Suppositi*), some time before translated and published (in 1566) under the title of *The Supposes*. In doing this, he could not refrain from improving and heightening the humour and interest, by filling the stage with gay and rapid action, and giving more individuality to the characters, such as transforming a commonplace serving-man into Grumio—a worthy kinsman of Launcelot Gobbo, Speed, Launce, and the Dromios, yet in no danger of being mistaken for any one of them ; and elevating the wife-taming hero (Ferando) of the old play, who is but a coarse and noisy tyrant, into the whimsical and boisterous affectations of the good-natured Petruchio, so well described by Hazlitt as “acting an assumed character to the life with the most fantastical extravagance, with untiring animal spirits, but without a particle of ill-humour from beginning to end.”

Finally, he has stamped upon the comedy throughout, and especially in the Induction, the indelible and unquestionable marks of his own mind, by deliberately rejecting many passages of elaborate and even splendid imagery, such as no poet of that age would have been ashamed of, to substitute other passages, and even scenes, of a higher and purer poetry and sweeter melody. These (take, for example, the poetic passages of the second scene with Sly) are, in my judgment, very much in the taste, spirit, and style of the poetry of the *Merchant of Venice*, and fix the reconstruction and decoration of the old play somewhere about the same date (between 1597 and 1601), after the author had thrown off the peculiar defects of his earlier compositions, and before his style had acquired its later compressed and thought-burdened character, or his mind that habitual tendency to gloomier reflections which casts its shades athwart the most brilliant and glowing conceptions of the middle period of his literary life. . . .

Mr. C. A. Brown's remarks on this play, as a comedy bear-

ing the “peculiar feature and stamp” of Italy, are very curious, and show that if Shakespeare did not actually visit Italy (according to Mr. Brown’s supposition) some time between the composition of the earlier *Romeo and Juliet* and the date of the *Merchant of Venice*, and the remodelling of this play, he had certainly, in that interval, become very familiar with the scenery, manners, customs, and cities of Italy through some other source. They serve also to strengthen the conclusion to which the internal evidence of style had led my mind, as to the date of this piece; that it was not one of his very early works (in which no such familiarity with Italy is manifest), but belongs to the period of the *Merchant of Venice*:

“This comedy was entirely rewritten from an older one by an unknown hand, with some, but not many, additions to the fable. It should first be observed that in the older comedy, which we possess, the scene is laid in and near Athens, and that Shakespeare removed it to Padua and its neighbourhood; an unnecessary change, if he knew no more of one country than of the other.

“The *dramatis personæ* next attract our attention. Baptista is no longer erroneously the name of a woman, as in *Hamlet*, but of a man. All the other names, except one, are pure Italian, though most of them are adapted to the English ear. Biondello, the name of a boy, seems chosen with a knowledge of the language, as it signifies a little fair-haired fellow. Even the shrew has the Italian termination to her name, Katherina. The exception is Curtis, Petruchio’s servant, seemingly the housekeeper at his villa; which, as it is an insignificant part, may have been the name of the player; but, more probably, it is a corruption of Cortese.

“‘Act I. Scene I. *A Public Place.*’ For an open place or a square in a city, this is not a home-bred expression. It may be accidental; yet it is a literal translation of *una piazza pubblica*, exactly what was meant for the scene.

“The opening of the comedy, which speaks of Lombardy and the University of Padua, might have been written by a native Italian :

‘Tranio, since for the great desire I had
 To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
 I am arriv’d for fruitful Lombardy,
 The pleasant garden of great Italy ;
 * * * * *
 Here let us breathe, and haply institute
 A course of learning and ingenious studies.’

“The very next line I found myself involuntarily repeating, at the sight of the grave countenances within the walls of Pisa: ‘Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.’

They are altogether a grave people, in their demeanour, their history, and their literature, such as it is. I never met with the anomaly of a merry Pisan. Curiously enough, this line is repeated, word for word, in the fourth act.

“Lucentio says, his father came ‘of the Bentivolii’; this is an old Italian plural; a mere Englishman would write ‘of the Bentivolios.’ Besides, there was, and is, a branch of the Bentivolii in Florence, where Lucentio says he was brought up.

“But these indications, just at the commencement of the play, are not of great force. We now come to something more important; a remarkable proof of his having been aware of the law of the country in respect to the betrothal of Katherina and Petruchio, of which there is not a vestige in the older play. The father gives her hand to him, both parties consenting, before two witnesses, who declare themselves such, to the act. Such a ceremony is as indissoluble as that of marriage, unless both parties should consent to annul it. The betrothal takes place in due form, exactly as in many of Goldoni’s comedies:

‘*Bap.* . . . Give me your hands;
 God send you joy, Petruchio! ’t is a match.
 ‘*Gre. and Tra.* Amen! say we; we will be witnesses.’

Instantly Petruchio addresses them as ‘father and wife,’ because from that moment he possesses the legal power of a husband over her, saving that of taking her to his own house. Unless the betrothment is understood in this light, we cannot account for the father’s so tamely yielding afterwards to Petruchio’s whim of going in his ‘mad attire’ with her to the church. Authority is no longer with the father; in vain he hopes and requests that the bridegroom will change his clothes; Petruchio is peremptory in his lordly will and pleasure, which he could not possibly be without the previous Italian betrothment.

“Padua lies between Verona and Venice, at a suitable distance from both for the conduct of the comedy. Petruchio, after being securely betrothed, sets off for Venice, the very place for finery, to buy ‘rings and things, and fine array’ for the wedding; and, when married, he takes her to his country-house, in the direction of Verona, of which city he is a native. All this is complete, and in marked opposition to the worse than mistakes in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, which was written when he knew nothing whatever of the country.

“The rich old Gremio, when questioned respecting the dower he can assure to Bianca, boasts, as a primary consideration, of his richly furnished house:

‘First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers I have stuff’d my crowns,
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss’d with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping.’

“Lady Morgan, in her *Italy*, says (and my own obser-

vation corroborates her account), ‘There is not an article here described that I have not found in some one or other of the palaces of Florence, Venice, and Genoa—the mercantile republics of Italy—even to the “Turkey cushions boss’d with pearl.”’ She then adds, ‘This is the knowledge of genius, acquired by the rapid perception and intuitive appreciation,’ etc.; never once suspecting that Shakespeare had been an eye-witness of such furniture. For my part (unable to comprehend the intuitive knowledge of genius), in opposition to her ladyship’s opinion, I beg leave to quote Dr. Johnson: ‘Shakespeare, however favoured by nature, could impart only what he had learned.’ With this text as our guide, it behooves us to point out how he could obtain such an intimate knowledge of facts without having been, like Lady Morgan, an eye-witness to them.

“In addition to these instances, the whole comedy bears an Italian character, and seems written as if the author had said to his friends: ‘Now I will give you a comedy, built on Italian manners, neat as I myself have imported.’ Indeed, did I not know its archetype, with the scene in Athens, I might suspect it to be an adaptation of some unknown Italian play, retaining rather too many local allusions for the English stage.

“Some may argue that it was possible for him to learn all this from books of travels now lost, or in conversation with travellers; but my faith recoils from so bare a possibility, when the belief that he saw what he described is, in every point of view, without difficulty, and probable. Books and conversation may do much for an author; but should he descend to particular descriptions, or venture to speak of manners and customs intimately, is it possible he should not once fall into error with no better instruction? An objection has been made, imputing an error, in Grumio’s inquiring after the ‘rushes strewed.’ But the custom of strewing rushes, as in England, belonged also to Italy: this may

be seen in old authors; and their very word *giuncare*, now out of use, is a proof of it. English Christian-names, incidentally introduced, are but translations of the same Italian names, as Caterina is called Katherine and Kate; and, if they were not, comedy may well be allowed to take a liberty of that nature."

[From Mr. F. J. Furnivall's *Introduction to the Play.**]

We change from Portia, the graceful, wise, and witty, perfect woman, we change from the tender friendship of men, to Kate the curst, who is hell; to Petruchio's coarse, rough ways. At first there seems hardly a link between the two plays; yet there's a self-surrender of a woman in each; but how different its cause! There's the adventurer's spirit in both Bassanio and Petruchio, though with the contrast of the feeling, hardly to be called friendship, of Hortensio to Petruchio, with the devoted love of Antonio to Bassanio. There are rival wooers to Bianca as for Portia, and the scene is still Italy, though this is due to the adapter of the old play of *A Shrew*, who changed it from Athens. It is difficult to feel certain about the position of the play, for its links with *The Comedy of Errors* seem strong. First: Kate is like the shrew Adriana, shrewish from neglect. Her sister Bianca is somewhat like Adriana's sister Luciana. Second: Kate's wife's-subjection doctrine is just like that of Luciana in the *Errors*, ii. 1. Third: The threatened death of the Pedant on coming to Venice, iv. 2, is like the death decreed to the Syracusan coming to Ephesus in the *Errors*, i. 1. Fourth: The farcical beating of Grumio, etc., is like that of the Dromios; and Grumio's "Knock me," etc., is like Dromio's. But still with the Shrew-links that I have already named, and the further ones with *Henry IV.* of Hotspur's scene with his wife Kate, and the way he avoids and overrides her questions, being so like Petruchio's way with

* *The Leopold Shakspere* (London, 1877), p. xliv. fol. (by permission).

his Kate at their first meeting (compare both with the later beautiful scene of Brutus trusting his Portia in *Julius Caesar*), of the shrew Kate's spirit in both Hotspur himself and his wife, the likeness of Prince Henry's madcap humours to Petruchio's—though both men have themselves entirely in hand, and have a purpose through all their acting—and, lastly, the kinship of Grumio's wit and humour with those of Falstaff, make me believe, for the present at least, that *The Shrew* is rightly placed between *The Merchant* and *1 Henry IV*. . . .

It is the only play with an Induction ; and Sly is carelessly left on the stage, and not taken off it, as in the old play. The double plot of the winning of the two sisters is admirably worked, and the stage situations are first-rate. We must recollect the position of women in early times in England. We start in the eighth century—

“A king shall with bargain buy a queen. . . . A damsel it beseems to be at her board [table]. . . . A rambling woman scatters words. She is often charged with faults, a man thinks of her with contempt, oft smites her cheek.”—*Exeter Book*, pp. 338, 367.

Every reader of Chaucer remembers the Merchant's wife, “the worste that may be,” who 'd overmatch the devil if he were coupled to her ; the host's cruel wife, too ; and the *Boke of Mayd Emlyn's* opinion of wives—

“For of theyr proprete,
Shrewes all they be,
And stylly can they prate.”

Before 1575 (it is mentioned by Laneham) is “A Merry Geste of a Shrewd and Curst Wife lapped in Morrelles Skin,” a popular poem, in which a man with a shrewish wife thrashes her till she bleeds, and then wraps her in the salted hide of his old horse Morrell. So the subject of taming shrews was a familiar one to the Elizabethan mind, and no one then would have been offended by Petruchio's likening of the training of a wife to that of a falcon, in

iv. 1. We must look on Petruchio as a man wanting a hunting mare now, a goer, never mind her temper. He looks at her in the stable: she kicks and bites; he quietly rakes her straw and hay out; lets her stand all night; gallops her next day till she can't stand; tames her, and is then in the first flight ever after. Accept this view, and then look at the play. Kate is a spoiled child, strong-willed, spoiled by her father's weakness and her sister's gentleness. She has a genuine grievance, that she, the strong, the mistress-mind, is not to have a husband, while her weak sister is to have one. As she says, ii. 1—

“*She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.*”

Kate, like all reasonable girls, wants to get married, and though she is not the cooey, turtle-dovey girl that her sister is, who so attracts men, she knows she has that in her which is worthy of a man. She is soured by neglect, and she bullies her sister from envy; old Gremio calls her a devil, and hell. Petruchio comes. She sees he means business, though she snaps at him. She sees that he admires her beauty; she is flattered, and minds his opinion when she walks to show him she doesn't limp. She must admire him as the first man who stands up to her and overrules her. She is bewildered by his coolness and assurance too. She had forfeited by her childish bad temper a woman's right to chivalrous courtesy, and she feels that she has no right to complain of her lover's roughness. As a woman, too, she likes the promise of finery, and she makes up her mind to marry him. Nay, she actually cries when he comes too late. She who has scoffed at every one cannot bear the thought that—

“*Now must the world point at poor Katherine,
And say, Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.*”

To avoid this, Petruchio in any clothes is welcome ; and she takes him at once, notwithstanding his outrageous and slovenly dress. She trembles and shakes at his hitting the priest (if he 'd do that to God's representative, what wouldn't he do to her?). Having got him, she is to be balked of the wedding-feast (cruellest of all blows to a bride). Under the influence of the wedding she is tender at first. "Let me entreat you now ; if you love me, stay" (iii. 2). And we almost wish that Petruchio had taken advantage of this tenderness, and tried taming by love. But then we should have lost the best scenes of the play. However, her entreaties are rejected, and she stands up really for the first time for her rights. Now or never: it is her best time, with all her friends around her. Now or never she will struggle for what women most desire, rule over their husbands.* And the result is not now. Petruchio's drawing his sword and hustling her away, with the further taming on the journey and on reaching home, are most admirably handled, while the first signs of weakness, the humbling of herself to Grumio, the fresh fight again over her clothes (if a woman mayn't choose her clothes, what on earth may she do?), bring the conviction to her that resistance will not pay. The dispute over the sun and moon she evidently treats as fun, and enters into the joke. She has given in once for all, has learned her lesson. She is convinced of her past folly, and goes through with her task as far on the good side as on the bad before. Why rebel and be tamed again? No sense in that. "Peace it bodes and quiet life," etc. She is a new daughter to Baptista. It is the best result for her time, though Tennyson shows us a better for our Victorian era in his *Princess*.

Petruchio is like Faulconbridge in making himself out worse than he really is. Though he declares his object is

* See Chaucer's *Wife of Bath's Tale* ; and the marriage of Sir Gawaine, in the *Percy Ballads* (i. 112) ; and the bequest in the *Wyll of the Deuyll*, "Item, I geue to all women souereyngtee, which they most desyre."

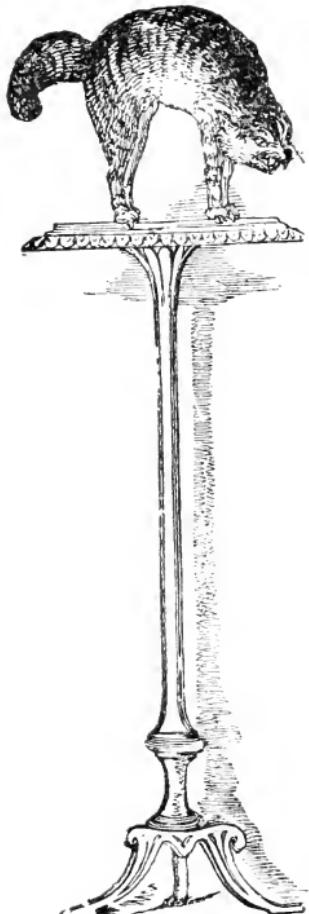
only to wife wealthily, and Grumio says he 'd marry any foul old hag with money, yet this is plain exaggeration. He 's one of those men who like a bit of devil in the girl he marries and the mare he rides. "None of your namby-pamby ones for me." He knows he can tame her: if she is sharp-tempered, he is sharper. It 's a word and a blow with him, as Grumio has experienced. When he hears of Kate, he won't sleep till he sees her; when she comes, he takes the lead and keeps it. He means to have it and her. He ridicules her in such a pleasant, madcap fashion, that one can 't help liking him. He understands women, and flatters her. Note the limping touch. He praises her beauty; promises her finery; keeps her waiting; makes her put up with his dress, and tremble at church; outs with his sword and makes her go with him; declares his wife 's his chattel; leaves her horse on her when she falls during the journey, and makes her beg for Grumio; will give no choleric food to choleric folk; in fact he "kills her in her own humour;" tames her by pretended love; starves her till she thanks him for meat he 's dressed; and then when her food has made her saucy, and she rebels again about her dress (which was indeed enough to make the most angelic woman's temper rise), he beats her in the old way by pretending to sympathize with her. Then he stops her going home, because she won't say two is seven. When she gives in, he no doubt tries her too hardly, but then she has tried him before, and the result is that they two alone are married, while the other two, Hortensio and Lucentio, are only "sped." ("Let us hope though," says Miss Constance O'Brien, "that Petruchio gave up choosing Kate's dresses and caps.") If Petruchio is not a *gentleman*, and Kate not a lady, their day differed from ours: they were a happy couple, we may be sure. Kate would obey him with a will, for her husband had fairly beaten her at her own game, and won her respect.

The farce and rich humour of the character, the delight-

ful exaggeration of sliding down his body, after a run down his head and neck, the dry humour of his account of the accident, his scene with the tailor (enlarged from the old play), his entering into the humour of his master's taming Kate, make Grumio the finest character in comedy that we have yet had from Shakspere's hand. We must pass over Bianca—the sweet and gentle, whose breath perfumed the air, who yet had a will of her own, and that ever-Italian love of intrigue—only noting, as in private duty bound, that literature and language beat music, and win the girl. In Baptista we note his weakness, his being an old Italian fox, yet taken in for all his cleverness; his base willingness to sell his daughter for money. Lucentio loves at first sight, like Romeo does Juliet, and he cuts out the two older lovers and wins. Though Hortensio finds Petruchio to marry Kate, he yet loses Bianca. He is a straightforward fellow about love, and cannot stand her flirting. In the Induction, we notice Sly with his humour, standing between Bottom and Grumio, and with his Warwickshire allusions of Burton Heath and the fat ale-wife of Wincot; while the lord reproduces Shakspere's love of hounds which we saw in Theseus in the *Mid-summer-Night's Dream*. . . . The comical sham translation of the Latin lesson may have been suggested by a like bit in *The 3 Lords and 3 Ladies of London*, A.D. 1588, pr. 1590 (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, vi. 500), “*O, singulariter nominativo*, wise Lord Pleasure; *genitivo*, bind him to the post; *dativo*, give me my torch; *accusativo*, for I say he 's a cosener; *vocativo*, O, give me room to run at him; *ablativo*, take and blind me.”



THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A Lord.

CHRISTOPHER SLY, a tinker.

HOSTESS, PAGE, PLAYERS, HUNTSMEN

Freel, Page,
and Servants.

Persons in the Induction.

BAPTISTA, a rich gentleman of Padua.

VINCENTIO, an old gentleman of Pisa.

LUCENTIO, son to Vincentio. in love with Bianca.

PETRUCHIO, a gentleman of Verona; a suitor to Kath-
erina.

GREMIO, 1. visitors to Bianca

HORTENSIO, { suitors to Bianca.

TONI

FRANCO,
BIONDELLI

GRUMIO, Lamento a Peter M.

GROM
CURTIS

CORRIS,
A. Pedant.

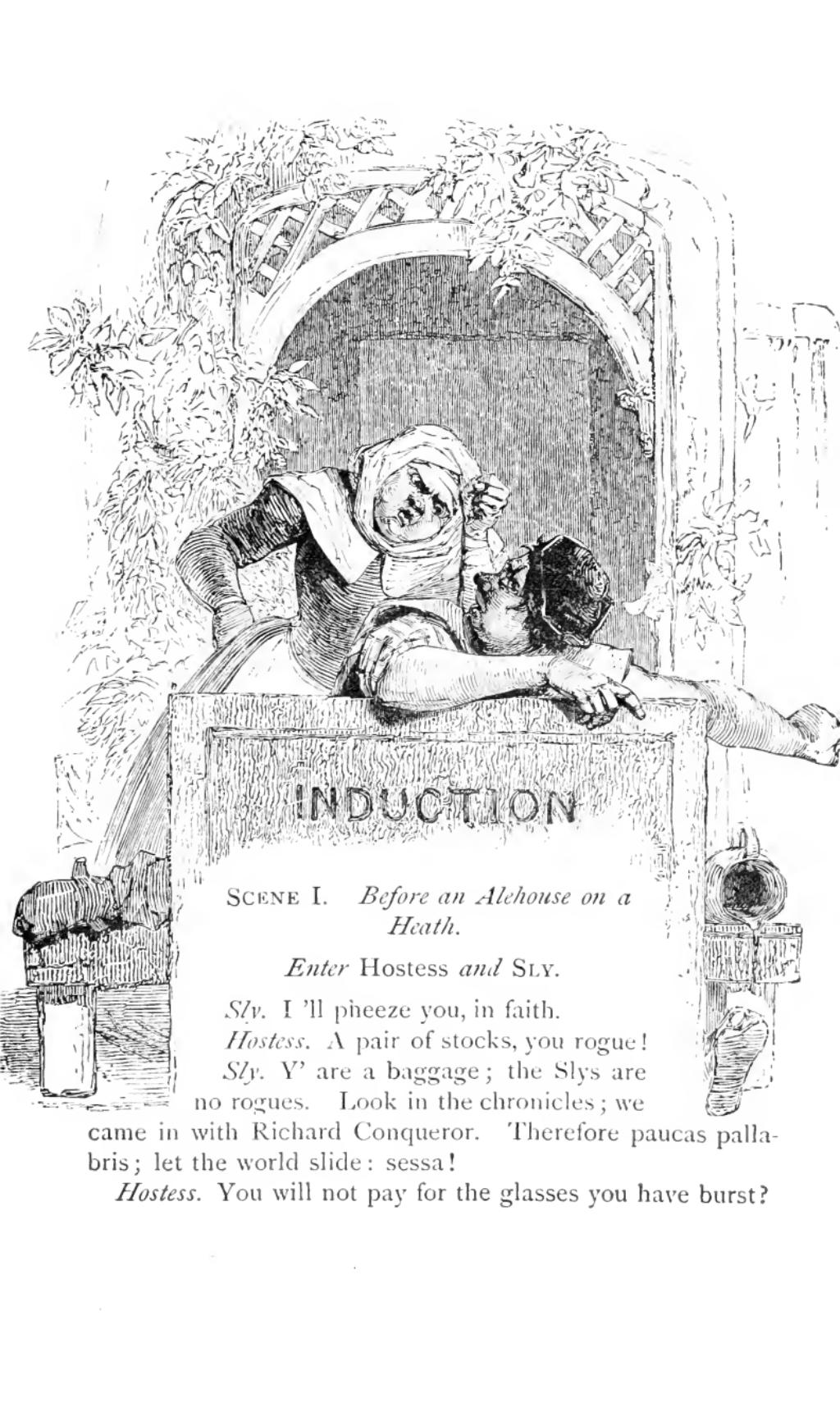
KATHERINA, the shrew. *Act 3, Scene 1*

RATHEE
BLANCA

Widow-

Widow.
Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE: Padua, and Petruchio's country-house.



INDUCTION

SCENE I. *Before an Alehouse on a Heath.*

Enter Hostess and SLY.

SLY. I 'll pheeze you, in faith.

Hostess. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

SLY. Y' are a baggage; the Slys are no rogues. Look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore paucas pallabris; let the world slide: sessa!

Hostess. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy ; go to thy cold bed, and warm thee. 9

Hostess. I know my remedy ; I must go fetch the third-borough. [Exit.]

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I 'll answer him by law. I 'll not budge an inch, boy ; let him come, and kindly. [Falls asleep.]

Horns winded. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds—
Brach Merriman, the poor cur, is emboss'd—
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound. 20

1 *Hunter.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord ;
He cried upon it at the merest loss
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent :
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool ; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well and look unto them all ;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hunter.* I will, my lord. 29

Lord. What 's here ? one dead, or drunk ? See, doth he breathe ?

2 *Hunter.* He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast ! how like a swine he lies !
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image !
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,

And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself? 40

1 *Hunter.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 *Hunter.* It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy.

Then take him up and manage well the jest:
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet;
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound; 50
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight
And with a low submissive reverence
Say 'What is it your honour will command?'
Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say 'Will 't please your lordship cool your hands?'
Some one be ready with a costly suit
And ask him what apparel he will wear; 60
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease.
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And when he says he is, say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do and do it kindly, gentle sirs;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 *Hunter.* My lord, I warrant you we will play our part,
As he shall think by our true diligence
He is no less than what we say he is. 70

Lord. Take him up gently and to bed with him;
And each one to his office when he wakes.—

[*Some bear out Sly. A trumpet sounds.*

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 't is that sounds.—

[*Exit Servingman.*]

Belike, some noble gentleman that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter Servingman.

How now! who is it?

Servingman. An 't please your honour, players
That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.—

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

A Player. So please your lordship to accept our duty. 80

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son.—
'T was where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.

A Player. I think 't was Soto that your honour means.

Lord. 'T is very true.—Thou didst it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand
Wherein your cunning can assist me much. 90
There is a lord will hear you play to-night;
But I am doubtful of your modesties,
Lest over-eyeing of his odd behaviour—
For yet his honour never heard a play—
You break into some merry passion
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile he grows impatient.

A Player. Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one;
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

100

[*Exit one with the Players*

Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady;
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him madam, do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished.
Such duty to the drunkard let him do
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,
And say 'What is 't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show her duty and make known her love?'
And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar;
And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,
Which in a napkin being close convey'd
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.— [*Exit a Servingman.*
I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman.
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter
When they do homage to this simple peasant.

110

120

130

I 'll in to counsel them ; haply my presence
 May well abate the over-merry spleen
 Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Bedchamber in the Lord's House.*

Enter aloft SLY, with Attendants ; some with apparel, others with basin and ewer and other appurtenances ; and Lord.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 Servant. Will 't please your lordship drink a cup of sack ?

2 Servant. Will 't please your honour taste of these conserves ?

3 Servant. What raiment will your honour wear to-day ?

Sly. I am Christopher Sly ; call not me honour nor lordship. I ne'er drank sack in my life ; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I 'll wear ; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet ; nay, sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour !
 O, that a mighty man of such descent,
 Of such possessions and so high esteem,
 Should be infused with so foul a spirit !

Sly. What, would you make me mad ? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath, by birth a pedler, by education a cardmaker, by transmutation a bearherd, and now by present profession a tinker ? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat alewife of Wincot, if she know me not ; if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What ! I am not bestrighted ; here 's—

3 Servant. O, this it is that makes your lady mourn !

2 Servant. O, this is it that makes your servants droop !

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house, As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
 Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
 And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.

30

Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
 Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays,
 And twenty caged nightingales do sing.

[Music.]

Or wilt thou sleep? we 'll have thee to a couch
 Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
 On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrew the ground;
 Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
 Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

40

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
 Above the morning lark; or wilt thou hunt?
 Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
 And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Servant.* Say thou wilt course, thy greyhounds are as swift
 As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 *Servant.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee
 straight

Adonis painted by a running brook,
 And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
 Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
 Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

50

Lord. We 'll show thee Io as she was a maid,
 And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
 As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Servant.* Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
 Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds;
 And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
 So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord and nothing but a lord;
 Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
 Than any woman in this waning age.

60

1 *Servant.* And till the tears that she hath shed for thee
Like envious floods o'errun her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world ;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours and I feel soft things.
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,
And not a tinker nor Christophero Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

70

2 *Servant.* Will 't please your mightiness to wash your
hands?

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

80

1 *Servant.* O, yes, my lord, but very idle words;
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door,
And rail upon the hostess of the house,
And say you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Servant.* Why, sir, you know no house nor no such maid,
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turph, and Henry Pimpernell,
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were nor no man ever saw.

90

Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee ; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page as a lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well ; for here is cheer enough.

100

Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord ; what is thy will with her ?

Sly. Are you my wife and will not call me husband ?

My men should call me lord ; I am your goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband ; I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well. What must I call her ?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam ?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else ; so lords call ladies.

110

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd And slept above some fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me, Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'T is much. Servants, leave me and her alone. Madam, undress you and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you To pardon me yet for a night or two, Or, if not so, until the sun be set ; For your physicians have expressly charg'd, In peril to incur your former malady, That I should yet absent me from your bed. I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

120

Sly. I would be loath to fall into my dreams again ; I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment, Are come to play a pleasant comedy ;

For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy.

Therefore they thought it good you hear a play, 130
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will, let them play it. Is not a comonty a
Christmas gambold or a tumbling-trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

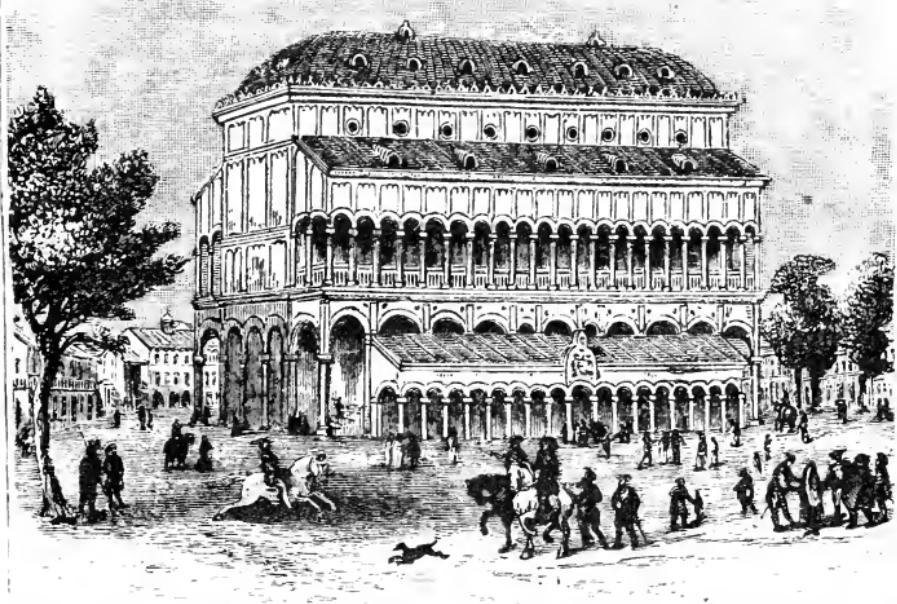
Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we 'll see 't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side
and let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger.

Flourish.





TOWN-HOUSE, PADUA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Padua. A Public Place.*

Enter LUENTIO and his man TRANIO.

Lucentio. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy,
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd
With his good will and thy good company,

My trusty servant, well approv'd in all,
 Here let us breathe and haply institute
 A course of learning and ingenious studies.
 Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
 Gave me my being and my father first,
 A merchant of great traffic through the world,
 Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.

Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
 It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
 To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds ;
 And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
 Virtue and that part of philosophy
 Will I apply that treats of happiness
 By virtue specially to be achiev'd.

Tell me thy mind ; for I have Pisa left
 And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
 A shallowplash to plunge him in the deep,
 And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tranio. Me perdonato, gentle master mine,
 I am in all affected as yourself ;
 Glad that you thus continue your resolve
 To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
 Only, good master, while we do admire
 This virtue and this moral discipline,
 Let 's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray,
 Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
 As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd.
 Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
 And practise rhetoric in your common talk ;
 Music and poesy use to quicken you ;
 The mathematics and the metaphysics,
 Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you.
 No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en ;
 In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Lucentio. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.

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If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
 We could at once put us in readiness,
 And take a lodging fit to entertain
 Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
 But stay awhile ; what company is this?

Tranio. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHERINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, and HORTENSIO. *Lucentio* and *Tranio* stand by.

Baptista. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
 For how I firmly am resolv'd you know ;
 That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
 Before I have a husband for the elder. 50
 If either of you both love Katherina,
 Because I know you well and love you well,
 Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gremio. [Aside] To cart her rather ; she's too rough for me.—
 There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife ?

Katherina. I pray you, sir, is it your will
 To make a stale of me amongst these mates ?

Hortensio. Mates, maid ! how mean you that ? no mates
 for you,
 Unless you were of gentler, milder mould. 60

Katherina. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear.
 I wis it is not half way to her heart ;
 But if it were, doubt not her care should be
 To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
 And paint your face and use you like a fool.

Hortensio. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us !

Gremio. And me too, good Lord !

Tranio. Hush, master ! here's some good pastime toward ;
 That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.

Lucentio. But in the other's silence do I see
 Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety. 70
 Peace, *Tranio* !

Tranio. Well said, master ; mum ! and gaze your fill.

Baptista. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in ;
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Katherina. A pretty peat ! it is best
Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.

Bianca. Sister, content you in my discontent.—
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe ;
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look and practise by myself.

Lucentio. Hark, Tranio ! thou mayst hear Minerva speak.

Hortensio. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange ?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gremio. Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue ?

Baptista. Gentlemen, content ye ; I am resolv'd.—
Go in, Bianca.— [Exit Bianca.]
And, for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,—
Or, Signior Gremio, you,—know any such,
Prefer them hither ; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing up :
And so farewell.—Katherina, you may stay ;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [Exit.]

Katherina. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not ?
What, shall I be appointed hours ; as though, belike, I knew
not what to take, and what to leave, ha ? [Exit.]

Gremio. You may go to the devil's dam ; your gifts are so
good, here 's none will hold you.—Their love is not so great,

Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out; our cake 's dough on both sides. Farewell. Yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father. 111

Hortensio. So will I, Signior Gremio; but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gremio. What 's that, I pray?

Hortensio. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gremio. A husband! a devil.

Hortensio. I say, a husband. 120

Gremio. I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hortensio. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gremio. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipped at the high cross every morning. 130

Hortensio. Faith, as you say, there 's small choice in rotten apples. But come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to 't afresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?

Gremio. I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her! Come on. [Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.]

Tranio. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

142

Lucentio. O *Tranio*, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely ;
But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness,
And now in plainness do confess to thee,
That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, *Tranio*,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, *Tranio*, for I know thou canst ;
Assist me, *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.

150

Tranio. Master, it is no time to chide you now ;
Affection is not rated from the heart :
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,
'Redime te captum quam queas minimo.'

Lucentio. Gramercies, lad, go forward ; this contents :
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel 's sound.

160

Tranio. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what 's the pith of all.

Lucentio. O, yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tranio. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister
Began to scold and raise up such a storm
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din ?

Lucentio. *Tranio*, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air ;
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

170

Tranio. Nay, then, 't is time to stir him from his trance.—
I pray, awake, sir ; if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands :
Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd

That till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home ;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

180

Lucentio. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father 's he !
But art thou not advis'd he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her ?

Tranio. Ay, marry, am I, sir ; and now 't is plotted.

Lucentio. I have it, Tranio.

Tranio. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Lucentio. Tell me thine first.

Tranio. You will be schoolmaster
And undertake the teaching of the maid ;
That 's your device.

Lucentio. It is ; may it be done ?

Tranio. Not possible ; for who shall bear your part, 190
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son,
Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen and banquet them ?

Lucentio. Basta ! content thee, for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces
For man or master ; then it follows thus :
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house and port and servants, as I should ;
I will some other be, some Florentine, 200
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'T is hatch'd and shall be so. Tranio, at once
Uncase thee ; take my colour'd hat and cloak :
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee ;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tranio. So had you need.
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,—

For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
 'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he,
 Although I think 't was in another sense,—
 I am content to be Lucentio,
 Because so well I love Lucentio.

210

Lucentio. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves;
 And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
 Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.
 Here comes the rogue.—

Enter BIONDELLO.

Sirrah, where have you been?

Biondello. Where have I been! Nay, how now! where are you?
 Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes?
 Or you stolen his? or both? pray, what's the news?

220

Lucentio. Sirrah, come hither; 't is no time to jest,
 And therefore frame your manners to the time.
 Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
 Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
 And I for my escape have put on his;
 For in a quarrel since I came ashore
 I kill'd a man and fear I was despaired.
 Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
 While I make way from hence to save my life.
 You understand me?

Biondello. I, sir! ne'er a whit.

230

Lucentio. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
 Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Biondello. The better for him; would I were so too!

Tranio. So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,
 That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
 But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise
 You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies.
 When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
 But in all places else your master Lucentio.

239

Lucentio. Tranio, let 's go. One thing more rests, that thyself execute, to make one among these wooers ; if thou ask me why, sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*

The Presenters above speak.

1 Servant. My lord, you nod ; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely ; comes there any more of it ?

Page. My lord, 't is but begun.

Sly. 'T is a very excellent piece of work, madam lady ; would 't were done ! [They sit and mark.]

SCENE II. *Padua. Before Hortensio's House.*

Enter PETRUCHIO and his man GRUMIO.

Petruchio. Verona, for a while I take my leave, To see my friends in Padua, but of all My best beloved and approved friend, Hortensio ; and I trow this is his house.— Here, sirrah Grumio ; knock, I say.

Grumio. Knock, sir ! whom should I knock ? is there any man has rebused your worship ?

Petruchio. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Grumio. Knock you here, sir ! why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir ? [10]

Petruchio. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate And rap me well, or I 'll knock your knave's pate.

Grumio. My master is grown quarrelsome.—I should knock you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Petruchio. Will it not be ?

Faith, sirrah, an you 'll not knock, I 'll ring it ; I 'll try how you can sol, fa, and sing it.

[*He wrings him by the ears.*

Grumio. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Petruchio. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hortensio. How now! what's the matter?—My old friend ²² Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?

Petruchio. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray? 'Con tutto il cuore, ben trovato,' may I say.

Hortensio. 'Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.'—

Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Grumio. Nay, 't is no matter, sir, what he leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir; well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so, being perhaps, for aught I see, two and thirty, a pip out? ³²

Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first, Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Petruchio. A senseless villain! Good Hortensio, I bade the rascal knock upon your gate, And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Grumio. Knock at the gate! O heavens! Spake you not these words plain, 'Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?' And come you now with 'knocking at the gate?' ⁴¹

Petruchio. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hortensio. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge. Why, this' a heavy chance 'twixt him and you, Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio. And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

Petruchio. Such wind as scatters young men through the world, To seek their fortunes farther than at home,

Where small experience grows. But in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me :
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd ;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may.
Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hortensio. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife ?
Thou 'dst thank me but a little for my counsel ;
And yet I 'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich : but thou 'rt too much my friend,
And I 'll not wish thee to her.

Petruchio. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice ; and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas.
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua ;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Grumio. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his
mind is. Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a
puppet or an aglet-baby, or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in
her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty
horses ; why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hortensio. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in, &c
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough and young and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman.

Her only fault, and that is faults enough,
 Is that she is intolerable curst
 And shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure
 That, were my state far worser than it is,
 I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Petruchio. Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect.
 Tell me her father's name and 't is enough; 91
 For I will board her, though she chide as loud
 As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hortensio. Her father is Baptista Minola,
 An affable and courteous gentleman;
 Her name is Katherina Minola,
 Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Petruchio. I know her father, though I know not her;
 And he knew my deceased father well.
 I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her; 100
 And therefore let me be thus bold with you
 To give you over at this first encounter,
 Unless you will accompany me thither.

Grumio. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts.
 O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would
 think scolding would do little good upon him. She may
 perhaps call him half a score knaves or so: why, that's noth-
 ing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell
 you what, sir, an she stand him but a little, he will throw a
 figure in her face and so disfigure her with it that she shall
 have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him
 not, sir. 112

Hortensio. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,
 For in Baptista's keep my treasure is.
 He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
 His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
 And her withholds from me and other more,
 Suitors to her and rivals in my love,
 Supposing it a thing impossible,

For those defects I have before rehears'd,
 That ever Katherina will be woo'd;
 Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
 That none shall have access unto Bianca
 Till Katherine the curst have got a husband.

120

Grumio. Katherine the curst!

A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

Hortensio. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,
 And offer me disguis'd in sober robes
 To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
 Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca;
 That so I may, by this device, at least
 Have leave and leisure to make love to her
 And unsuspected court her by herself.

130

Grumio. Here 's no knavery! See, to beguile the old
 folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!—

Enter GREMIO, and LUENTIO disguised.

Master, master, look about you; who goes there, ha?

Hortensio. Peace, Grumio; it is the rival of my love.—
 Petruchio, stand by a while.

Grumio. A proper stripling and an amorous!

Gremio. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
 Hark you, sir; I 'll have them very fairly bound:
 All books of love, see that at any hand,
 And see you read no other lectures to her.
 You understand me; over and beside
 Signior Baptista's liberality,
 I 'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper too,—
 And let me have them very well perfum'd;
 For she is sweeter than perfume itself
 To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

140

Lucentio. Whate'er I read to her, I 'll plead for you
 As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,
 As firmly as yourself were still in place;

150

Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gremio. O this learning, what a thing it is!

Grumio. O this woodcock, what an ass it is!

Petruchio. Peace, sirrah!

Hortensio. Grumio, mum! — God save you, Signior Gre-mio.

Gremio. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.

Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.

160

I promis'd to inquire carefully

About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca,

And by good fortune I have lighted well

On this young man, for learning and behaviour

Fit for her turn, well read in poetry

And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hortensio. "T is well; and I have met a gentleman

Hath promis'd me to help me to another,

A fine musician to instruct our mistress;

So shall I no whit be behind in duty

170

To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gremio. Belov'd of me; and that my deeds shall prove.

Grumio. [Aside] And that his bags shall prove.

Hortensio. Gremio, 't is now no time to vent our love.

Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,

I 'll tell you news indifferent good for either.

Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,

Upon agreement from us to his liking,

Will undertake to woo curst Katherine,

Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

180

Gremio. So said, so done, is well.

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Petruchio. I know she is an irksome brawling scold;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gremio. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

Petruchio. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son;

My father dead, my fortune lives for me,
And I do hope good days and long to see.

Gremio. O sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange !
But if you have a stomach, to 't i' God's name ; 190
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat ?

Petruchio. Will I live ?

Grumio. [*Aside*] Will he woo her ? ay, or I 'll hang
her.

Petruchio. Why came I hither but to that intent ?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears ?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?
Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat ?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ? 200
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang ?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to th' ear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire ?
Tush, tush ! fear boys with bugs.

Grumio. [*Aside*] For he fears none.

Gremio. Hortensio, bark ;
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.

Hortensio. I promis'd we would be contributors 210
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gremio. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Grumio. [*Aside*] I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter TRANIO *brave*, and BIONDELLO.

Tranio. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola ?

Biondello. He that has the two fair daughters ? is 't he you mean ?

Tranio. Even he, Biondello.

Gremio. Hark you, sir ; you mean not her to—

220

Tranio. Perhaps, him and her, sir ; what have you to do ?

Petruchio. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tranio. I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let 's away.

Lucentio. [Aside] Well begun, Tranio.

Hortensio. Sir, a word ere you go ;

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no ?

Tranio. And if I be, sir, is it any offence ?

Gremio. No ; if without more words you will get you hence.

Tranio. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you ?

Gremio. But so is not she.

Tranio. For what reason, I beseech you ?

Gremio. For this reason, if you 'll know,
That she 's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

231

Hortensio. That she 's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

Tranio. Softly, my masters ! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right ; hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown ;
And were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers ;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have :
And so she shall ; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

240

Gremio. What ! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Lucentio. Sir, give him head ; I know he 'll prove a jade.

Petruchio. Hortensio, to what end are all these words ?

Hortensio. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter ?

Tranio. No, sir ; but hear I do that he hath two,
The one as famous for a scolding tongue
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

250

Petruchio. Sir, sir, the first 's for me ; let her go by.

Gremio. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules ;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Petruchio. Sir, understand you this of me in sooth :
The youngest daughter whom you hearken for
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed ;
The younger then is free and not before.

260

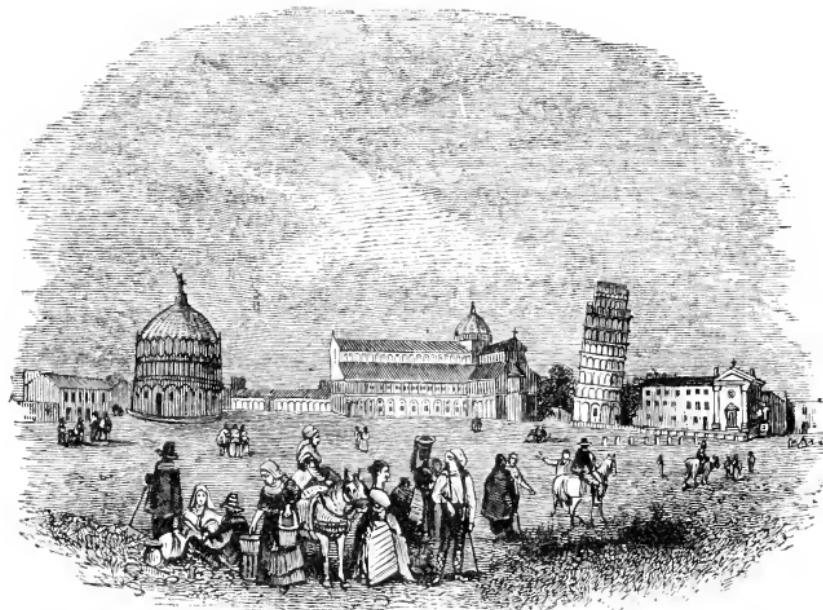
Tranio. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all and me amongst the rest,
An if you break the ice and do this seek—
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access—whose hap shall be to have her
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

Hortensio. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive ;
And, since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.

Tranio. Sir, I shall not be slack ; in sign whereof, 270
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Grumio. Biondello. O excellent motion ! Fellows, let 's
be gone.

Hortensio. The motion 's good indeed, and be it so ;
Petruchio, I shall be your ben venuto. [Exeunt.]



PISA.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Padua. A Room in Baptista's House.*

Enter KATHERINA and BIANCA.

Bianca. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me ;
That I disdain : but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I 'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat ;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Katherina. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best ; see thou dissemble not.

Bianca. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Katherina. Minion, thou liest. Is 't not Hortensio ?

Bianca. If you affect him, sister, here I swear
I 'll plead for you myself but you shall have him.

Katherina. O, then, belike, you fancy riches more!
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bianca. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest, and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while.
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

20

Katherina. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*

Enter BAPTISTA.

Baptista. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?—

Bianca, stand aside.—Poor girl! she weeps.—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Katherina. Her silence flouts me, and I 'll be reveng'd.

[*Flies after Bianca.*

Baptista. What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.

[*Exit Bianca.*

Katherina. What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding day,
And for your love to her lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep
Till I can find occasion of revenge.

[*Exit.*

Baptista. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

*Enter GREMIO, LUENTIO in the habit of a mean man; PE-
TRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a musician; and TRANIO,
with BIONDELLO bearing a lute and books.*

Gremio. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Baptista. Good Morrow, neighbour Gremio.—God save you, gentlemen!

41

Petruchio. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter

Call'd Katherina, fair and virtuous?

Baptista. I have a daughter, sir, called Katherina.

Gremio. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

Petruchio. You wrong me, Signior Gremio; give me leave.—
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.

50

And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine, [*Presenting Hortensio.* Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant.
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

60

Baptista. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.
But for my daughter Katherine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Petruchio. I see you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.

Baptista. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Petruchio. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Baptista. I know him well; you are welcome for his sake.

Gremio. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too.
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.

71

Petruchio. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

Gremio. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing. Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar [*presenting Lucentio*], that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages as the other in music and mathematics. His name is Cambio; pray, accept his service. 82

Baptista. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio.—Welcome, good Cambio.—[To *Tranio*] But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger; may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tranio. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own, That, being a stranger in this city here, Do make myself a suitor to your daughter, Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous. 90

Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me, In the preferment of the eldest sister. This liberty is all that I request, That, upon knowledge of my parentage, I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo And free access and favour as the rest; And, toward the education of your daughters, I here bestow a simple instrument, And this small packet of Greek and Latin books: If you accept them, then their worth is great. 100

Baptista. Lucentio is your name; of whence, I pray?

Tranio. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Baptista. A mighty man of Pisa; by report I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.— Take you the lute,—and you the set of books;— You shall go see your pupils presently.— Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters ; and tell them both,
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.—

[*Exit Servant, with Lucentio and Hortensio,
Biondello following.*]

We will go walk a little in the orchard, 110
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Petruchio. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd.
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Baptista. After my death the one half of my lands, 120
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

Petruchio. And, for that dowry, I 'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever;
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Baptista. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love ; for that is all in all.

Petruchio. Why, that is nothing ; for I tell you, fa-
ther,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded ; 130
And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all :
So I to her, and so she yields to me ;
For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

Baptista. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Petruchio. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually. 140

Enter Hortensio, with his head broke.

Baptista. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

Hortensio. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Baptista. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hortensio. I think she 'll sooner prove a soldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Baptista. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hortensio. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.

I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit, 150
'Frets, call you these?' quoth she, 'I 'll fume with them;'
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way:
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute,
While she did call me rascal fiddler
And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile terms,
As had she studied to misuse me so.

Petruchio. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did! 160
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Baptista. Well, go with me and be not so discomfited.
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She 's apt to learn and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Petruchio. I pray you do.—[*Exeunt all but Petruchio.*] I
will attend her here,

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
 Say that she rail; why then I 'll tell her plain
 She sings as sweetly as a nightingale. 170
 Say that she frown; I 'll say she looks as clear
 As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.
 Say she be mute and will not speak a word;
 Then I 'll commend her volubility,
 And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.
 If she do bid me pack, I 'll give her thanks,
 As though she bid me stay by her a week.
 If she deny to wed, I 'll crave the day
 When I shall ask the banns and when be married.
 But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.— 180

Enter KATHERINA.

Good morrow, Kate; for that 's your name, I hear.

Katherina. Well have you heard, but something hard of
 hearing;

They call me Katherine that do talk of me.

Petruchio. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
 And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
 But, Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
 Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
 For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate,
 Take this of me, Kate of my consolation:
 Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town, 190
 Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
 Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
 Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Katherina. Mov'd! in good time! let him that mov'd you
 hither

Remove you hence; I knew you at the first
 You were a movable.

Petruchio. Why, what 's a movable?

Katherina. A join'd-stool.

Petruchio. Thou hast hit it ; come, sit on me.

Katherina. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Petruchio. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Katherina. No such jade as you, if me you mean.

200

Petruchio. Alas! good Kate, I will not burden thee ;
For, knowing thee to be but young and light—

Katherina. Too light for such a swain as you to catch ;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Petruchio. Should be ! should—buzz !

Katherina. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Petruchio. O slow-wing'd turtle ! shall a buzzard take
thee ?

Katherina. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Petruchio. Come, come, you wasp ; i' faith, you are too
angry.

Katherina. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Petruchio. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

210

Katherina. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Petruchio. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting ?

Good Kate, I am a gentleman.

Katherina. That I 'll try. [She strikes him.]

Petruchio. I swear I 'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Katherina. So may you lose your arms :

If you strike me, you are no gentleman ;

And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

Petruchio. A herald, Kate ? O, put me in thy books !

Katherina. What is your crest ? a coxcomb ?

Petruchio. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

220

Katherina. No cock of mine ; you crow too like a craven.

Petruchio. Nay, come, Kate, come ; you must not look so
sour.

Katherina. It is my fashion when I see a crab.

Petruchio. Why, here 's no crab ; and therefore look not
sour.

Katherina. There is, there is.

Petruchio. Then show it me,

Katherina. Had I a glass, I would.

Petruchio. What, you mean my face?

Katherina. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Petruchio. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

Katherina. Yet you are wither'd.

231

Petruchio. 'T is with cares.

Katherina. I care not.

Petruchio. Nay, hear you, Kate ; in sooth, you scape not so.

Katherina. I chafe you, if I tarry ; let me go.

Petruchio. No, not a whit ; I find you passing gentle.

'T was told me you were rough and coy and sullen,

And now I find report a very liar ;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.

240

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk ;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?

O slanderous world ! Kate like the hazel-twigs

Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue

As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk ; thou dost not halt.

250

Katherina. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Petruchio. Did ever Dian so become a grove

As Kate this chamber with her princely gait ?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate ;

And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful !

Katherina. Where did you study all this goodly speech ?

Petruchio. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Katherina. A witty mother ! witless else her son.

Petruchio. Am I not wise ?

Katherina. Yes ; keep you warm.

260

Petruchio. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katherine, in thy bed;
 And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
 Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented
 That you shall be my wife; your dowry greed on;
 And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
 Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
 For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
 Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,
 Thou must be married to no man but me;
 For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
 And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
 Conformable as other household Kates.
 Here comes your father: never make denial;
 I must and will have Katherine to my wife.

270

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

Baptista. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

Petruchio. How but well, sir? how but well?
 It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Baptista. Why, how now, daughter Katherine! in your dumps?

Katherina. Call you me daughter? new, I promise you,
 You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
 To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
 A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack,
 That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Petruchio. Father, 't is thus: yourself and all the world,
 That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her.
 If she be curst, it is for policy,
 For she 's not froward, but modest as the dove;
 She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
 For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
 And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:

280

293

And, to conclude, we have greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Katherina. I 'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gremio. Hark, Petruchio ; she says she 'll see thee hang'd first.

Tranio. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

Petruchio. Be patient, gentlemen ; I choose her for myself. If she and I be pleas'd, what 's that to you? 'T is bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone, That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 't is incredible to believe

300

How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate!

She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss

She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.

O, you are novices! 't is a world to see,

How tame, when men and women are alone,

A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.—

Give me thy hand, Kate; I will unto Venice,

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.—

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests ;

310

I will be sure my Katherine shall be fine.

Baptista. I know not what to say: but give me your hands.—

God send you joy, Petruchio! 't is a match.

Gremio. Tranio. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Petruchio. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu!

I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace.

We will have rings and things and fine array ;—

And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katherina severally.*]

Gremio. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Baptista. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part, And venture madly on a desperate mart.

321

Tranio. 'T was a commodity lay fretting by you ;
 'T will bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Baptista. The gain I seek is quiet in the match.

Gremio. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
 But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter :
 Now is the day we long have looked for ;
 I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tranio. And I am one that love Bianca more
 Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess. 330

Gremio. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tranio. Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.

Gremio. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back ; 't is age that nourisheth.

Tranio. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Baptista. Content you, gentlemen ; I will compound this
 strife.

'T is deeds must win the prize ; and he of both
 That can assure my daughter greatest dower
 Shall have my Bianca's love.—

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her ?

Gremio. First, as you know, my house within the city 340
 Is richly furnished with plate and gold ;
 Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands ;
 My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry ;
 In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns ;
 In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,
 Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
 Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
 Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
 Pewter and brass and all things that belong
 To house or housekeeping : then, at my farm
 I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
 Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
 And all things answerable to this portion.
 Myself am struck in years, I must confess ;

And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

Tranio. That 'only' came well in.—Sir, list to me:
I am my father's heir and only son.
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I 'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?

Gremio. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles road.—
What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?

Tranio. Gremio, 't is known my father hath no less
Than three great argosies, besides two galliases,
And twelve tight galleys; these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gremio. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have.
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tranio. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied.

Baptista. I must confess your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own: else, you must pardon me,
If you should die before him, where 's her dower?

Tranio. That 's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gremio. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Baptista. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolv'd: on Sunday next you know
My daughter Katherine is to be married;
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca

Be bride to you, if you make this assurance ;

390

If not, to Signior Gremio :

And so, I take my leave, and thank you both. [Exit *Baptista*.

Gremio. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not ;

Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool

To give thee all, and in his waning age

Set foot under thy table. Tut, a toy !

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.

[Exit.]

Tranio. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide !

Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.

'T is in my head to do my master good.

400

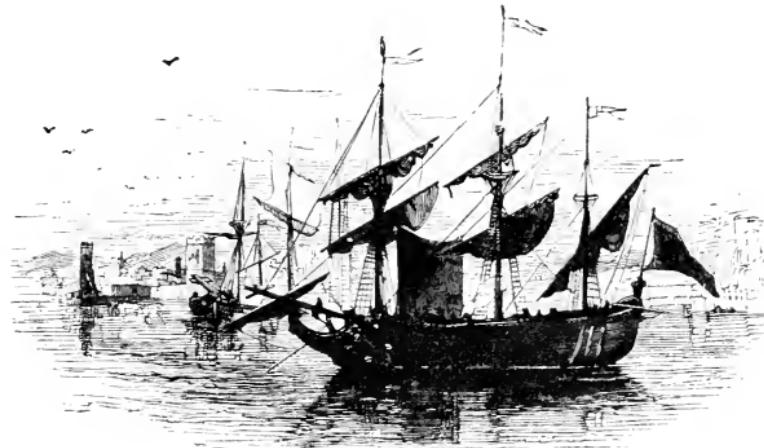
I see no reason but suppos'd Lucentio

Must get a father, call'd suppos'd Vincentio ;

And that 's a wonder: fathers commonly

Do get their children, but in this case of wooing

A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. [Exit.]



AN ARGOSY.



CHURCH OF ST. GIUSTINA, PADUA.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Padua. Baptista's House.*

Enter LUENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

Lucentio. Fiddler, forbear ; you grow too forward, sir.
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katherine welcom'd you withal ?

Hortensio. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony.
Then give me leave to have prerogative ;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Lucentio. Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd !
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain ?

Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hortensio. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bianca. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice.

I am no breeching scholar in the schools ;
I 'll not be tied to hours nor pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.

And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down.—

Take you your instrument, play you the whiles ;
His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

Hortensio. You 'll leave his lecture when I am in tune ?

Lucentio. That will be never ; tune your instrument.

Bianca. Where left we last ?

Lucentio. Here, madam :

‘ Hic ibat Simois ; hic est Sigeia tellus ;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.’

Bianca. Construe them.

Lucentio. ‘ Hic ibat,’ as I told you before, ‘ Simois,’ I am Lucentio, ‘ hic est,’ son unto Vincentio of Pisa, ‘ Sigeia tellus,’ disguised thus to get your love ; ‘ Hic steterat,’ and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing, ‘ Priami,’ is my man Tranio, ‘ regia,’ bearing my port, ‘ celsa senis,’ that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hortensio. Madam, my instrument 's in tune.

Bianca. Let 's hear. O fie ! the treble jars.

Lucentio. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bianca. Now let me see if I can construe it : 40

‘ Hic ibat Simois,’ I know you not, ‘ hic est Sigeia tellus,’ I trust you not ; ‘ Hic steterat Priami,’ take heed he hear us not, ‘ regia,’ presume not, ‘ celsa senis,’ despair not.

Hortensio. Madam, 't is now in tune.

Lucentio. All but the base.

Hortensio. The base is right ; 't is the base knave that jars.—

[*Aside*] How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love!
Pedascule, I 'll watch you better yet.

Bianca. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Lucentio. Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Æacides*
Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather. 50

Bianca. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you.—
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hortensio. You may go walk, and give me leave a while;
My lessons make no music in three parts.

Lucentio. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
[*Aside*] And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician growtheth amorous. 60

Hortensio. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bianca. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hortensio. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio. 70

Bianca. [Reads]

*'Gamut I am, the ground of all accord,
A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;
B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,
C fa ut, that loves with all affection;
D sol re, one clef, two notes have I;
E la mi, show pity, or I die.'*—

Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not.
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up; 81
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bianca. Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone.

[*Exeunt Bianca and Servant.*]

Lucentio. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

[*Exit.*]

Hortensio. But I have cause to pry into this pedant.
Methinks he looks as though he were in love;
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list. If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *Padua. Before Baptista's House.*

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHERINA, BIANCA; LU-
CENTIO, and Others, attendants.

Baptista. [To *Tranio.*] Signior Lucentio, this is the pointed
day

That Katherine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Katherina. No shame but mine; I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my hand oppos'd against my heart
Unto a mad-brain rudesby full of spleen, 10
Who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour;
And, to be noted for a merry man,

He 'll woo a thousand, point the day of marriage,
 Make feasts, invite friends, and proclaim the banns,
 Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
 Now must the world point at poor Katherine,
 And say, ' Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
 If it would please him come and marry her!'

Tranio. Patience, good Katherine, and Baptista too.
 Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
 Whatever fortune stays him from his word.
 Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise ;
 Though he be merry, yet withal he 's honest.

Katherina. Would Katherine had never seen him though!

[*Exit weeping, followed by Bianca and others.*]

Baptista. Go, girl ; I cannot blame thee now to weep ;
 For such an injury would vex a very saint,
 Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Biondello. Master, master ! news, old news, and such news
 as you never heard of !

Baptista. Is it new and old too ? how may that be ?

Biondello. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's com-
 ing ?

Baptista. Is he come ?

Biondello. Why, no, sir.

Baptista. What then ?

Biondello. He is coming.

Baptista. When will he be here ?

Biondello. When he stands where I am and sees you there.

Tranio. But say, what to thine old news ?

Biondello. Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an
 old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turned, a pair of boots
 that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced ; an
 old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury, with a broken
 hilt, and chapeless ; with two broken points : his horse hipped

with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possessed with the glanders and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back and shoulder-shotten; near-legged before, and with a half-checked bit and a head-stall of sheep's leather, which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Baptista. Who comes with him? 59

Biondello. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat and the humour of forty fancies pricked in 't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

Tranio. 'T is some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.

Baptista. I am glad he 's come, howsoe'er he comes.

Biondello. Why, sir, he comes not.

Baptista. Didst thou not say he comes? 70

Biondello. Who? that Petruchio came?

Baptista. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Biondello. No, sir; I say his horse comes, with him on his back.

Baptista. Why, that 's all one.

Biondello. Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many. 80

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Petruchio. Come, where be these gallants? who 's at home?

Baptista. You are welcome, sir.

Petruchio. And yet I come not well.

Baptista. And yet you halt not.

Tranio. Not so well apparell'd

As I wish you were.

Petruchio. Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown;—
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet or unusual prodigy?

Baptista. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-
day.

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival!

Tranio. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Petruchio. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to
hear:

Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears, 't is time we were at church.

Tranio. See not your bride in these unreverent
robes;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Petruchio. Not I, believe me ; thus I 'll visit her.

Baptista. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Petruchio. Good sooth, even thus ; therefore ha' done with words.

To me she 's married, not unto my clothes ;
 Could I repair what she will wear in me,
 As I can change these poor accoutrements,
 'T were well for Kate and better for myself.
 But what a fool am I to chat with you,
 When I should bid good Morrow to my bride,
 And seal the title with a lovely kiss !

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Grumio.*]

Tranio. He hath some meaning in his mad attire ;
 We will persuade him, be it possible,
 To put on better ere he go to church.

Baptista. I 'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, and attendants.*]

Tranio. But to her love concerneth us to add
 Her father's liking ; which to bring to pass,
 As I before imparted to your worship,
 I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
 It skills not much, we 'll fit him to our turn,—
 And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa,
 And make assurance here in Padua
 Of greater sums than I have promised.
 So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
 And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

130

Lucentio. Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
 Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
 'T were good, methinks, to steal our marriage ;
 Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
 I 'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tranio. That by degrees we mean to look into,
 And watch our vantage in this business.
 We 'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,

The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio ;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

140

Enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

Gremio. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tranio. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gremio. A bridegroom say you? 't is a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tranio. Curster than she? why, 't is impossible.

Gremio. Why, he 's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tranio. Why, she 's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

150

Gremio. Tut, she 's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him!
I 'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask, if Katherine should be his wife,
'Ay, by gogs-wounz,' quoth he, and swore so loud,
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book;
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest.
'Now take them up,' quoth he, 'if any list.'

Tranio. What said the wench when he rose again?

160

Gremio. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and
swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine. 'A health!' quoth he, as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm, quaff'd off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason
But that his beard grew thin and hungry
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck

170

And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack
 That at the parting all the church did echo ;
 And I seeing this came thence for very shame,
 And after me, I know, the rout is coming.
 Such a mad marriage never was before.
 Hark, hark ! I hear the minstrels play.

[Music.]

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and Train.

Petruchio. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains.

I know you think to dine with me to-day,
 And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer ; 180
 But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
 And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Baptista. Is 't possible you will away to-night ?

Petruchio. I must away to-day, before night come.
 Make it no wonder ; if you knew my business,
 You would entreat me rather go than stay.—
 And, honest company, I thank you all,
 That have beheld me give away myself
 To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife.
 Dine with my father, drink a health to me ; 190
 For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tranio. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Petruchio. It may not be.

Gremio. Let me entreat you.

Petruchio. It cannot be.

Katherina. Let me entreat you.

Petruchio. I am content.

Katherina. Are you content to stay ?

Petruchio. I am content you shall entreat me stay ;
 But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Katherina. Now, if you love me, stay.

Petruchio. Grumio, my horse.

Grumio. Ay, sir, they be ready ; the oats have eaten the horses.

200

Katherina. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day ;
No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.
The door is open, sir ; there lies your way.
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green ;
For me, I 'll not be gone till I please myself.
'T is like you 'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Petruchio. O Kate, content thee ; prithee, be not angry.

Katherina. I will be angry ; what hast thou to do ?—
Father, be quiet ; he shall stay my leisure.

Gremio. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Katherina. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Petruchio. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.—

Obey the bride, you that attend on her :
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves ;
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.—
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret ;
I will be master of what is mine own.—
She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing ;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare ;
I 'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.—*Grumio,*
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves ;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.—

220

230

Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate ;
I 'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katherina, and Grumio.*

Baptista. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gremio. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tranio. Of all mad matches never was the like.

Lucentio. Mistress, what 's your opinion of your sister?

Bianca. That, being mad herself, she 's madly mated.

Gremio. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Baptista. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants

240

For to supply the places at the table,

You know there wants no junkets at the feast.—

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place ;

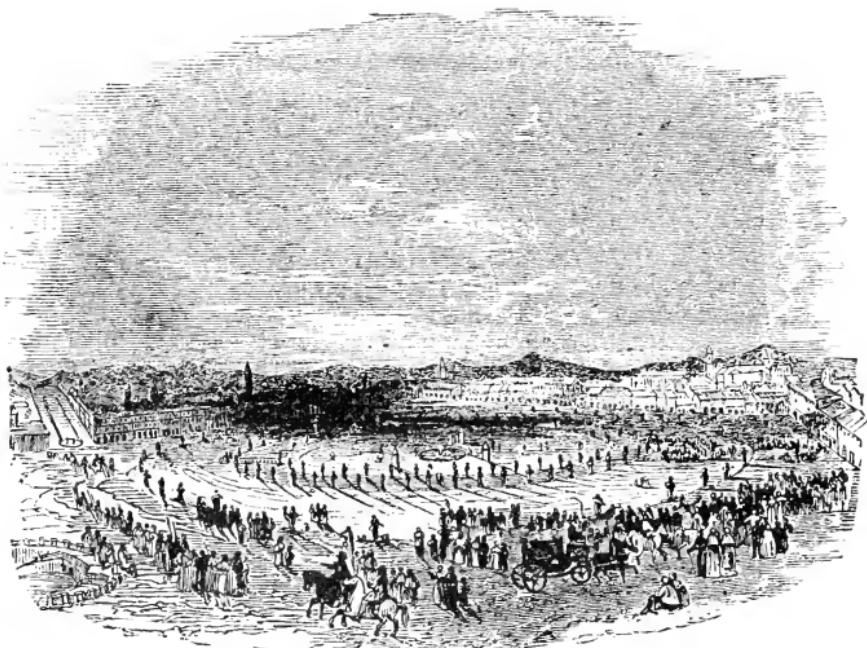
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tranio. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Baptista. She shall, Lucentio. — Come, gentlemen, let 's go.

[*Exeunt.*





PRATO DELLA VALLE, PADUA.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Petruchio's Country-house.*

Enter GRUMIO.

Grumio. Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me: but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold.—Holla, ho! *Curtis.*

10

Enter CURTIS.

Curtis. Who is that calls so coldly?

Grumio. A piece of ice ; if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curtis. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio ?

Grumio. O, ay, Curtis, ay : and therefore fire, fire ; cast on no water.

Curtis. Is she so hot a shrew as she 's reported ?

Grumio. She was, good Curtis, before this frost : but, thou knowest, winter tames man, woman, and beast ; for it hath tamed my old master and my new mistress and myself, fellow Curtis. 22

Curtis. Away, you three-inch fool ! I am no beast.

Grumio. Am I but three inches ? why, thy horn is a foot ; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office ?

Curtis. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world ?

Grumio. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine ; and therefore fire. Do thy duty, and have thy duty ; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death. 32

Curtis. There 's fire ready ; and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

Grumio. Why, 'Jack, boy ! ho ! boy !' and as much news as thou wilt.

Curtis. Come, you are so full of cony-catching !

Grumio. Why, therefore fire ; for I have caught extreme cold. Where 's the cook ? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept ; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wed-ding-garment on ? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair with-out, the carpets laid, and every thing in order ? 43

Curtis. All ready ; and therefore, I pray thee, news.

Grumio. First, know, my horse is tired ; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curtis. How?

Grumio. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curtis. Let 's ha 't, good Grumio.

50

Grumio. Lend thine ear.

Curtis. Here.

Grumio. There.

[Strikes him.]

Curtis. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Grumio. And therefore 't is called a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: Imprimis, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress,—

Curtis. Both of one horse?

Grumio. What 's that to thee?

60

Curtis. Why, a horse.

Grumio. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoiled, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how she prayed, that never prayed before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

72

Curtis. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Grumio. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest. Let their heads be slickly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them curtsy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

81

Curtis. They are.

Grumio. Call them forth.

Curtis. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress.

Grumio. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curtis. Who knows not that?

Grumio. Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.

Curtis. I call them forth to credit her.

90

Grumio. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter four or five Servants.

Nathaniel. Welcome home, Grumio!

Philip. How now, Grumio!

Joseph. What, Grumio!

Nicholas. Fellow Grumio!

Nathaniel. How now, old lad!

Grumio. Welcome, you!—how now, you!—what, you!—fellow, you!—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nathaniel. All things is ready. How near is our master?

Grumio. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence! I hear my master.

102

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHERINA.

Petruchio. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door

To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

All Servants. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Petruchio. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

110

Grumio. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Petruchio. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Grumio. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing.
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Petruchio. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

[Singing] *Where is the life that late I led—*
Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—
Soud, soud, soud, soud!—

Re-enter Servants with supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.—
Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?—

[Sings] *It was the friar of orders grey,*
As he forth walked on his way:—
Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry!
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—

[*Strikes him.*]

Be merry, Kate.—Some water, here; what, ho!
Where 's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither;—
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—
Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?—

Enter one with water.

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall? [*Strikes him.*]

Katherina. Patience, I pray you; 't was a fault unwilling.

Petruchio. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!—
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach. 141
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?—
What 's this? mutton?

First Servant. Ay.

Petruchio. Who brought it?

Peter. I.

Petruchio. 'T is burnt; and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these!—Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all!

[*Throws the meat, etc., about the stage.*

You heedless jolthead and unmanner'd slaves!

What, do you grumble? I 'll be with you straight. 153

Katherina. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Petruchio. I tell thee, Kate, 't was burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 't were that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,
And, for this night, we 'll fast for company. 160
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Servants severally.

Nathaniel. Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Grumio. Where is he?

Curtis. In her chamber, making a sermon of continency
to her;

And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,
 Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
 And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
 Away, away! for he is coming hither.

169

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Petruchio. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
 And 't is my hope to end successfully.
 My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;
 And till she stoop she must not be full-gorg'd,
 For then she never looks upon her lure.
 Another way I have to man my haggard,
 To make her come and know her keeper's call,
 That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
 That bate and beat and will not be obedient.
 She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
 Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not.
 As with the meat, some undeserved fault
 I 'll find about the making of the bed;
 And here I 'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
 This way the coverlet, another way the sheets.
 Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
 That all is done in reverend care of her;
 And in conclusion she shall watch all night:
 And if she chance to nod I 'll rail and brawl
 And with the clamour keep her still awake.
 This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
 And thus I 'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
 He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
 Now let him speak; 't is charity to show.

180

190

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Padua. Before Baptista's House.**Enter Tranio and Hortensio.*

Tranio. Is 't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hortensio. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

Lucentio. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bianca. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

Lucentio. I read that I profess, the Art to Love.

Bianca. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Lucentio. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my
heart!.

Hortensio. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I
pray,

You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tranio. O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hortensio. Mistake no more; I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be,
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion.
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

20

Tranio. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And, since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hortensio. See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
 Never to woo her more, but do forswear her,
 As one unworthy all the former favours
 That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

30

Tranio. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
 Never to marry with her though she would entreat.
 Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him!

Hortensio. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn!

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
 I will be married to a wealthy widow,
 Ere three days pass, which hath as long lov'd me
 As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.

And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.

40

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
 Shall win my love; and so I take my leave,
 In resolution as I swore before.

[Exit.]

Tranio. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
 As longeth to a lover's blessed case!
 Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
 And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bianca. Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn
 me?

Tranio. Mistress, we have.

Lucentio. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tranio. I' faith, he 'll have a lusty widow now,
 That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

50

Bianca. God give him joy!

Tranio. Ay, and he 'll tame her.

Bianca. He says so, Tranio?

Tranio. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bianca. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

Tranio. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master,
 That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
 To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Biondello. O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I am dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill
Will serve the turn.

5c

Tranio. What is he, Biondello?

Biondello. Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Lucentio. And what of him, *Tranio*?

Tranio. If he be credulous and trust my tale,
I 'll make him glad to seem *Vincentio*,
And give assurance to *Baptista Minola*,
As if he were the right *Vincentio*.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

70

[*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*]

Enter a Pedant.

Pedant. God save you, sir!

Tranio. And you, sir! you are welcome.

Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Pedant. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:
But then up farther, and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

Tranio. What countryman, I pray?

Pedant. Of Mantua.

Tranio. Of Mantua, sir? marry, God forbid!

And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Pedant. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes
hard.

80

Tranio. 'T is death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice, and the duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,

Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly.
 'T is marvel, but that you are but newly come,
 You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Pedant. Alas! sir, it is worse for me than so;
 For I have bills for money by exchange
 From Florence and must here deliver them.

Tranio. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
 This will I do, and this I will advise you:
 First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Pedant. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been,
 Pisa renowned for grave citizens.

Tranio. Among them know you one Vincentio?

Pedant. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
 A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tranio. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
 In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Biondello. [Aside] As much as an apple doth an oyster,
 and all one.

Tranio. To save your life in this extremity,
 This favour will I do you for his sake;
 And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
 That you are like to Sir Vincentio.

His name and credit shall you undertake,
 And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd.
 Look that you take upon you as you should;
 You understand me, sir: so shall you stay
 Till you have done your business in the city.

If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Pedant. O, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
 The patron of my life and liberty.

Tranio. Then go with me to make the matter good.
 This, by the way, I let you understand:
 My father is here look'd for every day,
 To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
 'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here.

In all these circumstances I 'll instruct you ;
Go with me to clothe you as becomes you.

119

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE III. *A Room in Petruchio's House.*

Enter KATHERINA and GRUMIO.

Grumio. No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.

Katherina. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.

What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,
With oaths kept waking and with brawling fed; 10
And, that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,
'T were deadly sickness or else present death.
I prithee go and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Grumio. What say you to a neat's foot?

Katherina. 'T is passing good; I prithee let me have it.

Grumio. I fear it is too choleric a meat.

How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?

20

Katherina. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Grumio. I cannot tell; I fear 't is choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

Katherina. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Grumio. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Katherina. Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Grumio. Nay, then, I will not; you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Katherina. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Grumio. Why then, the mustard without the beef. 3c

Katherina. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,

[Beats him.]

That feed'st me with the very name of meat!

Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO and HORTENSIO with meat.

Petruchio. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?

Hortensio. Mistress, what cheer?

Katherina. Faith, as cold as can be.

Petruchio. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am

To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee. 4c

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word? Nay, then thou lov'st it not;

And all my pains is sorted to no proof.—

Here, take away this dish.

Katherina. I pray you, let it stand.

Petruchio. The poorest service is repaid with thanks; And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Katherina. I thank you, sir.

Hortensio. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.— Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Petruchio. [Aside] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.— 5c

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!

Kate, eat apace.—And now, my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house
 And revel it as bravely as the best,
 With silken coats and caps and golden rings,
 With ruffs and cuffs and fardingales and things ;
 With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery,
 With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
 What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
 To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.—

60

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments ;
 Lay forth the gown.—

Enter Haberdasher.

What news with you, sir?

Haberdasher. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Petruchio. Why, this was moulded on a porringer ;
 A velvet dish: fie, fie! 't is lewd and filthy ;
 Why, 't is a cockle or a walnut-shell,
 A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.
 Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

Katherina. I 'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
 And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

7c

Petruchio. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
 And not till then.

Hortensio. [Aside] That will not be in haste.

Katherina. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,
 And speak I will; I am no child, no babe :
 Your betters have endur'd me say my mind,
 And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
 My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
 Or else my heart concealing it will break;
 And, rather than it shall, I will be free
 Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

80

Petruchio. Why, thou say'st true ; it is a paltry cap.

A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Katherina. Love me or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none. [Exit Haberdasher.

Petruchio. Thy gown? why, ay.—Come, tailor, let us see 't.
O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?
What 's this? a sleeve? 't is like a demi-cannon.
What, up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here 's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash, 90
Like to a censer in a barber's shop.
Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hortensio. [Aside] I see she 's like to have neither cap
nor gown.

Tailor. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

Petruchio. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir.
I 'll none of it; hence! make your best of it. 100

Katherina. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Petruchio. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tailor. She says your worship means to make a puppet
of her.

Petruchio. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou
thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant; 110
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tailor. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction.

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Grumio. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

Tailor. But how did you desire it should be made?

Grumio. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tailor. But did you not request to have it cut? 120

Grumio. Thou hast faced many things;—

Tailor. I have.

Grumio. Face not me. Thou hast braved many men;
brave not me. I will neither be faced nor braved. I say
unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not
bid him cut it to pieces: ergo, thou liest.

Tailor. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Petruchio. Read it.

Grumio. The note lies in 's throat, if he say I said so.

Tailor. [Reads] '*Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:—*' 130

Grumio. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me
in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of
brown thread; I said, a gown.

Petruchio. Proceed.

Tailor. [Reads] '*With a small compassed cape:—*'

Grumio. I confess the cape.

Tailor. [Reads] '*With a trunk sleeve:—*'

Grumio. I confess two sleeves.

Tailor. [Reads] '*The sleeves curiously cut.*'

Petruchio. Ay, there 's the villany. 140

Grumio. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I com-
manded the sleeves should be cut out and sewed up again;
and that I 'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be
armed in a thimble.

Tailor. This is true that I say; an I had thee in place
where, thou shouldst know it.

Grumio. I am for thee straight; take thou the bill, give
me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hortensio. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

150

Petruchio. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Grumio. You are i' the right, sir; 't is for my mistress.

Petruchio. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Grumio. Villain, not for thy life; take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Petruchio. Why, sir, what 's your conceit in that?

Grumio. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for. Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!

O, fie, fie, fie!

Petruchio. [Aside] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.—

160

Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hortensio. Tailor, I 'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow; Take no unkindness of his hasty words.

Away! I say; commend me to thy master. [Exit Tailor.]

Petruchio. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's, Even in these honest mean habiliments.

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor,
For 't is the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

170

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house—
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot—

180

Let 's see; I think 't is now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Katherina. I dare assure you, sir, 't is almost two;
And 't will be supper-time ere you come there.

Petruchio. It shall be seven ere I go to horse.
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let 't alone:
I will not go to-day; and, ere I do, 100
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hortensio. [Aside] Why, so this gallant will command the
sun. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *Padua. Before Baptista's House.*

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio.

Tranio. Sir, this is the house; please it you that I
call?

Pedant. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tranio. 'T is well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as longeth to a father.

Pedant. I warrant you.

Enter Biondello.

But, sir, here comes your boy;

'T were good he were school'd.

Tranio. Fear you not him.—Sirrah Biondello, 10
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you;
Imagine 't were the right Vincentio.

Biondello. Tut, fear not me.

Tranio. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Biondello. I told him that your father was at Venice,
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tranio. Thou 'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.—
Here comes Baptista; set your countenance, sir.—

Enter BAPTISTA and LUENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.—

[*To the Pedant*] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of. 20
I pray you, stand good father to me now;
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Pedant. Soft, son!—

Sir, by your leave, having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself;
And, for the good report I hear of you
And for the love he beareth to your daughter
And she to him, to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd: and if you please to like
No worse than I, upon some agreement
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Baptista. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say;
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here

40
Doth love my daughter and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections;
And therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:

Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tranio. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know
best

We be affied and such assurance ta'en
As shall with either part's agreement stand? 50

Baptista. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants.
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still;
And happily we might be interrupted.

Tranio. Then at my lodging, an it like you;
There doth my father lie, and there, this night,
We 'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning, 60
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Baptista. It likes me well.—Biondello, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened,—
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she 's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Biondello. I pray the gods she may with all my heart!

Tranio. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.—

[*Exit Biondello.*]

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer: 70
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Baptista. I follow you.

[*Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.*]

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Biondello. Cambio!

Lucentio. What sayest thou, Biondello?

Biondello. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Lucentio. Biondello, what of that?

Biondello. Faith, nothing; but has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Lucentio. I pray thee, moralize them.

Biondello. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son. 81

Lucentio. And what of him?

Biondello. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Lucentio. And then?

Biondello. The old priest of Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Lucentio. And what of all this?

Biondello. I cannot tell; expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, 'cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.' To the church; take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses. 92

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Lucentio. Hearest thou, Biondello?

Biondello. I cannot tarry. I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir: and so, adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [Exit.

Lucentio. I may, and will, if she be so contented. 93

She will be pleas'd; then wherefore should I doubt?

Hap what hap may, I 'll roundly go about her;

It shall go hard if Cambio go without her. [Exit.

SCENE V. *A Public Road.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, HORTENSIO, and Servants.

Petruchio. Come on, i' God's name; once more toward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Katherina. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.

Petruchio. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Katherina. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Petruchio. Now, by my mother's son, and that 's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.—
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—
Evermore cross'd and cross'd ; nothing but cross'd!

10

Hortensio. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Katherina. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.
An if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Petruchio. I say it is the moon.

Katherina. I know it is the moon.

Petruchio. Nay, then you lie ; it is the blessed sun.

Katherina. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun ;
But sun it is not, when you say it is not,
And the moon changes even as your mind..

20

What you will have it nam'd, even that it is ;
And so it shall be so for Katherine.

Hortensio. Petruchio, go thy ways ; the field is won.

Petruchio. Well, forward, forward ! thus the bowl should
run,
And not unluckily against the bias.
But, soft ! What company is coming here ?—

Enter VINCENTIO.

[*To Vincentio*] Good Morrow, gentle mistress ; where away ?—
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman ?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks !

30

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty
As those two eyes become that heavenly face ?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hortensio. A' will make the man mad, to make a woman
of him.

Katherina. Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,
 Whither away, or where is thy abode?
 Happy the parents of so fair a child!
 Happier the man whom favourable stars
 Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

40
Petruchio. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad;
 This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,
 And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Katherina. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
 That have been so bedazzled with the sun
 That every thing I look on seemeth green.
 Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
 Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

50
Petruchio. Do, good old grandsire; and withal make
 known
 Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
 We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vincentio. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
 That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,
 My name is call'd Vincentio, my dwelling Pisa,
 And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
 A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Petruchio. What is his name?

Vincentio. Lucentio, gentle sir.

60
Petruchio. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
 And now by law, as well as reverend age,
 I may entitle thee my loving father:
 The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
 Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
 Nor be not griev'd: she is of good esteem,
 Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
 Beside, so qualified as may beseem
 The spouse of any noble gentleman.
 Let me embrace with old Vincentio;

And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arriyal be full joyous.

70

Vincentio. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

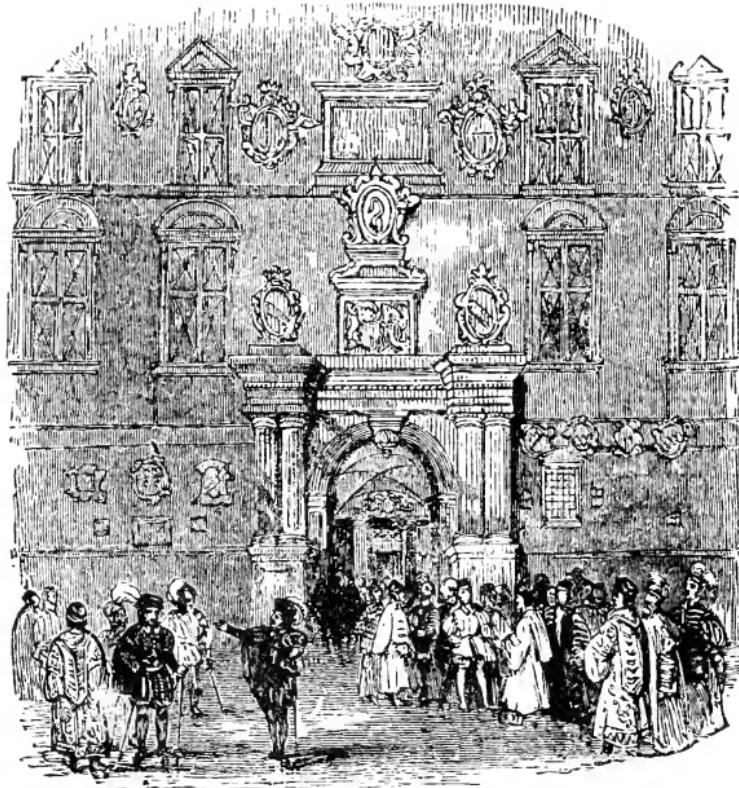
Hortensio. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Petruchio. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt all but Hortensio.*

Hortensio. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow! and if she be foward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward. [Exit.





GYMNASIUM, PADUA.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Padua. Before Lucentio's House.*

GREMIO discovered. *Enter behind BIONDELLO, LUENTIO, and BIANCA.*

Biondello. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Lucentio. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.

Biondello. Nay, faith, I 'll see the church o' your back, and then come back to my master's as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.*

Gremio. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, VINCENTIO, GRUMIO, with Attendants.

Petruchio. Sir, here 's the door, this is Lucentio's house : My father's bears more toward the market-place ; Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vincentio. You shall not choose but drink before you go. I think I shall command your welcome here, " And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. [Knocks.]

Gremio. They 're busy within ; you were best knock louder.

Pedant looks out of the window.

Pedant. What 's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate ?

Vincentio. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir ?

Pedant. He 's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vincentio. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal ?

Pedant. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself ; he shall need none, so long as I live. ²¹

Petruchio. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir ? To leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa and is here at the door to speak with him.

Pedant. Thou liest ; his father is come from Padua and here looking out at the window.

Vincentio. Art thou his father ?

Pedant. Ay, sir ; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Petruchio. [To Vincentio] Why, how now, gentleman ! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name. ²¹

Pedant. Lay hands on the villain ; I believe a' means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Biondello. I have seen them in the church together ; God

send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master Vincentio! now we are undone and brought to nothing.

Vincentio. [Seeing Biondello] Come hither, crack-hemp.

Biondello. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vincentio. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

Biondello. Forgot you! no, sir; I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vincentio. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Biondello. What, my old worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vincentio. Is 't so, indeed? [Beats Biondello.]

Biondello. Help, help, help! here 's a madman will mur-
ther me. [Exit.]

Pedant. Help, son!—help, Signior Baptista! [Exit from above.]

Petruchio. Prithee, Kate, let 's stand aside and see the end of this controversy. [They retire.]

Re-enter Pedant below; Tranio, Baptista, and Servants.

Tranio. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

Vincentio. What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir? O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tranio. How now! what 's the matter?

Baptista. What, is the man lunatic?

Tranio. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what concerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vincentio. Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Baptista. You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vincentio. His name! as if I knew not his name! I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is *Tranio*. 71

Pedant. Away, away, mad ass! his name is *Lucentio*; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior *Vincentio*.

Vincentio. *Lucentio!* O, he bath murthered his master! —Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name.—O, my son, my son!—Tell me, thou villain, where is my son *Lucentio*?

Tranio. Call forth an officer.—

Enter one with an Officer.

Carry this mad knave to the gaol.—Father *Baptista*, I charge you see that he be forthcoming. 81

Vincentio. Carry me to the gaol!

Gremio. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

Baptista. Talk not, Signior *Gremio*; I say he shall go to prison.

Gremio. Take heed, Signior *Baptista*, lest you be cony-catched in this business; I dare swear this is the right *Vincentio*.

Pedant. Swear, if thou darest.

Gremio. Nay, I dare not swear it. 90

Tranio. Then thou wert best say that I am not *Lucentio*.

Gremio. Yes, I know thee to be Signior *Lucentio*.

Baptista. Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him!

Vincentio. Thus strangers may be haled and abus'd. O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

Biondello. O! we are spoiled and—yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Lucentio. [Kneeling] Pardon, sweet father.

Vincentio. Lives my sweet son?

[*Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant, as fast as may be.*]

Bianca. Pardon, dear father.

Baptista. How hast thou offended?—

Where is Lucentio?

Lucentio. Here 's Lucentio,

100

Right son to the right Vincentio,

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,

While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

Gremio. Here 's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vincentio. Where is that damned villain Tranio,

That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Baptista. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bianca. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Lucentio. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at the last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

110

Vincentio. I 'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent
me to the gaol.

Baptista. But do you hear, sir? have you married my
daughter without asking my good will?

119

Vincentio. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to:
but I will in, to be revenged for this villany. [Exit.]

Baptista. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [Exit.]

Lucentio. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not
frown. [Exit *Lucentio and Bianca.*]

Gremio. My cake is dough; but I 'll in among the rest,
Out of hope of all but my share of the feast. [Exit.]

Katherina. Husband, let 's follow, to see the end of this
ado.

Petruchio. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Katherina. What, in the midst of the street?

Petruchio. What, art thou ashamed of me?

130

Katherina. No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

Petruchio. Why, then let 's home again.—Come, sirrah, let 's away.

Katherina. Nay, I will give thee a kiss; now pray thee, love, stay.

Petruchio. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate; Better once than never, for never too late. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Padua. Lucentio's House.*

Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow, TRANIO, BIONDELLO, and GRUMIO; the Serving men with Tranio bringing in a banquet.

Lucentio. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree; And time it is, when raging war is done, To smile at scapes and perils overblown.— My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome, While I with selfsame kindness welcome thine.— Brother Petruchio,—sister Katherina,— And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,— Feast with the best, and welcome to my house. My banquet is to close our stomachs up, After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down; For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

10

Petruchio. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Baptista. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Petruchio. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hortensio. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Petruchio. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Widow. Then never trust me, if I be afeard.

Petruchio. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense;

I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

Widow. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round. 20

Petruchio. Roundly replied.

Katherina. Mistress, how mean you that?

Widow. Thus I conceive by him.

Petruchio. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortensio that?

Hortensio. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Petruchio. Very well mended.—Kiss him for that, good widow.

Katherina. ‘He that is giddy thinks the world turns round;’

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Widow. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew, Measures my husband’s sorrow by his woe; And now you know my meaning. 30

Katherina. A very mean meaning.

Widow. Right, I mean you.

Katherina. And I am mean indeed, respecting you.

Petruchio. To her, Kate!

Hortensio. To her, widow!

Petruchio. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hortensio. That’s my office.

Petruchio. Spoke like an officer; ha’ to thee, lad!

[Drinks to Hortensio.]

Baptista. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gremio. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bianca. Head, and butt! an hasty-witted body

Would say your head and butt were head and horn. 40

Vincentio. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken’d you?

Bianca. Ay, but not frightened me; therefore I’ll sleep again.

Petruchio. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun, Have at you for a bitter jest or two!

Bianca. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush;
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.—
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt Bianca, Katherina, and Widow.*]

Petruchio. She hath prevented me. — Here, Signior Tranio,

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not; 50
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tranio. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself and catches for his master.

Petruchio. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tranio. 'T is well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;
'T is thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

Baptista. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

Lucentio. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hortensio. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here? 60

Petruchio. A' has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'T is ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Baptista. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Petruchio. Well, I say no; and therefore for assurance
Let 's each one send unto his wife,
And he whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hortensio. Content. What is the wager?

Lucentio. Twenty crowns.

Petruchio. Twenty crowns! 71
I 'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Lucentio. A hundred then.

Hortensio. Content.

Petruchio. A match! 't is done.

Hortensio. Who shall begin?

Lucentio. That will I.—
 Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.
Biondello. I go. [Exit.]
Baptista. Son, I 'll be your half, Bianca comes.
Lucentio. I 'll have no halves; I 'll bear it all myself.—

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Biondello. Sir, my mistress sends you word 80
 That she is busy and she cannot come.

Petruchio. How! she is busy and she cannot come?
 Is that an answer?

Gremio. Ay, and a kind one too;
 Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Petruchio. I hope, better.
Hortensio. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
 To come to me forthwith. [Exit Biondello.]

Petruchio. O ho! entreat her!
 Nay, then she must needs come.
Hortensio. I am afraid, sir,
 Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.—

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where 's my wife? 90

Biondello. She says you have some goodly jest in hand:
 She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Petruchio. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
 Intolerable, not to be endur'd!—
 Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;
 Say, I command her come to me. [Exit Grumio.]

Hortensio. I know her answer.

Petruchio. What?

Hortensio. She will not.

Petruchio. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Baptista. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katherina!

Re-enter KATHERINA.

Katherina. What is your will, sir, that you send for me? 100

Petruchio. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Katherina. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Petruchio. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come, Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight. [Exit *Katherina.*]

Lucentio. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hortensio. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.

Petruchio. Marry, peace it bodes, and love and quiet life,

And awful rule and right supremacy;

And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy? 110

Baptista. Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio!

The wager thou hast won; and I will add

Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns,

Another dowry to another daughter,

For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Petruchio. Nay, I will win my wager better yet

And show more sign of her obedience,

Her new-built virtue and obedience.

See where she comes and brings your froward wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.— 120

Re-enter KATHERINA, with BIANCA and Widow.

Katherine, that cap of yours becomes you not;

Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

Widow. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh, Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bianca. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

Lucentio. I would your duty were as foolish too; The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca, Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bianca. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Petruchio. Katherine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women

130

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Widow. Come, come, you 're mocking; we will have no telling.

Petruchio. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Widow. She shall not.

Petruchio. I say she shall;—and first begin with her.

Katherina. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow, And dart not scornful glances from those eyes, To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor; It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads, Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds, And in no sense is meet or amiable.

140

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled, Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty; And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it. Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper, Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee, And for thy maintenance commits his body To painful labour both by sea and land, To watch the night in storms, the day in cold, Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe; And craves no other tribute at thy hands But love, fair looks, and true obédience— Too little payment for so great a debt. Such duty as the subject owes the prince, Even such a woman oweth to her husband; And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour, And not obedient to his honest will, What is she but a foul contending rebel And graceless traitor to her loving lord? I am ashamed that women are so simple To offer war where they should kneel for peace,

150

160

Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
 Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
 But that our soft conditions and our hearts
 Should well agree with our external parts?
 Come, come, you foward and unable worms!
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
 My heart as great, my reason haply more,
 To bandy word for word and frown for frown;
 But now I see our lances are but straws,
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
 That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.
 Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
 And place your hands below your husband's foot:
 In token of which duty, if he please,
 My hand is ready; may it do him ease.

Petruchio. Why, there 's a wench!—Come on, and kiss
 me, Kate.

180

Lucentio. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha 't.

Vincentio. 'T is a good hearing when children are toward.

Lucentio. But a harsh hearing when women are foward.

Petruchio. Come, Kate, we 'll to bed.—

We three are married, but you two are sped.—

[*To Lucentio.*] 'T was I won the wager, though you hit the
 white;

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katherina.*]

Hortensio. Now, go thy ways; thou hast tamed a curst
 shrew.

Lucentio. 'T is a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd
 so.

[*Exeunt*]



N O T E S.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

- Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
B. J., Ben Jonson.
Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of *Shakespeare*, edited by Clark and Wright.
Cf. (*confer*), compare.
Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke (London, n. d.).
Coll., Collier (second edition).
Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
D., Dyce (second edition).
H., Hudson (first edition).
Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of *Shakespeare*).
Id. (*idem*), the same.
K., Knight (second edition).
Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
Prol., Prologue.
S., Shakespeare.
Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
Sr., Singer.
St., Staunton.
Theo., Theobald.
V., Verplanck.
W., R. Grant White.
Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
Warb., Warburton.
Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).
Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, *3 Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V.* and *A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" ed. or of the "Acme" reprint of that ed.

NOTES.



INDUCTION.

SCENE I.—In the 1st folio, there is no separation between the Induction and the play. We find “*Actus primus. Scena Prima.*” at the beginning, “*Actus Tertius.*” at the head of act iii., “*Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.*” at iv. 3, and “*Actus Quintus.*” at v. 2. There is no list of *Dramatis Personæ* (cf. *Oth.* p. 153).

The old *Taming of a Shrew* opens thus:

Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doores *Slie Droonken*.

Tapster.

You whorson droonken slaye, you had best be gone,
And empty your droonken panch some where else
For in this house thou shalt not rest to night.

Exit Tapster.

Slie. Tilly, vally, by crisee Tapster Ile iese you anon.
Fils the tother pot and alls paid for, looke you
I doo drinke it of mine owne Instegation, *Omne bene*
Heere Ile lie awhile, why Tapster I say,
Fils a fresh cushen heere.

Heigh ho, heers good warme lying. He fals asleepe.

Enter a Noble man and his men from hunting.

Lord. Now that the gloomie shaddow of the night,
Longing to view Orions drisling lookes,
Leapes from th' antartieke world ynto the skie,
And dims the Welkin with her pitchie breath,
And darkesome night oreshades the christall heauens,
Here breake we off our hunting for to night;
Cupple vppe the hounds and let vs hie vs home,
And bid the huntsman see them meated well,
For they haue all derseru'd it well to daie,
But soft, what sleepie fellow is this lies heere?
Or is he dead, see one what he dooth lacke?

Seruingman. My lord, tis nothing but a drunken sleepe,
His head is too heauie for his bodie,
And he hath drunke so much that he can go no furder.

Lord. Fie, how the slauish villaine stinkes of drinke.
Ho, sirha arise. What so sound asleepe?
Go take him vppe and beare him to my house,
And beare him easilie for feare he wake,
And in my fairest chamber make a fire,
And set a sumptuous banquet on the boord,
And put my richest garmentes on his backe,
Then set him at the Table in a chaire:
When that is doone against he shall awake,
Let heauenlie musicke play about him still,
Go two of you awaie and beare him hence,
And then Ile tell you what I haue deuise,
But see in any case you wake him not.

Exeunt two with *Slie*.

1. Enter HOSTESS and SLY. The folio has “Enter Begger and Hostess, Christophero Sly;” and “Begger” or “Beg.” is the prefix to Sly’s speeches throughout.

Pheeze. “According to some commentators = to beat, to others = to drive; probably a verb signifying any kind of teasing and annoying” (Schmidt). It occurs again in *T. and C.* ii. 3. 215: “An a’ be proud with me, I’ll pheeze his pride.” The folio has “phese” there, “pheeze” here; in the old play (see above) it is “fese.” Halliwell and Wright (*Archaic Dict.*) give *pheeze* = “beat, chastise, humble,” as a Westmoreland word; and they quote “To phease, i. e. to pay a person off for an injury” from a MS. *Devonshire Glossary*. Mr. J. Crosby informs us that “in the North of England they have a word pronounced *phaze*, meaning to make an impression upon, to stir up, to tousle, to arouse; as in ‘I called the

man a scoundrel, but it never *phazed* him,' 'I hit the door with all my might, but couldn't *phaze* it.' This, he thinks, may be Shakespeare's word.

4. *Rogues*. "That is *vagrants*, no mean fellows, but gentlemen" (Johnson). We find "William Slye" in the list of "The Names of the Principall Actors in all these Playes," prefixed to the 1st folio.

5. *Richard Conqueror*. Some of the commentators take the trouble to inform us that this is "Sly's blunder for William the Conqueror."

6. *Pocas pallabris*. A corruption of the Spanish *pocas palabras* = few words. Steevens notes that the expression appears in other plays of the time, but "always appropriated to the lowest characters." *Sessa*, according to Johnson (see *Lear*, p. 222), is the French *cessez* = cease, stop. Schmidt thinks it is "probably a cry used by way of exhorting to swift running (cf. the German *sasa*)."*Let the world slide* was proverbial. Cf. ind. 2. 139 below: "let the world slip."

7. *Burst*. Broken. Cf. iii. 2. 55 and iv. 1. 69 below; and see also 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 180.

8. *Denier*. The twelfth part of a French *sou*. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 183. The French coin was not current in England, but the name came to be used for the smallest imaginable sum.

Go ty, Jeronymy. The folio has "go by S. Jeronimie," and some modern eds. give "go by, St. Jeronimy." The quarto has "goe by *Jeronimie*." The Camb. editors suggest that the "S." of the folio "may have been derived from a note of exclamation in the MS., written, as it is usually printed, like a note of interrogation." Mr. J. Crosby, who would read "Saint Jeronimy," thinks it probable that "Sly, often hearing the phrase 'Go by, Jeronimy,' thought that the *by* meant an *oath*, and he intended to say 'by Saint Jerome; and wanting badly to swear at the hostess anyway, he got it all mixed up."

The phrase is from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*: "Hieronymo, beware; go by, go by." The play was "the common butt of raillery to all the poets in Shakespeare's time" (Theo.).

Go to thy cold bed and warm thee seems to have been proverbial. See *Lear*, p. 220, note on *Blow the winds*.

10. *Thirdkorough*. A kind of constable. The early eds. have "headborough." The correction is Theobald's, and is generally adopted. The word is corrupted to *tharborough* in *L. L. L.* i. 1. 185: "I am his grace's tharborough."

13. *Boy*. "Probably a drunken reminiscence, on the part of Sly, of the tapster" (Clarke). Cf. the extract from the old play above.

15. *Tender well*. Take good care of. See *Rich. II.* p. 151, or *Ham.* p. 244.

16. *Brach*. The word properly meant a female hound (see 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 176, note on *Lady, my brach*), but came to be applied to a particular kind of scenting-dog. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 6. 72: "Hound or spaniel, brach or lym." In the present passage, if we retain the old reading we must make the line parenthetical, as W. does; but there is probably some corruption. Hanmer substituted "Leech," and Johnson conjectured "Bathe." D., Sr., and Clarke read "Trash," for which see *Temp.* p. 113, or *Oth.* p. 175.

Emboss'd was a hunter's term, used of an animal foaming at the mouth in consequence of hard hunting. Cf. *A. and C.* iv. 13. 3:

"the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd."

See also *Lear*, p. 213. Halliwell quotes Turbervile's *Hunting*: "When the hart is foamy at the mouth, we say that he is embossed;" and *Wit and Drollery*: "He chaf'd and fom'd, as buck embost."

17. *Deep-mouth'd*. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 12: "Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;" that is, the more sonorous bark. See also *A. John*, v. 2. 173, and *Hen. V.* v. chor. 11.

19. *In the coldest fault*. When the scent was coldest, and the dogs most at fault. Cf. *V.* and *A.* 694:

"For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies."

See also *T. N.* ii. 5. 134: "he is now at a cold scent."

22. *He cried upon it at the merest loss*. He gave the cry (cf. the passage just quoted from *V.* and *A.*) when the scent seemed utterly lost. For *mere*=absolute, utter, see *Temp.* p. 111, note on *We are merely cheated*, etc. Halliwell makes *merest loss*= "the smallest loss of scent."

35. *Practise*. Play a trick. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 125: "you have . . . practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman," etc.

39. *Brave*. In handsome livery. See *M. of V.* p. 154.

41. *Cannot choose*. Cannot help it; as often. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 174.

47. *Balm*. See *Lear*, p. 229; and cf. also *Per.* iii. 2. 65:

"balm'd and entreasur'd
With full bags of spices."

48. *Lodging*. Chamber; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 234: "the lodging where I first did swoon," etc.

56. *Diaper*. Towel; the only instance of the word in S.

63. *And when he says he is, say*, etc. The reading of all the early eds. We are inclined to agree with W. that the meaning is "And when, on your telling him that he *hath been* crazy, he says that he *is*, say that he *dreams*." In the next scene, Sly says "What, would you make me mad?" and farther on "Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?" and the servant replies "These fifteen years you have been in a dream," etc. The idea here seems to be that Sly will be doubtful whether he is crazy or dreaming (as the event proves), and that he is to be assured (as he is by the servant) that his reminiscences of his tinker life are only a dream. Rowe reads "says he 's poor;" and Theo. (followed by many editors) points thus: "Says he 's—say that he *is*;" as if the speaker were at a loss to supply Sly's name. The Coll. MS. has "says what he *is*." The Camb. editors favour Lettsom's suggestion that a line has been lost between 62 and 63.

65. *Kindly*. Probably=naturally: as Schmidt explains it. Cf. the adjective=natural (*Much Ado*, p. 154).

66. *Passing*. Surpassingly; as very often. Cf. ii. 1. 111, iii. 2. 24, etc., below.

67. *Modesty*. Moderation; that is, not overdoing it. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 21: "o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone," etc. See also 92 below.

69. *As*. So that; as in *Sonn.* 62. 8 (Schmidt). Gr. 109.

74. *Belike*. It is likely. Cf. *Rich.* III. p. 181.

Clarke notes that Bassanio's return to Belmont (*M. of V.* v. 1. 122) is announced by sound of trumpet. In like manner, companies of actors used to make known their advent by a flourish of trumpets.

80. *So please your lordship*, etc. These strolling players were in the habit of offering their services in this way at the country mansions of noblemen. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 16 fol.

82. *Since*. When; so used only after verbs of remembering. See *W. T.* p. 210, or Gr. 132.

86. In the folio this speech has the prefix "Sincklo," the name of an actor in Shakespeare's company. Like other instances of the kind, it serves to show that the folio was printed from stage copies of the plays. Sincklo was also one of the actors in 2 *Hen. IV.*, as the quarto of 1600 has in v. 4 the stage-direction "Enter Sincklo and three or four officers." Again in the folio, in 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1, we find the stage-direction, "Enter Sinklo, and Humfrey, with crosse-bowes in their hands;" and "Sink," "Sinklo," or "Sin." is prefixed to the speeches of the 1st Keeper that follow.

Soto is a character in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Women Pleased*.

87. *Excellent*. Often adverbial. See *Much Ado*, p. 138.

89. *The rather for*. The more so because; as in *M. for M.* i. 4. 22, *A. W.* iii. 5. 45, *A. and C.* ii. 2. 23, etc.

90. *Cunning*. Skill. Cf. *Ham.* p. 257.

92. *Modesties*. See on 67 above. For the plural cf. *Rich.* II. iv. 1. 314: "your sights;" and see our ed. p. 206.

93. *Over-eyeing*. Observing, witnessing. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. So: "And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye."

94. *Yet*. For its use before the negative, cf. *M. of V.* ii. 9. 91:

"yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love."

See also *R. and J.* p. 165, note on *Yet not*. Gr. 76.

95. *Merry passion*. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 3. 47:

"idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;"

and *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 132: "Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger." The word is a trisyllable here. Cf. *impatient* just below. Gr. 479.

99. *Antic*. Oddity. Cf. *Rich.* II. p. 192.

100. *Buttery*. The room where eatables were kept. Cf. *buttery-bar* in *T. N.* i. 3. 74, and see our ed. p. 124.

103. *Barthol'mew*. The early eds. all have "Bartholmew."

104. *Dress'd in all suits*, etc. Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 3. 118: "That I did suit me all points like a man."

106. *Obeisance*. Apparently accented on the first syllable; but possibly an adjective has dropped out. S. uses the word only here.

112. *Soft, low tongue*. Malone compares *Lear*, v. 3. 273:

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

116. *Embracements*. Used by S. oftener than *embrace*. Cf. *C. of E. i. 1. 44, W. T. v. 1. 114, Rich. III. ii. 1. 30*, etc.

117. *Declining head into*, etc. Head declining into. For "transposition of adjective phrases," see Gr. 419a.

120. *This seven*. Changed by Theo. to "twice seven," on account of the "fifteen years" in line 77 of the next scene; but, as Clarke remarks, the exaggeration there is characteristically humorous, and, moreover, S. not unfrequently gives these variations. See *T. N.* p. 126, note on *Three days*; and cf. the "nineteen" of *M. for M.* i. 2. 172 with the "fourteen" of *Id.* i. 3. 21 (changed by Theo. to "nineteen"). *Him*=himself; as in 75 above.

124. *An onion*. Cf. *A. W.* v. 3. 321: "Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon;" *A. and C.* i. 2. 176: "the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow;" and *Id.* iv. 2. 35: "And I, an ass, am onion-eyed." Johnson suggests that the onion may have been used for this purpose by the actors of interludes. *Close*=secretly.

125. *Napkin*. Handkerchief; as often. See *A. Y. L.* p. 190, or *Oth.* p. 188.

126. *In despite*. For the absolute use, cf. *R. and J.* v. 3. 48: "And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food." See also *R. of L.* 55.

128. *Instructions*. A quadrissyllable. See on 95 above.

135. *Spleen*. "Any sudden impulse or fit beyond the control of reason" (Schmidt). For its application to a fit of mirth or laughter, cf. *M. for M.* ii. 2. 122, *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 77, v. 2. 117, etc.

SCENE II.—1. *Enter aloft*, etc. That is, in the balcony at the back of the old English stage. When a play within a play was performed, the spectators were placed in this balcony, while the actors occupied the front of the stage.

In the old play this scene begins as follows:

Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two other with *Sle* asleepe in a chaire, richlie apparell, and the musicke plaieng.

One. So: sirha now go call my Lord,
And tel him that all things is ready as he wilde it.

Another. Set thou some wine vpon the boord
And then Ile go fetch my Lord presentlie.

Exit.

Enter the Lord and his men.

Lord. How now, what is all thinges readie?

One. I my Lord.

Lord. Then sound the musick, and Ile wake him straight,
And see you doo as earst I gaue in charge.

My lord, My lord, he sleepes soundlie: My Lord.

Sle. Tapster, gis a little small ale. Heigh ho.

Lord. Heers wne my lcrd, the purest of the grape.

Slie. For which Lord?

Lord. For your honour my Lord.

Slie. Who I, am I a Lord? Jesus what fine apparell haue I got.

Lord. More richer surre your honour hath to weare,

And if it please you I will fetch them straight.

Wil. And if your honour please to ride abroad,

Ile fetch you lustie steedes more swiit of pace

Then winged *Pegasus* in all his pride,

That ran so swiitlie ouer the *Persian* plaines.

Tom. And if your honour please to hunt the deere,

Your hounds stands readie cupped at the doore.

Who in running wil oretake the Row,

And make the long breathde Tygre broken winded.

Slie. By the masse I thinke I am a Lord indeed.

2. *Sack.* "The generic name of Spanish and Canary wines" (Schmidt). See *Hen. V.* p. 187.

6. *I am Christopher Sly*, etc. See p. 15 above.

12. *Idle.* Foolish, absurd; as in 81 below.

17. *Burton-heath.* Probably Barton-on-the-Heath, a village in Warwickshire.

18. *Bearherd.* One who leads about a tame bear. See *Much Ado*, p. 129.

20. *Winco*t. K. says: "*Winco*t is the name of a hamlet farm situated about four miles from Stratford on the road to Cheltenham. It is a substantial stone building [see cut on p. 9] of the Elizabethan period, and was probably at its first erection a manorial residence." The ale-house may have stood on a site about a quarter of a mile distant, where the villagers say there was once a house. It is more probable, however, that the *Winco*t of the play, like the *Woncot* of *2 Hen. IV.* (see our ed. p. 196) is *Wilnecote* or *Wilmecke*, a hamlet about three miles to the north of Stratford in the parish of Aston-Cantlow. Here lived Robert Arden, whose youngest daughter was Shakespeare's mother. She inherited a house and lands in the village.

21. *Sheer ale.* Unmixed ale; or, in modern English, "entire beer." St. cites B. and F., *Double Marriage*, v. 1, where Castruccio, on being allowed only wine and water, asks indignantly "Shall I have no sheer wine then?" Some make *sheer ale*=ale alone, nothing but ale. Hailiwell, who prefers this explanation, cites *A Merry Discourse of Meum and Tuum*, 1639: "they had spent eleven grotes in sheare ale onely, beside cheese and bread;" but there it may have the other sense. In the present passage, as Mr. J. Crosby suggests, Sly may use the word in a double sense. S. uses *sheer* only here and in *Rich. II.* v. 3. 61: "Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain!" where it is=clear, pure.

23. *Bestraught.* Like *distraynt* (see *R. and J.* p. 206)=distracted. Steevens quotes Warner, *Albions England*: "she as one bestrought;" and Surrey's trans. of Virgil: "Well near bestraught."

35. *We'll have thee to a couch*, etc. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 174: "To have my love to bed and to arise."

39. *Trapp'd.* Cf. *T. of A.* i. 2. 189: "horses trapp'd in silver."

46. *Breathed.* "In full career, in the full display of strength" (Schmidt).

Cf. the Fr. *mis en haleine*. So in *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 230: "I am not yet well breathed." See our ed. p. 145.

49. *Cytherea*. Venus. See *W. T.* p. 192.

53. *Beguiled and surpris'd*. That is, by Jupiter under the form of a cloud. *To* is not elsewhere referred to by S.

55. *Daphne*. See also *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 231 and *T. and C.* i. 101.

58. *Workmanly*. Adverbial, like *lively* just above. Gr. i.

71. *Christophero*. The reading of the later folios; the 1st has "Christopher." Cf. 6 above. In 16 the 1st and 2d folios have "Christopher," the others "Christophero."

79. *Fay*. Faith. See *Ham.* p. 205.

85. *Leet*. Court-leet, or manor court, where those accused of using false weights and measures were tried. *Sealed quarts* are quart-pots duly sealed or stamped as being of legal size.

91. *Of Greece*. Changed by Hanmer to "o' th' Green." Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 183: "Peter Bulcalf o' the Green." Halliwell conjectures "of Greys" or "of Grete." Other emendations have been proposed; but Hanmer's is the best, if any is called for.

97. *I thank thee*, etc. Clarke remarks: "This speech is probably made in answer to one of the servants bringing Sly some of the *sack* and *con-serves*; as immediately after he says 'I fare well, for here is *cheer* enough.'"

108. *Al'ce*. A provincial contraction of *Alice*. Halliwell cites, among other instances of it, from an old parish register: "Alse Merten was buried the 25. daye of June, 1586;" and from a MS. account-book in Lincoln cathedral: "Alce Barrow came to dwell with my father the 3rd December, 1638."

111. *Above*. The reading of 1st and 2d folios; the others (followed by some modern eds.) have "about." As Clarke remarks, "the very vagueness of expression is characteristic of the speaker." Rowe changed *year* to "years;" but this old English use of nouns of measure and weight is common in S. Cf. *pound* in ind. 1. 20 above; and see *Rich. II.* p. 182, note on *A thousand pound*.

133. *Marry, I will*, etc. The reading and pointing are Capell's. The 1st and 2d folios have "Marrie I will let them play, it is not," etc.; the 3d folio "Marry I will, let them play, it is not, etc.; and the 4th "Marry I will, let them play, is it not," etc.

Comonty is of course Sly's blunder for *Comedy*. The old play has a similar joke in connection with the announcement of the arrival of the players:

Mes. And it please your honour your plaiers be com
And doo attend your honours pleasure here.

Lord. The fittest time they could haue chosen out,
Bid one or two of them come bither straight,
Now will I fit my selfe accordingle,
For they shall play to him when he awakes.

Enter two of the players with packs at their backs, and a boy.

Now sirs, what store of plaies haue you?

San. Marrie my lord you maie haue a Tragical
Or a comoditie, or what you will.

The other. A Comedie thou shouldest say, sounſ thout shame vs all.

Lord. And whatſ the name of your Comedie?

San. Marrie my lord tis calde The taming of a shrew

Tis a good lesson for vs my lord, for vs y^e are married men.

Pope substituted "commodity" for *comonty*.

138. *Well, we'll see't*, etc. The Coll. MS. reads :

"Well, we'll see it. Come, madam wife, sit by my side,
We shall ne'er be younger, and let the world slide."

Letsom conjectures :

"Well, well, we'll see 't, we'll see 't. Come, madam wife ;
[Sing] Sit by my side,
And let the world slide :
We shall ne'er be younger."

ACT I.

SCENE I.—2. *Padua.* Clarke cites Florio's *Second Frutes*: "Milan great, Genoa proud, Bologna fertile, Naples gentle, Florence fair, Padua learned, Ravenna ancient, and Rome holy."

K. remarks : "During the ages when books were scarce and seminaries of learning few, men of accomplishment in literature, science, and art crowded into cities which were graced by universities. Nothing could be more natural and probable than that a tutor, like Licio, should repair to Padua from Mantua :

'His name is Licio, born in Mantua ;'

or a student, like Lucentio, from Pisa,

'as he that leaves
The shallowplash to plunge him in the deep ;'

or a 'Pedant' (iv. 2) turning aside from the road to 'Rome and Tripoly,' to spend 'a week or two' in the great 'nursery of arts' of the Italian peninsula. The University of Padua was in all its glory in Shakespeare's day ; and it is difficult to those who have explored the city to resist the persuasion that the poet himself had been one of the travellers who had come from afar to look upon its seats of learning, if not to partake of its 'ingenious studies.' There is a pure Paduan atmosphere hanging about this play ; and the visitor of to-day sees other Lucentios and Tranios in the knots of students who meet and accost in the 'public places,' and the servants who buy in the market ; while there may be many an accomplished Bianca among the citizens' daughters who take their walks along the arcades of the venerable streets. Influences of learning, love, and mirth are still abroad in the place, breathing as they do in the play.

"The University of Padua was founded by Frederick Barbarossa, early in the thirteenth century, and was, for several hundred years, a favourite resort of learned men. Among other great personages, Petrarch, Galileo, and Christopher Columbus studied there. The number of students was once (we believe in Shakespeare's age) eighteen thousand. Now that universities have multiplied, none are so thronged ; but that.

of Padua still numbers from fifteen hundred to twenty-three hundred. Most of the educated youth of Lombardy pursue their studies there, and numbers from a greater distance. 'The mathematics' are still a favourite branch of learning, with some 'Greek, Latin, and other languages;' also natural philosophy and medicine. History and morals, and consequently politics, seem to be discouraged, if not omitted. The aspect of the University of Padua is now somewhat forlorn, though its halls are respectably tenanted by students. Its mouldering courts and dim staircases are thickly hung with the heraldic blazonry of the pious benefactors of the institution. The number of these coats-of-arms is so vast as to convey a strong impression of what the splendour of this seat of learning must once have been."

3. *Fruitful Lombardy*, etc. "The rich plain of Lombardy is still like a *pleasant garden*, and appears as if it must ever continue to be so, sheltered as it is by the vast barrier of the Alps, and fertilized by the streams which descend from their glaciers. From the walls of the Lombard cities, which are usually reared on rising grounds, the prospects are enchanting, presenting a fertile expanse, rarely disfigured by fences, intersected by the great *Via Æmilia*—one long avenue of mulberry trees; gleaming here and there with transparent lakes, and adorned with scattered towns, villas, and churches, rising from among the vines. Corn, oil, and wine are everywhere ripening together; and not a speck of barrenness is visible, from the northern Alps and eastern Adriatic, to the unobstructed southern horizon, where the plain melts away in sunshine" (K.).

9. *Ingenious*. Johnson conjectured "ingenuous;" but Reed quotes Coles, *Dict.* 1677: "ingenuous and *ingenious* are too often confounded." S. (or his printers) appears to use the two words indiscriminately (Schmidt).

10. *Pisa, renowned*, etc. See p. 20 above.

13. *Vincentio, come*. The early eds. have "Vincentio's come;" corrected by Hanmer, who in the next line reads "Lucentio his son."

15. *Serve*. Fulfil; as in *A. W.* ii. 1. 205: "Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd," etc.

19. *Apply*. Apparently equivalent to "ply," as Clarke explains it. Schmidt also thinks that may be the meaning. Halliwell quotes Gascoigne's *Supposes* (see p. 11 above): "I feare he applyes his study so, that he will not leave the minute of an hour from his booke;" and *Nice Wanton*, 1560:

"O ye children, let your time be well spent,
Applye your learning, and your elders obey."

Hanmer inserted "To" before *Virtue* in 18.

23. *Plash*. Pool; used by S. only here. Halliwell quotes Withals, *Dict.* ed. 1608: "A plash or fenne, palus, paludis, lacus palustris;" and Peele, *Honour of the Garter*, 1593: "As in a plash or calme transparent brooke."

25. *Me perdonato*. The folios have "Me pardonato," and the quarto "Me pardinato." Capell (followed by most editors) reads "Mi perdone;" on which Mr. C. A. Brown comments thus: "Indeed we should read no such thing as two silly errors in two common words. S. may

have written *Mi perdoni* or *Perdonatemi*; but why disturb the text further than by changing the syllable *par* into *per*? It then expresses (instead of *pardon me*) *me being pardoned*."

28. *To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.* Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 479, where "divine philosophy" is called "a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets."

32. *Checks.* The reading of all the early eds. If it be what S. wrote, it refers to the "harsh rules" (Steevens) or "austere inorals" (Schmidt) of Aristotle. Some editors adopt Blackstone's conjecture of "ethics." The old play, in the corresponding passage, has

"Welcome to *Athens* my beloved friend,
To *Platoes* schooles and *Aristotles* walkes."

For *devote*, see Gr. 342.

33. *As.* That. Cf. *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 174 :

"you shall be so receiv'd
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart," etc.

See Gr. 109.

34. *Balk.* Schmidt makes the word = "neglect, not to care for;" as in *R. of L.* 696 :

"Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight," etc.

Clarke defines it "to wrangle as a disputant, to altercate in reasoning;" and Boswell quotes Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 2. 12 :

"But to occasion him to further talke,
To feed her humor with his pleasing style,
Her list in stryfull termes with him to balke."

Cf. also *Id.* iv. 10. 25 :

"And therein thousand payres of lovers waikt,
Praying their god and yeilding him great thankes,
Ne ever ought but of their true loves talkt,
Ne ever for rebuke or blame of any balkt."

This is, on the whole, the more likely meaning here. Rowe changed *Balk* to "Talk," and Capell conjectured "Chop."

37-40. *The mathematics, etc.* See p. 14 above.

41. *Gramercies.* Great thanks. See *Rich. III.* p. 212. For the plural form, cf. *T. of A.* ii. 2. 69 : "Gramercies, good fool." Elsewhere S. has "gramercy."

42. *If, Biondello, etc.* The Coll. MS. has "If Biondello now were come," which D. and Clarke adopt. It is a very plausible emendation, if any be called for.

48. *Enter . . . KATHERINA.* We follow the spelling of the name in the folio, as in *Hen. VIII.* The editors generally give "Katharina" and "Katharine." The Italian form is *Caterina*.

Importune. Accented by S. on the second syllable. See *Ham.* p. 190. To fill out the measure Theo. inserted "both" after *Gentlemen*; but these imperfect lines occur often in this play.

55. *Cart.* "A play upon *court* and *cart* is common in old writers, and

very plainly depended upon a pronunciation of the former like the latter. Such a pronunciation lingered in some parts of England till the end of the 17th century. Titus Oates affected it. Carting was a punishment akin to the ducking-stool, and consisted in driving the offender about the town in a cart" (W.).

58. *Stale*. Laughing-stock, dupe; with, perhaps, a quibbling allusion to *stale-mate* in chess (Schmidt). Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 260: "Had he none else to make a stale but me?" See also *T. A.* i. 1. 304.

62. *I wis*. Printed "I-wis" in the early eds. except the 4th folio. It is a corruption of *ywis* = truly, verily. See *M. of T.* p. 146.

The meaning of the line seems to be: Indeed you have not got half way to her heart; or, as Mr. J. Crosby puts it, "she is not one that meets her lovers half way."

64. *To comb*, etc. The expression is an old one. Halliwell cites, among other examples of it, Skelton's *Merie Tales*: "Hys wife woulde divers tymes in the week kimbe his head with a ijij. footed stoole."

65. *A fool*. That is, a professional jester. Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 175: "His man with scissors nicks him like a fool" (that is, clips his hair).

68. *Hush*. The 1st and 2d folios and the quarto have "Husht," which also occurs in *Per.* i. 3. 10; but elsewhere in the early eds. the interjection is *hush*. The Camb. ed. retains "Husht" here.

Toward. At hand, coming. See *M. N. D.* p. 156.

78. *Peat*. A form of *pet*, not found elsewhere in *S.* *Pet* he does not use at all. Halliwell quotes *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"And God send every pretty peate,
Heigh hoe, the pretty peate,
That feares to die of this conceit,
So kinde a friende to helpe at last;"

Massinger, *City Madam*: "You are pretty peats," etc.

79. *Put finger in the eye*. That is, weep in a childish manner (Schmidt). Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 2. 206:

"Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep."

Halliwell cites some verses quoted in Thomas's *Hist. of Italie*:

"Some be meerie, I wote well why.
And some begilde the housbande with finger in the eie."

80. *Sister, content you*, etc. Clarke considers Bianca "a mincing pretender to sweetness." He adds: "In these very first lines she utters, we find her, under appearance of a mild appeal to her sister, really uttering an uncharitable insinuation that Katherina will take delight in her being sent to her room—just the unkind construction that would peculiarly gall a nature like Kate's; and then she goes on to parade her excess of filial obedience and her ultra-devotion to solitary study. Artful and artificial is Bianca from first to last. She gains herself a name for gentleness of temper by making a foil out of her sister's violence of temper, and causes herself to appear charming by forming the extremest of contrasts with Katherina's conduct in all things."

87. *Mew her up*. Shut her up; as in 179 below. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 4.

11: "To night she 's mew'd up to her heaviness;" and see also *M. N. D.* p. 126.

92. *And for.* And because. See Gr. 151.

97. *Prefer them hither.* Send them hither for acceptance, recommend them to me. See *J. C.* p. 185, note on *Ay, if Messala will prefer me to thee.*

101. *Cunning.* Skilful, proficient; as in 183 and ii. 1. 56, 80 below. Cf. the noun in ind. i. 90 above.

101. *Commune.* For the accent, see *Ham.* p. 252.

103. *Belike.* See on ind. i. 74 above. Here it is ironical, as often.

105. *Gifts.* Endowments (Malone). Cf. ind. i. 122 above.

106. *Their.* The reading of 1st and 2d folios; the 3d and 4th have "Our." Malone conjectured "Your," and the Coll. MS. has "This." If the text is right, it must mean, Malone says, "the good will of Baptista and Bianca towards us." Capell explains it: "the love of father and daughter—his in admitting suit to Bianca, and hers in encouraging it." K. takes it to mean "the affection between Katherine and her father, who have been jarring throughout the scene"—the idea being that there is so little love between them that he is not likely to hold long to his resolve of finding a husband for her before he allows Bianca to wed. Clarke thinks that *their* refers to *gifts*, and that the meaning is "The love of her gifts is not so great on our parts, Hortensio, as to induce either of us to marry Katherine and enable the other to win Bianca; therefore we may bear our impatience as well as we may together." It seems to us that *so great* may be = so great a matter, so important to us.

108. *Our cake's dough.* Still a popular proverb. Cf. v. 1. 125 below.

111. *Wish him to.* Command him to. Cf. i. 2. 58 below.

113. *Parle.* Parley (with a view to come to an agreement). See *Hen. V.* p. 164.

114. *Upon advice.* Upon consideration or reflection. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 2. 6: "upon more advice;" *M. for M.* v. 1. 469: "after more advice," etc. Seymour makes it = upon information or knowledge.

122. *To be.* That is, *as to be.* See Gr. 281.

128. *Had as lief.* See *A. Y. L.* p. 139.

129. *At the high cross.* That is, in the market-place, where a cross was often erected.*

135. *Have to't.* We 'll at it, we 'll set to it. Cf. iv. 5. 78 and v. 2. 37 below. See also *Ham.* p. 195, note on *Have after.*

136. *Happy man be his dole!* Happiness be his portion! See *W. T.* p. 155.

* Mr. J. Crosby sends us the following note: "In the little county town of Appleby (Westmoreland) where I first went to Grammar School, there are two crosses, a 'High Cross' at the upper end, and a 'Low Cross' at the lower end, of the principal street. They are columns of some 50 or 60 feet high, quite handsome, and have stood for centuries. They have steps around the base, on which the farmers congregate on market-days, with their produce for sale. They are the general places of rendezvous. Twice a year there are 'hiring-days' when servants are re-hired, or change their places. Every Whit-Monday these servants out of places assemble at the High Cross, and there the farmers and others go to hire them; and every Martinmas day they assemble similarly at the Low Cross."

137. *The ring*. That is, the ring offered as a prize; with perhaps an allusion to the wedding-ring, as Clarke thinks. In the *Cokes Tale of Gamelyn*, one of the prizes at the wrestling-match is a ring. Douce thinks the reference is to carrying away the ring on the point of the lance in the old game of riding at the ring.

143. *Of a sudden*. The phrase occurs again in *T. A.* i. 1. 393. *On a sudden* is more common in S., but *on the sudden* is the usual form.

147. *Love in idleness*. Apparently alluding to the effect of the flower, as explained in *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 168 fol.

150. *Anna*. The sister and confidante of Dido. See Virgil, *Aen.* iv.

152. *Achieve*. Cf. 175 and 215 below; and see also *M. of V.* iii. 2. 210:

"I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress," etc.

156. *Rated*. Driven away by scolding. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 193.

158. *Redime te captum*, etc. "Redeem thyself, O captive, for the least sum thou canst;" a line quoted from Terence in Lily's *Latin Grammar*, whence S. (or the writer of this part of the play) seems to have taken it, and not from the original Latin, which has "Quid agas, nisi ut te redimas captum," etc.

161. *Longly*. Schmidt makes the word = "longingly, fondly;" but Halliwell quotes Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.*: "Longuement, longly, tediously, at length, long time, lastingly, of much continuance, a great while."

164. *The daughter of Agenor*. "Europa, for whose sake Jupiter transformed himself into a bull" (Johnson).

166. *Strand*. The early eds. (except the 4th folio) have "strond." See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 139.

170. *To move*. See Gr. 349.

176. *Curst*. Shrewish. See *M. N. D.* p. 167. For the original meaning of *shrewd* (evil, mischievous), see *J. C.* p. 145.

179. *Mew'd her up*. See on 87 above.

180. *Because she will not*, etc. Apparently = because she *shall* not (Rowe changed *will* to "shall"); or, perhaps, because *in that case* she will not, etc. Sr. conjectures "he will."

182. *Are you not advis'd?* Do you not understand? Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i.

1. 172: "You were advis'd his flesh was capable," etc.

186. *Jump*. Agree. Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 259:

"till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump," etc.

194. *Basta*. Enough (Italian). *I have it full* = I have it completely, or exactly. See *Much Ado*, p. 121.

199. *Port*. State, appropriate style of living. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 124:

"a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance."

201. *Meauer*. That is, of *meauer* or lower rank than I am. Capell changed it to "mean."

203. *Uncase*. Undress; as in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 707: "Pompey is uncasing for the combat." Cf. *disease* in *Temp.* v. 1. 85 and *W. T.* iv. 4. 648.

"In Shakespeare's time the servants wore soberer-tinted clothes than their masters, the young gallants, who flaunted about in garments of bright and varied hues that might well, by contrast, be emphatically called *coloured*" (Clarke).

205. *Charm him*, etc. Cf. iv. 2. 58 below: "to charm her chattering tongue." See also *Oth.* p. 207, note on *Charm*.

207. *Sith*. Since. See *Ham.* p. 201.

220. *What's the news?* What novelty is this? what does this mean? Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 272: "Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?" and see our ed. p. 167.

230. *I, sir! ne'er a whit.* Rowe reads "Ay, sir, ne'er," etc.; and D. "Ay, sir.—[Aside] Ne'er a whit!" *I* and *ay*, being both printed *I* in the time of S. (see countless instances in the extracts we have given from the *Taming of a Shrew*), are sometimes liable to be confounded; but here the old reading well enough expresses Biondello's momentary bewilderment at his fellow servant's startling metamorphosis and his master's no less startling explanation of it.

234. *After.* For the rhyme with *daughter*, cf. *W. T.* iv. 1. 27, 28, and see also *Lear*, p. 193, note on 309-313.

240. *Rests.* Remains. See *A. Y. L.* p. 146, or *Ham.* p. 233.

243. *The presenters above speak.* This stage-direction is found in the early eds. The *presenters* (cf. *M. N. D.* p. 156, note on *Present*) are Sly and his attendants in the balcony above. See on ind. 2. 1 above.

SCENE II.—Enter PETRUCHIO. We follow the folio in the spelling of the name, which was doubtless intended to indicate the pronunciation. Some editors give "Petrucio;" but, as Clarke notes, the correct Italian form would be "Petruccio."

4. *Trow.* Think, believe. See *Lear*, p. 188.

7. *Rebused.* Grumio's blunder for *abused*. Tyrwhitt innocently asks "What is the meaning of *rebused*? or is it a false print for *abused*?"

8. *Knock me.* The *me* is the "dativus ethicus." See Gr. 220.

24. *Con tutto*, etc. "With all my heart, well found, or well met" (Italian).

25. *Alla nostra*, etc. "Welcome to our house, my much honoured Signor Petruchio."

28. *What he leges in Latin.* This is, what he *alleges* in Latin. S. makes Grumio mistake the Italian for Latin, forgetting or disregarding the fact that the former was his native tongue. This ought to be plain enough, but the seeming inconsistency led Mason to endorse Tyrwhitt's preposterous emendation and explanation: "Nay, 't is no matter what *he leges* in Latin, etc.; that is, 'T is no matter what is *law*, etc." Halliwell cites, among other instances of the verb *lege*, Heywood, *Spider and Flie*, 1556: "Who that can cause him, let him lege the evill." Cf. Wb.

32. *Two-and-thirty, a pip out.* "An expression derived from the old game of Bone-ace or One-and-thirty: to be *two-and-thirty, a pip out* was an old cant phrase applied to a person who was intoxicated" (Halliwell). *Pip* (spelt "peepe" or "peep" in the early eds.)=a spot or mark on a card. Sr. quotes Massinger, *Fatal Dowry*, ii. 2: "You think, because you

served my lady's mother [you] are thirty-two years old, which is a pip out, you know."

44. *This*. This is. All the early eds. read "this a," etc. See *Lear*, p. 246, or Gr. 461.

45. *Ancient*. Old. Cf. *Lear*, p. 202, or *W. T.* p. 189.

50. *But in a few*. But in short, but briefly. Cf. *in few* in *Temp.* i. 2, 144, 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 112, *Ham.* i. 3. 126, etc. The early eds. have "grows but in a few," which Schmidt would retain; but the editors generally adopt the pointing in the text, which is due to Hanmer.

54. *Haply*. The early eds. have "Happily," as often in this sense. See *T. N.* p. 158, or Gr. 42. The modern editors generally substitute *happily*, as here, when the word is dissyllabic.

57. *Roundly*. Directly, in a straightforward way; the only sense of the word in S. Cf. iii. 2. 208, iv. 4. 103, and v. 2. 21 below. See also *A. Y. L.* v. 3. 11: "Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting, or saying we are hoarse?" For *round*=direct, plain, blunt, see *Hen. V.* p. 175, or *Ham.* p. 220.

58. *Wish thee to*. See on i. 1. 111 above.

67. *Florentins' love*. The allusion is to a story in Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, in which a knight named Florent binds himself to marry a deformed hag, if she will teach him how to solve a riddle on which his life depends (Steevens). Chaucer has also used the same plot in his *Wife of Bath's Tale*. It is very old, being found in the *Gesta Romanorum*.

68. *As old as Sibyl*. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 116: "If I live to be as old as Sibylla." See our ed. p. 133, and cf. *Oth.* p. 193.

69. *Xanthippe*. The only allusion in S. to the famous old shrew. The early eds. spell the name "Zentippe" or "Zantippe."

71. *As rough*, etc. K. remarks: "The Adriatic, though well land-locked, and in summer often as still as a mirror, is subject to severe and sudden storms. The great sea-wall which protects Venice, distant eighteen miles from the city, and built, of course, in a direction where it is best sheltered and supported by the islands, is, for three miles abreast of Palestrina, a vast work for width and loftiness; yet it is frequently surmounted in winter by the 'swelling Adriatic seas,' which pour over into the Lagunes."

77. *Aglet-baby*. An *aglet* (Fr. *aignillette*) was a pin or a tag of a point or lace, and the head of it was sometimes a small figure or image. Steevens quotes *Jeronimo*, 1605:

"And all those stars that gaze upon her face
Are aglets on her sleeve-pins and her train;"

and Nares cites Ascham, *Toxophilus*: "In a brace, a man must take hede . . . that it be fast on, with laces, without agglettes." The robe of Garter King at Arms, at Lord Leicester's creation, had on the sleeves "38 paire of gold aglets" (*Prog. of Elizabeth*, 1564).

An old trot. Lucio calls Pompey "Trot" in *M. for M.* iii. 2, 53. Furivall quotes R. Bernard, *Terence in English*, 1598 (ed. 1607): "See how earnest the oid trot is to haue her heere; and all because she is a drunken gossip of hers."

78. *As two and fifty horses.* The fifty diseases of a horse seem to have been proverbial. Malone quotes *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608: "O stumbling jade! the spavin o'ertake thee! the fifty diseases stop thee!" Cf. *Lear*, p. 226, note on *A horse's health*. In iii. 2. 47 fol. below, we have a list of some of these ailments.

85. *Faults.* The later folios have "fault." For *is* preceding a plural subject, see Gr. 335.

86. *Intolerable.* Changed by Hanmer to "intolerably;" but S. often uses adjectives in *-ble* as adverbs. Cf. Gr. 1.

92. *Board her.* Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 149: "I would he had boarded me;" *Ham*, ii. 2. 170: "I'll board him presently," etc.

Chide. Scold; as in 222 below. Cf. *M. N. D.* pp. 145, 175.

94. *Baptista.* In *Ham*, iii. 2. 250, it is a female name. See our ed. p. 228.

102. *Give you over.* Leave you. Cf. *Temp*. ii. 1. 11: "The visitor will not give him o'er so."

108. *Rope-tricks.* "Tricks deserving the halter; Grumio's word for *rhetoric*" (Schmidt). "That Grumio uses the word in its reference (and slight similarity) to *rhetoric* is obvious, from the punningly-introduced expression, *figure*, immediately afterwards" (Clarke). Steevens compares *ropery* for *roguey* in *A. and J.* ii. 4. 154 (see our ed. p. 175); and possibly there is a quibbling allusion to that word here. Hanmer changes the word to "rhetoric."

109. *Stand him.* "Withstand, resist him" (Steevens).

111. *Than a cat.* Some of the commentators have been puzzled by the simile; but it was probably meant to be a blundering one. Clarke, by the way, sees a play upon *cat* and *Kate*.

117. *Other more.* The early eds. have a period before these words and omit *and*. Theo. reads "others more;" but cf. *other some* in *M. for M.* iii. 2. 94, *M. N. D.* i. 1. 226, etc.

122. *Order . . . ta'en.* That is, given orders. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 177, or *Oth.* p. 206.

127. *Do me grace.* Do me a favour. Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 1. 87: "do his minions grace," etc.

130. *Well seen.* Well skilled. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iv. 2. 35: "Well seene in every science that mote bee;" *Id.* v. 3. 5: "All sixe well-seene in armes, and prov'd in many a fight," etc.

135. *Enter . . . LUCENTIO disguised.* Capell and others add "with books under his arm;" but we see no evidence in the text that he brings anything more than a memorandum (the *note* of 140) of the books.

138. *Stand by.* Stand back or aside; as in *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 24, *K. John*, iv. 3. 94, etc.

139. *Proper.* Comely; ironical, as often. See *Macb.* p. 218, note on *O proper stuff*.

142. *At any hand.* At any rate, in any case; as in 222 below. So *in any hand* in *A. W.* iii. 6. 45, and *of all hands* in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 219.

146. *Paper.* Changed by Pope to "papers," on account of *them* in the next line. Mr. J. Crosby suggests to us that *paper* refers to the *note* above, and *them* to the *books*; and we think he is right. No editor has

attempted to explain what the "papers" could be that were to be "perfumed" and to "go to" Bianca. We may suppose that Lucentio when he enters hands the *note* to Gremio, who reads and approves it, and then gives it back to him.

149. *Go to.* Rowe, followed by many editors, drops *to*. For the double preposition, see Gr. 407.

152. *As yourself were.* As if you were. Cf. ii. 1. 158 below. Gr. 107.

156. *Woodcock.* A popular metaphor for a fool. See *Ham.* pp. 191, 275.

160. *Trow you?* Know you? See on 4 above.

168. *Help me.* The early eds. have "help one;" corrected by Rowe.

176. *Indifferent good.* Equally good. For the adverbial *indifferent*, see *Ham.* p. 219.

185. *Say'st me so?* Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 109: "Say'st thou me so?" For the *me*, cf. 8 above. Gr. 220.

186. *Antonio's.* Rowe's correction of the "Butonios" or "Butonio's" of the early eds. Cf. 52 above.

198. *Chafed with sweat.* Made furious by heat. Schmidt says that "the sweat of the boar is compared to the foam of the sea." Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 126: "And Warwick rages like a chafed bull." See also *J. C.* p. 131.

202. *Larums.* Generally printed "larums," but *larums* is the spelling in all the early eds. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 173.

204. *To th' ear.* The early eds. have "to hear;" corrected by Hanmer (at the suggestion of Warb.).

206. *Fear.* Frighten. See *M. of V.* p. 137, or *K. John*, p. 147.

Bugs. Bugbears; as in *W. T.* iii. 2. 93: "The bug that you would fright me with I seek." See also *Ham.* p. 267.

209. *Ours.* The early eds. misprint "yours;" corrected by Theo. (Thirlby's conjecture).

214. *Enter TRANIO brave.* That is, "bravely apparell'd," as Pope gives it. See on *ind.* 1. 39 above.

217. *He that has, etc.* Heath (followed by D.) gives this to *Gremio*.

220. *Her to—.* The dash is in the folio. Halliwell adopts Malone's conjecture "her to woo;" which was what Gremio was going to say if he had not been interrupted.

222. *Chides.* See on 92 above.

231. *The choice love.* Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 163: "The choice and master spirits of this age," etc.

232. *That she's the chosen, etc.* *That* is emphatic, and *she*=woman; as in *T. and C.* i. 2. 316 (cf. 314): "That she was never yet that ever knew," etc. See also *A. Y. L.* p. 170, or Gr. 224.

239. *Leda's daughter.* Helen. See *M. N. D.* p. 180, note on *Helen's* beauty.

242. *Though Paris came.* Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 5. 104:

"and thus he goes,

As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event in love."

Speed=succeed. Cf. ii. 1. 295 below.

244. *A jade*. A worthless nag. See *Hen. V.* p. 170, and cf. ii. 1. 200 below.

253. *Alcides*: Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 1. 35, iii. 2. 55, *K. John*, ii. 1. 144, etc.

255. *Whom you hearken for*. Cf. i *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 52: "That ever said I hearken'd for your death," etc.

261. *Stead*. Help. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 3. 7: "May you stead me?" See also *R. and J.* p. 170.

262. *Seek*. The reading of the early eds., changed by Rowe (followed by many editors) to "feat." W. retains *seek*, which surely makes tolerable sense enough. Of course S. did not write the scene.

264. *Whose hap shall be*. Whoever may have the luck.

265. *To be ingrate*. As to be ungrateful. Gr. 281.

268. *Gratify*. Requite; as in *M. of V.* iv. 1. 406:

"Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him."

269. *Beholding*. Beholden. See *M. of V.* p. 135, or Gr. 372.

271. *Contrive*. Probably = spend, pass away; though Schmidt thinks it may be = lay schemes. Warb. quotes Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 9. 48: "Three ages, such as mortall men contrive;" and Steevens adds *Damon and Pithias*, 1571:

"In travelling countries, we three have contrived
Full many a year," etc.

272. *Quaff carouses*. Cf. *A. and C.* iv. 8. 34: "And drink carouses to the next day's fate." S. uses the noun only twice.

273. *Adversaries*. That is, the advocates on opposite sides of a case.

275. *O excellent motion!* "Grumio and Biondello, in their excitement at hearing of a prospective feast, and in their eagerness to be included among its enjoyers, address the company thus, though their masters are among it" (Clarke).

277. *I shall be your ben venuto*. I will guarantee your welcome. See on 25 above.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—3. *Gawds*. Bawbles, toys. The early eds. have "goods;" corrected by Theo. See *K. John*, p. 159, or *M. N. D.* p. 126.

4. *Pull*. The misprint of "put" in the Var. of 1821 has led many modern editors astray; as Coll., Sr., II., and others.

8. *Charge thee*. The 1st folio omits *thee*.

13. *Minion*. "A pert and saucy person; originally a spoiled favourite" (Schmidt). For its use = darling, favourite, see *Macb.* p. 153, or *Temp.* p. 136.

16. *Belike*. See on ind. 1. 74 above.

17. *To keep you fair*. To keep you in finery. Johnson wanted to change *fair* to "fine."

18. *Envy*. Accented on the last syllable. Gr. 490.

26. *Hilding*. Base menial; used of both sexes. Cf. *R. and J.* p. 172.

33. *I must dance barefoot*, etc. According to Grose (as quoted in Brand's *Popular Antiquities*) it was a popular superstition that "if in a family the youngest daughter should chance to be married before her elder sisters, they must all dance at her wedding without shoes; this will counteract their ill-luck and procure them husbands."

34. *Lead apes in hell*. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 43: "therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell." Halliwell cites, among many references to the superstition, Florio's definition of *Mammola* as "an old maide or sillie virgin that will lead apes in hell;" and *Churchyardes Chippes*, 1578:

"Lest virgins shoulde som surfet take,
When they lead apes in hell."

Old bachelors were supposed to be doomed to be bear-herds in the same place.

50. *Wondrous*. The Coll. MS. has "woman's."

56. *Cunning*. Skilful, expert. See on i. 1. 97 above.

65. *Like not of*. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 4. 59: "I am your husband if you like of me;" and see our ed. p. 171.

70. *I know him well*. Baptista has not heard of the recent death of Antonio. Clarke suggests that Gremio's interruption here was partly intended to obviate the necessity of Petruchio's repeating the circumstances of his bereavement.

73. *Baccare*. "A cant word, meaning go back; used in allusion to a proverbial saying, 'Backare, quoth Mortimer to his sow,' probably made in ridicule of some man who affected a knowledge of Latin without having it" (Nares). Farmer quotes Heywood, *Epigrams*:

"Backare, quoth Mortimer to his sow;
Went that sow backe at that bidding, trow you?"

and again:

"Backare, quoth Mortimer to his sow: se,
Mortimer's sow speaketh as good Latin as he."

Steevens adds, from *The Repentance of Mary Magdalene*, an interlude, 1567:

"Nay, hoa there. Backare, you must stand apart:
You love me best, I trow, mistresse Mary."

75. *Your wooing*. The 1st folio reads "wooing neighbors: this," etc. ("neighbours :" in later folios); corrected by Theo.

78. *Beholding*. See on i. 2. 269 above.

80. *Rheims*. Spelt "Rhemes" in the early eds.

85. *So bold to know*. That is, as to know. See on i. 2. 265 above.

98. *Instrument*. The lute borne by Biondello.

99. *Greek and Latin books*. K. remarks: "It is not to be supposed that the daughters of Baptista were more learned than other ladies of their city and their time. Under the walls of universities, then the only centres of intellectual light, knowledge was shed abroad like sunshine at noon, and was naturally more or less enjoyed by all. At the time when Shakespeare and the University of Padua flourished, the higher classes of women were not deemed unfitted for a learned education. Queen

Elizabeth, Lady Jane Grey, the daughters of Sir Thomas More, and others, will at once occur to the reader's recollection in proof of this. 'Greek, Latin, and other languages,' 'the mathematics,' and 'to read philosophy,' then came as naturally as 'music' within the scope of female education. Any association of pedantry with the training of the young ladies of this play is in the prejudices of the reader, not in the mind of the poet."

110. *Orchard*. Garden. See *J. C.* p. 142, or *Much Ado*, p. 126.

111. *Passing*. See on *ind.* 1. 66 above.

113. *Asketh*. Requires, demands; as in *M. N. D.* i. 2. 27: "That will ask some tears," etc.

114. *And every day*, etc. A burden to several early English songs (Halliwell).

119. *To wife*. See *Temp.* p. 124, note on *A paragon to their queen*. Gr. 189.

123. *Her widowhood*. Her rights as a widow; the only instance of the word in S.

125. *Specialties*. "Special terms or articles of a contract" (Schmidt); as in *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 165:

"So please your grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other specialties are bound."

131. *Fires*. A dissyllable. Gr. 480.

134. *Extreme*. Accented on the first syllable; as regularly in S. except in *Sonn.* 129. 4, 10. The superlative is always *extrémest*.

137. *Speed*. Fortune, luck; as in *W. T.* iii. 2. 146: "fear Of the queen's speed," etc. Cf. the verb in 275 below.

139. *To the proof*. That is, as if "armed in proof" (*Rich. III.* v. 3. 219), or in proof-armour. See *Rich. II.* p. 162.

140. *Shake*. The 1st folio has "shakes," which may be what S. wrote. Cf. Gr. 247.

141. *His head broke*. See *R. and J.* p. 147, note on *Your plantain leaf*.

144. *Soldier*. A trisyllable. Cf. *Ham.* i. 5. 141, etc. Gr. 479.

148. *Frets*. The "stops" of the lute. See *Ham.* p. 230, or *Much Ado*, p. 144 (note on *A lute-string*).

149. *Bow'd*. Bent, guided.

151. *Fume*. The play on *frets* is obvious.

156. *Fiddler*. A trisyllable. Gr. 477.

157. *Twangling*. Twanging. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 2. 146: "a thousand twangling instruments." For the contemptuous use of *Jack*, see *Much Ado*, pp. 121, 164, or *R. and J.* p. 175. Cf. 282 below.

158. *As*. As if. See on i. 2. 152 above. For the inversion that follows, cf. *Rich. II.* i. 4. 35: "As were our England in reversion his," etc. Rowe (followed by many editors) reads "she had" for *had she*.

159. *It is*. For the playful or familiar use of the phrase, see *Macb.* p.

158. Oftener it is contemptuous. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 167.

Lusty. Lively, "almost=merry" (Schmidt); as in iv. 2. 50 below.

172. *Roses newly wash'd with dew*. Cf. the old play: "As glorious as the morning washt with dew;" and Milton, *L'All.* 22: "And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew."

181. *Good morrow, Kate, etc.* Cf. the old play:

Feran. Twentie good morrowes to my louely *Kate*
Kate. You iest I am sure, is she yours alreadie?
Feran. I tell thee *Kate* I know thou lou'st me well
Kate. The deuill you doo, who told you so?
Feran. My mind sweet *Kate* doth say I am the man,
 Must wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie *Kate*.
Kate. Was euer seene so grose an asse as this?
Feran. I, to stand so long and neuer get a kisse.
Kate. Hands off I say, and get you from this place;
 Or I wil set my ten commandments in your face.
Feran. I prethe doo *Kate*; they say thou art a shrew,
 And I like thee the better for I would haue thee so.
Kate. Let go my hand for feare it reech your eare.
Feran. No *Kate*, this hand is mine and I thy loue.
Kate. In faith sir no, the woodcock wants his taile.
Feran. But yet his bil wil serue, if the other faile.
Alfon. How now, *Ferando*, what saies my daughter?
Feran. Shees willing sir and loues me as his life.
Kate. Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.

182. *Heard . . . hard.* "A poor quibble was here intended. It appears from many old English books that *heard* was pronounced in our author's time as if it were written *hard*" (Malone).

188. *Dainties are all Kates.* A play on *cates*.

197. *A join'd-stool.* A joint-stool, a kind of folding chair. There is an allusion to the proverbial expression, "I took you for a joint-stool." See *Lear*, iii. 6, 54, and our ed. p. 227.

200. *No such jade*, etc. "Women were made to bear no such jade as you, if you, by women, refer to me" (Halliwell). The later folios insert "sir" after *jade*. Sr. reads 'no such load, sir,' and W. "no such load." The Coll. MS. has "no such jade to bear you;" and Coll. (2d ed.) and D. read "no such jade as to bear you." Mr. J. Crosby suggests "no jade *for* such as you;" which seems to us the best emendation that has been proposed. For the masculine use of *jade*, cf. i. 2. 244 above.

205. *Should be! should—buzz!* There is a play on *be* and *bee*, and also on the two senses of *buzz*. For the contemptuous interjectional use of *buzz* or *buz*, see *Macb.* p. 243.

Buzzard. Clarke says: "This word is here used in its double signification of a degenerate hawk and a blockhead, dunce, or simpleton. Katherine first uses it in the latter sense; Petruchio replies, using it in the former sense; and then Katherine uses it in both senses: 'as he (a blockhead) takes a buzzard' (a worthless hawk). To take one bird for another was in proverbial use, as typifying an ignoramus. 'No more skill than take a falcon for a buzzard' occurs in the *Three Lords of London*, 1590." Johnson conjectured "and he takes a buzzard," that is, "he may take me for a *turtle*, and he shall find me a *hawk*." Perhaps Kate means both this and the other: *ay, for a turtle dove, as he stupidly takes a hawk—which he will find me to be.* Schmidt thinks that *buzzard* in 205 and 207 is "probably=a buzzing insect, a beetle or a fly."

206. *Turtle.* *Turtle dove*; the only meaning in S. Cf. *W. T.* p. 194.

215. *Lose your arms.* There is a play on the ordinary and the heraldic senses of *arms*.

218. *Put me in thy books.* Petruchio plays on the common meaning of the phrase = take me into thy favour (cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 79: "I see the gentleman is not in your books"), and being enrolled in the heraldic registers.

219. *A coxcomb.* Referring to the ornament on a fool's cap so called. See *Lear*, p. 186.



THE COXCOMB.

221. *Craven.* The word originally meant a vanquished knight who is compelled to beg for his life. See Wb. Hence it came to be applied to a beaten or cowardly cock. Steevens cites *Rhodon and Iris*, 1631: "That he will pull the craven from his nest."

223. *Crab.* That is, crab-apple. Cf. *Lear*, i. 5. 16: "She 's as like this as a crab 's like an apple." See also *M. N. D.* p. 140.

229. *Well aim'd of, etc.* Well guessed for, etc. Halliwell cites Palsgrave: "I ayme, I mente or gesse to hyt a thyng."

236. *Passing.* See on ind. 1. 66 above.

260. *Yes; keep you warm.* Alluding to the proverb, "To have wit enough to keep one's self warm." See *Much Ado*, p. 120.

264. *Greed.* Agreed. See Wb.

265. *Will you, nill you.* Whether you will or not. Cf. *Ham.* p. 259, note on *Nill*.

271. *A wild Kate.* There is probably a play on *Kate* and *cat*. See on i. 2. 111 above, and cf. i. 2. 192.

272. *Conformable.* Compliant. S. uses the word only here and in *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 24.

282. *Jack.* See on 157 above.

288. *Morn.* The Coll. MS. has "moon;" but cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 229:

"Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus."

289. *Grissel.* An allusion to Griselda, the heroine of Chaucer's *Clerk's Tale*. He tells us that he got it from Petrarch, who was indebted to Boccaccio for it; and there is an earlier version of the story in the old French *Fabliaux*.

303. *Vied*. "As if to outdo me" (Schmidt). The verb is always transitive in S. Cf. *A. and C.* v. 2. 98, *Per.* iii. 1. 26, iv. prol. 33. We have *outvied*=outbid, in 379 below.

304. *In a twink*. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 43: "Ay, with a twink."

305. *'T is a world to see*. It is a wonder to see. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 5. 38: "God help us! It is a world to see." See our ed. p. 151. Halliwell quotes Yates, *Chariot of Chastitie*, 1582:

"But, Lord, it is a world to see, how foolish fickle youth
Accompts the schoole a purgatorie, a place of paine and ruth."

307. *Meacock*. Spiritless, timorous; used by S. nowhere else. Nares quotes *Mirror for Magistrates*: "A meacocke is he who dreadeth to see bloud shed;" Lyly, *Euphues*: "If I refuse their courtesie, I shall be accounted a meacocke, a milksop, taunted and retaunted;" and Churhyard, *Worthies of Wales*: "Let us therefore give the charge, and onced upon yonder effeminate and meycocke people." Cotgrave (cited by Furnivall) defines *Coquefredouille* as "A meacocke, milkesop, sneaksbie, worthlesse fellow."

308. *Unto Venice*, etc. K. remarks: "If S. had not seen the interior of Italian houses when he wrote this play, he must have possessed some effeactual means of knowing and realizing in his imagination the particulars of such an interior. Any educated man might be aware that the extensive commerce of Venice must bring within the reach of the neighbouring cities a multitude of articles of foreign production and taste. But there is a particularity in his mention of these articles, which strongly indicates the experience of an eye-witness. The 'cypress chests,' and 'ivory coffers,' rich in antique carving, are still existing, with some remnants of 'Tyrian tapestry,' to carry back the imagination of the traveller to the days of the glory of the republic. The 'plate and gold' are, for the most part, gone, to supply the needs of the impoverished aristocracy, who (to their credit) will part with every thing sooner than their pictures. The 'tents and canopies,' and 'Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,' now no longer seen, were appropriate to the days when Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea were dependencies of Venice, scattering their productions through the eastern cities of Italy, and actually establishing many of their customs in the singular capital of the Venetian dominion. After Venice, Padua was naturally first served with importations of luxury."

"Venice was, and is still, remarkable for its jewelry, especially its fine works in gold. 'Venice gold' was wrought into 'valence'—tapestry—by the needle, and was used for every variety of ornament, from chains as fine as if made of woven hair, to the most massive form in which gold can be worn. At the present day, the traveller who walks round the Piazza of St. Mark's is surprised at the large proportion of jewellers' shops, and at the variety and elegance of the ornaments they contain."

312. *Give me your hands*. That is, join hands in formal betrothal. Cf. *W. T.* p. 152, note on 104.

317. *We will have rings*, etc. "Parts of these lines read as if from a ballad. If any such be in print, it has never been pointed out by the commentators; but the following, from the recitation of an old lady, who

heard it from her mother (then forty), at least sixty years ago, bears a strong resemblance to what Petruchio seems to quote :

‘To church away!
We will have rings
And fine array,
With other things,
Against the day,
For I’m to be married o’ Sunday.’

There are other ballads with the same burden, but none so nearly in the words of Petruchio” (Coll.).

318. *We will be married o’ Sunday.* The burden of several popular songs ; as in *Ralph Roister Doister*, 1566 :

‘I mun be maried a Sunday;
I mun be maried a Sunday;
Whosoever shall come that way,
I mun be maried a Sunday.’

319. *Clapp’d up.* Cf. *K. John*, iii. i. 235 : “To clap this royal bargain up ;” and see our ed. p. 155.

321. *Mart.* Bargain (Schmidt). In *Ham.* i. i. 93 the quartos have “comart” = the “cou’nant” (covenant) of the folios.

322. *Fretting.* Getting shop-worn ; with probably a play on the word. Cf. *1 Hen. IV.* p. 159, note on *Frets like a gummed velvet*.

333. *Skipper.* Used contemptuously, like *skipping* in *1 Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 60 : “The skipping king, he ambled up and down.” See our ed. p. 179.

335. *Content you.* Compose yourselves, keep your temper. Cf. i. i. 90 above.

342. *Basins and ewers.* “These were articles formerly of great account. They were usually of silver, and probably their fashion was much attended to, because they were regularly exhibited to the guests before and after dinner, it being the custom to wash the hands at both those times” (V.). See on iv. i. 137 below.

345. *Arras counterpoints.* Tapestry counterpanes ; so called because composed of contrasted *points*, or panes, of various colours. Wat Tyler’s men were charged with having destroyed at the Savoy (see *Rich. II.* p. 156) a counterpane worth a thousand marks. Cf. the old play :

“Arabian silkes,
Rich affrick spices *Arras* counter poines
Muske *Cassia* : sweet smelling *Ambergreece*,
Pearle, currolli, christall, iett and iuorie.”

For *arras*, cf. *Ham.* p. 204.

346. *Tents and canopies.* Probably = hangings for beds. Baret, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, refers to a “canapy that hangeth about beddes, to keepe away gnattes ;” and in the inventory of goods at Kenilworth Castle, 1588, we find “a canapie bedsted of wainscott, the canapie of green sarsenett, buttoned, tasselled, and fringed with green silke.”

347. *Boss’d.* Embossed, studded.

349. *Pewter.* Pewter was costly in the olden time. From the *Northumberland Household Book*, 1512, it appears that vessels of pewter were hired by the year.

354. *Struck in years.* Cf. *Rich.* III. i. 1. 92: "well struck in years." See also *Gen.* xviii. 11, xxiv. 1, *Luke*, i. 7, etc.

361. *Pisa walls.* Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 3. 17: "Verona walls;" *J. C.* v. 5. 19: "Philippi fields," etc.

367. *Not to.* Changed by Warb. to "but to." St. conjectures "yet to."

368. *Argosy.* A large merchant-ship. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 9, i. 3. 18, iii. 1. 105, etc. See also cut on p. 71 above.

369. *Marseilles road.* Generally printed "Marseilles' road;" but cf. *Pisa walls* just above. The first folio has "Marcellus," the later folios "Marsellis." The word is evidently a trisyllable; as in *A. W.* iv. 4. 9, the only other instance in which S. has it in verse.

372. *Galliaxes.* Large galleys; used by S. only here.

381. *The assurance.* That is, the legal settlement; as in 390, iii. 2. 128, iv. 2. 117, and iv. 4. 49, 90 below.

394. *Gamester.* For the contemptuous use, cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 170: "Now will I stir this gamester." Steevens quotes *Hen. VIII.* i. 4. 45: "You are a merry gamester, my lord Sands."

396. *A toy!* Nonsense! Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 145: "a toy, a thing of no regard."

399. *I have fac'd it with a card of ten.* I have played the best card. Warb. quotes Skelton: "And so outface him with a card of ten;" and Steevens adds from *Law-Tricks*, 1608: "I may be outfac'd with a card of ten."

404. *Wooing.* The Coll. MS. has "winning." Steevens conjectures "doing" for *cunning* in the next line.

At the end of this scene Pope inserts an adaptation of the following from the old play:

Then *Slie* speakes.

Slie. *Sim*, when will the foole come againe?

Lord. Heele come againe my Lord anon.

Slie. Gis some more drinke here, soons wheres

The Tapster, here *Sim* ate some of these things.

Lord. So I doo my Lord.

Slie. Here *Sim*, I drinke to thee.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—10. *To know.* *As to know.* See on i. 1. 122 above.

12. *Pain.* Toil, effort. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 224: "with more than with a common pain," etc.

15. *These braves.* This bullying. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 123: "the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks."

18. *Breeching scholar.* Schoolboy to be whipped. Steevens quotes Marlowe, *Edward II.*: "Whose looks were as a breeching to a boy;" and *Amends for Ladies*, 1618: "If I had had a son of fourteen that had served me so, I would have breeched him." Halliwell cites Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.*: "Avoir la salle, to be whipt in publicke, as breeching boyes are sometimes in the halls of colledges."

19. *Pointed.* Appointed; commonly printed "'pointed;" but see Wb.

Cf. iii. 2. 1, 15 below; also Spenser, *F. Q.* iv. 8. 51: "So twixt themselves they pointed time and place;" and *Id.* iv. 12. 11:

"But O vaine judgement, and conditions vaine,
The which the prisoner points unto the free!"

22. *Whiles.* Used by S. interchangeably with *while*. Gr. 137.

28. *Hic ibat*, etc. From Ovid's *Epist. Heroid.* i. 33.

36. *Pantaloone.* "An old fool; a standing character in Italian comedy" (Schmidt). Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 158: "the lean and slipper'd pantaloone;" and see our ed. p. 167.

40. *Now let me see*, etc. "Here we see Bianca in her true colours. No sooner is she out of sight of her father than she drops the coating of demure paint which she wears in public to obtain the reputation of 'beauteous modesty,' and in private behaves like the imperious coquette which she truly is. She begins by telling her masters that she will 'learn my lessons as I please myself;' orders one aside while she listens to the other; and no sooner discovers that he is not a teacher, but a lover in disguise, than she falls into his plan of addressing her clandestinely, follows his lead in making the lesson a pretence for discussing his suit, and shows herself to be a thoroughly sly, artful girl. S. has drawn her consistently throughout" (Clarke). See on i. 1. 80 above.

46. *How fiery*, etc. The early eds. give this and the next two lines to "Luc." They also assign the next speech but one (50) to "Bian.," and the next (52) to "Hort." These errors were corrected by Rowe and Pope.

48. *Pedascule.* Warb. believes that S. coined this word from *pedant*. Steevens thinks "it is more probable that it lay in his way and he found it." However that may be, no other instance of it has been pointed out.

50. *For, sure. Æacudes*, etc. "Said to deceive Hortensio, who is supposed to listen" (Steevens).

60. *But.* Unless. Gr. 120.

75. *Clef.* "Cliffe" or "cliff" in the early eds.

79. *Change.* The 1st folio has "charge," and "old" for *odd*. The former was corrected in the 2d folio, the latter by Theo. Rowe (2d ed.) reads "new" for *odd*.

80. For *Servant* the early eds. prefix to the speech "Nicke." or "Nick." Steevens takes this to mean *Nicholas Tooley*, an actor. See on ind. i. 86 above.

88. *To cast.* As to cast. Cf. 10 above.

Stale. Decoy, bait; as in *Temp.* iv. 1. 187:

"The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves."

89. *Seize thee that list.* Let them take thee that will.

90. *Quit with thee.* Even with thee. Cf. *quit of* in *Cor.* iv. 5. 89: "To be full quit of those my banishers."

SCENE II.—1. *Pointed.* See on iii. 1. 19 above.

10. *Rudesby.* Rude fellow; as in *T. N.* iv. 1. 55: "Rudesby, begone!" Cf. "sneaksbie" in the quotation from Cotgrave, note on ii. 1. 307 above.

Spleen=caprice, waywardness. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 161.

12. *I told you, I.* For the repetition of *I*, see *R. and J.* p. 180.

16. *Make feasts*, etc. The 1st folio reads: "Make friends, invite, and proclame the banes;" the 2d adds "yes" after *invite*, to fill out the measure. "Them," "guests," etc., have also been suggested. W. reads "invited;" and Bulloch proposes "*bid* proclaim." The emendation in the text is an anonymous one, made independently by D.

28. *Very.* Omitted in the later folios, and in some modern eds.

30. *Old news.* Rare news, rich news. For this colloquial *old*, see *Macb.* p. 197, or *Much Ado*, p. 169, note on *Yonder's old coil*. The early eds. omit "old" (reading "news, and such news"), but Baptista's question shows that it belongs in the speech. The Coll. MS. puts it after *such*.

44. *Candle-cases.* "Boots that have been used as recipients for candle-ends, and now are retaken into use as riding-boots" (Clarke).

46. *Chapeless.* The *chape* (cf. *A. IV.* iv. 3. 164) was "the metal part at the end of the scabbard" (Schmidt); or the "hook" on it, as others say.

Broken points. The *points* were the tagged strings or laces used in fastening parts of the dress, especially the breeches. Cf. the quibble in *T. N.* i. 5. 25:

"*Clown.* . . . I am resolved on two points

Maria. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall;"

and in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 238:

"*Falstaff.* Their points being broken,—
Poins. Down fell their hose."

See also *W. T.* p. 196.

Hipped. "Perhaps covered on or down to the hips" (Schmidt). The old eds. have "hip'd;" and the Coll. MS. reads "heaped."

48. *To mose in the chine.* "A disorder in horses, by some called mourning in the chine" (Nares). Hanmer changed *mose* to "mourn."

49. *Lampass.* A morbid excrescence above the teeth. *Fashions* (corrupted from *farcins*)=fancy.

50. *Rayed*=dirtied, defiled; as in iv. 1. 3 below.

51. *Fives*=vives, an inflammation of the parotid gland.

Begnawen. Gnawed. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 3. 222: "The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!" The participle *gnawn* occurs in *M. W.* ii. 2. 307.

52. *Shoulder-shotten.* Sprained in the shoulder. *Near-legged*=knock-kneed (Schmidt).

Half-checked "seems to mean a bit that but half does its duty of checking the horse" (Clarke).

57. *Velure.* Velvet (Fr. *velours*).

61. *Stock.* Stocking. See *T. N.* p. 126.

62. *Boot-hose.* Cotgrave has "*Triguehouse*, a boot-hose, or a thicke hose worne instead of a boot;" but Halliwell says the word meant "stockings suited to wear with boots." He cites Hollyband, *French Littleton*, 1609: "Pull off first my bootes; make them cleane; and then put my boot-hosen and my spurres therein; give me my slippers."

63. *The humour of forty fancies.* Probably, as Steevens suggests, the title of a collection of ballads; the book being rolled up and stuck in the

hat instead of a plume. For *pricked in* = stuck in, or pinned in, Malone compares Bacon, *Essay* 18: "And let it appeare, that he doth not change his Country Manners, for those of Forraigne Parts; But onely, prick in some Flowers, of that he hath Learned abroad, into the Customes of his owne Country."

66. *Pricks.* Incites. Cf. *Rich.* II. p. 176.

80. *Enter PETRUCHIO.* Cf. the old play:

Enter *Ferando* baselie attired, and a red cap on his head.

Feran. Godmorow father, *Polidor* well met,
You wonder I know that I haue staid so long.

Alfon. I marrie son, we were almost perswaded,
That we should scarce haue had our bridegroome heere,
But say, why art thou thus basely attired?

Feran. Thus richlie father you should haue said,
For when my wife and I am married once,
Shees such a shrew, if we should once fal out
Sheele pul my costlie sutes ouer mine eares,
And therefore am I thus attired awhile,
For manie things I tell you's in my head,
And none must know thereof but *Kate* and I,
For we shal live like lammes and Lions sure,
Nor Lammes to Lions never was so tame,
If once they lie within the Lions pawes
As *Kate* to me if we were married once,
And therefore come let vs to church presently.

Pol. Fie *Ferando* not thus atired for shame
Come to my Chamber and there sute thy selfe,
Of twentie sutes that I d.d never were.

Feran. Tush *Polidor* I haue as many sutes
Fantastike made to fit my humor so
As any in Athens and as richlie wrought
As was the Massie Robe that late adornd,
The stately legate of the Persian King,
And this from them haue I made chiose to weare.

Alfon. I prethie *Ferando* let me intreat
Before thou goste vnto the church with vs
To put some other sute vpon thy backe.

Feran. Not for the world if I might gaine it so,
And therefore take me thus or not at all.

101. *Enforced to digress.* Compelled to deviate from my promise (Johnson). Cf. ii. 1. 317 above. "He means that to disappoint Katherine of promised finery is part of his taming scheme; and that when hereafter he shall explain this, they will all be well 'satisfied withal'" (Clarke).

106. *Unreverent.* Used by S. interchangeably with *unreverend*. See *K. John*, p. 137.

117. *Lovely.* The Coll. MS. has "loving," which is a very plausible emendation.

122. *But to her love.* The early eds. read "But sir, Loue," etc. Tyrwhitt conjectured "But, sir, to her love." The Coll. MS. has "But to our love;" and K. reads "But, sir, to love." The emendation in the text is due to W. and is adopted by the Camb. editors.

126. *Skills.* Signifies, matters. Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 295: "so it skills not much when they are delivered;" and *2 Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 281: "It skills not greatly."

134. *Steal our marriage.* Cf. *R. and J.* v. 3. 233: "their stolen marriage-day." *Marriage* is here a trisyllable; as in *R. of L.* 221, where it rhymes with *rage* and *sage*. See also *M. of V.* ii. 9. 13, 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 5. 55, etc. Gr. 479.

141. *Quaint.* Fine; ironical. Cf. iv. 3. 102 below.

144. *As willingly, etc.* A proverbial saying, found in Ray's collection (Steevens).

145. *Is.* Changed by Hanmer to "are." See Gr. 336.

146. *Groom.* There is a play upon the word.

150. *The devil's dam.* Cf. i. 1. 105. See also *K. John*, ii. 1. 128, *Oth.* iv. 1. 153, etc.

153. *Should ask.* Changed by Hanmer to "Did ask." Cf. Gr. 324.

154. *By gogs-woun.* A corruption of *By God's wounds*, like 'swounds and *zounds* (see *Ham.* p. 214).

157. *Took him such a cuff.* Cf. *T. N.* ii. 5. 75: "And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?" *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 231: "I will take thee a box on the ear," etc.

165. *Carousing to.* Drinking healths to. Cf. 219 below. See also *Ham.* v. 2. 300: "The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet," etc.

Steevens shows by many quotations from contemporaneous writers that the old custom of drinking wine immediately after the marriage ceremony was kept up in the time of S. Cf. *The Two Maids of Moreclacke*, 1609: "The muscadine stays for the bride at church," etc. The *sops* were cakes or wafers dipped in the wine. Farmer quotes a wedding canzonet, set to music by Merley, 1606: "Sops in wine, spice-cakes are a-dealing," etc.

169. *Hungerly.* As if starved. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 4. 105: "They eat us hungerly," etc. *Hungrily* is not found in S.

172. *Kiss'd her lips.* This was also part of the marriage ceremony. Malone cites the *Manuale Sarum*, 1533: "Surgunt ambo, sponsus et sponsa, et accipiat sponsus pacem a sacerdote, et ferat sponsæ, osculans eum, et neminem alium, nec ipse, nec ipsa." Steevens adds from Marston, *Insatiate Countess*: "The kiss thou gav'st me in the church, here take."

186. *Entreat me rather go,* etc. For the ellipsis of *to*, see Gr. 349.

198. *Horse.* Sometimes used for the plural; as perhaps in *ind.* 1. 60. Cf. *Sonn.* 91. 4: "Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse" (rhyming with "force"); 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 5. 31: "Or horse or oxen from the leopard," etc. See also *Macb.* p. 204. Gr. 471.

199. *The oats have eaten the horses.* Probably meant to be a blundering inversion, like Launcelot's "You may tell every finger I have with my ribs" in *M. of V.* ii. 2. 114; but the critics have tried to find a subtle significance in it. Steevens thinks it means that the horses are not worth the oats they have eaten.

205. *Whiles your boots are green.* That is, while they are freshly greased (Clarke). Perhaps *green* is simply=fresh, new; and the expression may have been proverbial.

208. *Roundly.* Bluntly, unceremoniously. See on i. 2. 57 above.

218. *Domineer.* Indulge yourselves without restraint (Schmidt). The

word was often used of riotous revelling. Halliwell cites *Tarlton's Feasts*: "Tarlton having been domineering very late with one of his friends;" and Taylor, *Works*, 1630:

"One man's addicted to blasphemē and sweare,
A second to earowse and domineere."

219. *Maidenhead*. Maidenhood. See *Hen. VIII.* p. 175, or *R. and J.* p. 150.

222. *Look not big*. That is, angrily or threateningly. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 3. 113: "if you had but looked big and spit at him, he'd have run," etc.

225. *My barn*. To fill out the measure, Capell added "my stable." The Camb. editors conjecture "my garner."

226. *My any thing*. An allusion to *Exodus*, xx. 17; and Halliwell cites several parallel ones in writers of the time.

228. *He*. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 414: "I am that he, that unfortunate he," etc. Gr. 224.

233. *Buckler*. Shield, defend. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 216: "But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee;" and 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 99: "Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree."

239. *Is Kated*. Has got a Kate; with possibly a play on *cat*, as Schmidt suggests. See on ii. 1. 271 above.

240. *Wants*. Are wanting; changed by Pope to "want." See on 145 above. In 242 Pope makes no change in *wants*, but W. does. See Gr. 335.

242. *Junkets*. Dainties, good things; the only instance of the word in S. Halliwell quotes Hollyband, *Fr. Dict.*, 1593: "Dragée, junkets, comfits;" and *Witts Recreations*, 1654:

"Tarts and custards, cream and cakes,
Are the junkets still at wakes."

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—3. *Rayed*. Soiled, dirtied; that is by the *foul ways*, or bad roads. Cf. iii. 2. 50 above.

5. *A little pot*, etc. Alluding to the proverb "A little pot is soon hot." Steevens cites *The Isle of Gulls*, 1606: "Though I be but a little pot, I shall be as soon hot as another."

9. *Taller*. As Clarke notes, there is a play on the other sense of the word =stout. See *T. N.* p. 123, and cf. iv. 4. 17 below.

16. *Cast on no water*. Alluding to the old catch:

"Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth!
Fire, fire, fire, fire!
Cast on water, cast on water!"

23. *I am no beast*. Grumio has said "winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, my new mistress, and *myself*;" and then he adds "fellow Curtis;" which Curtis takes as Rosalind (*A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 49) pretends to take Phebe's compliment: "Meaning *me* a beast."

26. *On.* Often = of. See Gr. 181.

35. *Jack, boy! ho! boy!* The beginning of an old catch, the words and music of which are given in Ravenscroft's *Pammelia*, 1609. It runs thus :

" Jacke boy, ho boy, Newes :
The cat is in the well ;
Let us sing now for her knell
Ding dong, ding dong, bell ! "

Of course the word *news* suggests it to Grumio.

37. *Cony-catching.* Commonly = cheating (as in v. 1. 86 below, and in *M. W.* i. 1. 108, i. 3. 36), but here apparently = trickery or foolery.

40. *Rushes strewed.* Referring to the old custom of strewing floors with rushes. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 3. 289 : "the presence strew'd ;" and see our ed. p. 167.

42. *Be the jacks*, etc. Warb. explains this : "Are the drinking-vessels clean, and the maid-servants dressed?" But, as Steevens notes, there is a play upon both *jacks* and *jills*, which mean two kinds of vessels for drinking, as well as men and maid servants. "The *jacks*, being of leather, could not be made to appear beautiful on the outside, but were very apt to contract foulness within ; whereas the *jills*, being of metal, were expected to be kept bright externally, and were not liable to dirt on the inside, like the leather." For the personal use of *Jack* and *Jill*, cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 461 : "Jack shall have Jill ;" and see our ed. p. 171.

43. *Carpets.* Probably here = table-covers, as Malone and Clarke explain it. Halliwell cites an inventory of 1590 among the Stratford-on-Avon MSS. : "A carpet for a table ;" and Melton, *Astrologaster*, 1620 : "a square table covered with a greene carpet." Carpets were also used for window-seats, but were "very seldom placed on the floor except to kneel upon or for special purposes." Cf. the figure in *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 50 : "Upon the grassy carpet of this plain." *Carpet-monger*, in *Much Ado*, v. 2. 32, means one who is at home on carpets, or among ladies.

55. *Sensible.* There is a play upon the word ; as in *C. of E.* iv. 4. 27 : "Thou art sensible in nothing but blows," etc.

59. *Of.* Equivalent to *on*, as *on to of* in 26 above, Gr. 175.

65. *Bemoiled.* Bemired, bedraggled ; used by S. only here.

69. *Burst.* Broken. See on *ind. I.* 7 above.

73. *Shrew.* The word was "anciently applicable to either sex," as Steevens says. Halliwell quotes Palsgrave : "Schrewe, an yvell man, *maulvais* : schrewe, an yvell woman, *maulvaise*." This, however, is not needed to explain the rhetorical use of the word here. We might say the same thing nowadays.

77. *Slickly.* The early eds. have "slickely" or "slickly," which we still hear in New England. The common reading is "sleekly."

78. *Blue coats.* The dress of common serving-men. Cf. i *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 47 : "Blue coats to tawny coats" (the latter being the distinctive garb of the retainers of ecclesiastical dignitaries).

Of an indifferent knit. Johnson and Steevens explain *indifferent* as "not different ;" that is, the garters are to be matched, not odd ones. Schmidt makes the word = "ordinary, common, neither striking nor shocking." Halliwell also makes it = "of the ordinary tie, not looped

too conspicuously ;" which he shows to have been one of the fashionable affectations of the time. He notes, incidentally, that mottoes were sometimes put upon garters ; and quotes *The Welsh Levite*, 1691 : "Our garters, bellows, and warming-pans weare Godly mottos."

79. *Curtsy with their left legs*. " Make their bows with their left legs stuck out " (Clarke). For *curtsy* used of men, see *Much Ado*, p. 159, or 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 162.

85. *Countenance*. Here = "grace, honour" (Schmidt). So credit in go = do honour to.

98. *Spruce*. The word originally had no contemptuous or disparaging sense. Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 985 : "the spruce and jocund Spring." But in the only other instances in which S. uses it (*L. L. L.* v. 1. 14, v. 2. 406) it carries with it the idea of affectation.

102. *Cock's*. A common corruption or rather disguise of the name of God. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 195, note on *By cock and pie*.

103. *Where be these knaves?* Cf. the old play :

Enter Ferando and Kate.

Feran. Now welcome *Kate* : where's these villains
Here, what? not supper yet ypon the borde :
Nor table spred nor nothing don at all,
Wheres that villaine that I sent before.

San. Now, *ad sum*, sir.

Feran. Come hether you villaine Ile cut your nose,
You Rogue; helpe me of with my bootes: wilt please
You to lay the cloth? sounes the villaine
Hurts my foote? pull easely I say; yet againe.

He beates them all.

They couer the bord and fetch in the meate.
Sounes? burnt and skorcht who drest this meate?
Wil. Forsouth Iohn cooke.

He throwes downe the table and meate and all, and beates them.

Feran. Go you villaines bringe you me such meate,
Out of my sight I say, and beare it hence,
Come *Kate* wele haue other meate prouided,
Is there a fire in my chamber sir?

San. I forsooth.

Exit Ferando and Kate.

Manent seruing men and eate vp all the meate.

Tom. Sounes? I thinke of my conscience my Masters
Mad since he was maried.

Wil. I laft what a boxe he gaue *Sander*
For pulling of his bootes.

112. *Malt-horse*. A brewer's horse ; used as a term of contempt. Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 1. 32 : "Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch !" See also 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 182, note on *A brever's horse*.

116. *Unpink'd*. "Not pierced with eyelet-holes" (Schmidt *et al.*) ; but the holes or *pinkings* were probably for mere ornament, not for holding strings. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 4. 50 : "her pinked porringer" (that is, bonnet), where some such mode of ornamentation seems to be meant.

117. *No link to colour Peter's hat*. A *link* was a pitch torch ; and old black hats that had become rusty were sometimes rejuvenated in a rough way by smoking them with a link. Steevens cites Greene, *Mihil Mumchance* : "This cozenage is used likewise in selling old hats found upon

dung-hills, instead of newe, blackt over with the smoake of an old linke."

118. *Sheathing*. That is, having a new sheath made for it.

119. *Fine*. Trim, in proper livery.

123. *Where is the life*, etc. A scrap of an old song, quoted also by Pistol in *2 Hen. IV.* v. 3. 146.

125. *Soud*. Johnson explains the word as = "sweet," but Malone is probably right in considering it "a word coined by the poet to express the noise made by a person heated and fatigued." Halliwell thinks it is part of the burden of an old song.

126. *Why, when, I say?* A common expression of impatience. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 5: "When, Lucius, when? awake, I say!" See also *Temp.* p. 119, note on *Come, thou to toise! when?*

128. *It was the friar*, etc. A bit of another old song or ballad now lost. Bishop Percy's *The Friar of Orders Grey* is made up of this and other lyrical fragments scattered through the plays of S.

134. *My cousin Ferdinand*. "This cousin Ferdinand, who does not make his personal appearance on the scene, is mentioned, I suppose, for no other reason than to give Catherine a hint that he could keep even his own relations in order, and make them obedient as his spaniel *Troilus*" (Steevens). But as cousin Ferdinand does not obey, it is difficult to see how Kate was to profit by the "hint."

137. *Wash*. It was the custom to wash the hands before and after eating. It will be recollected that knives and forks, especially the latter, were only beginning to be used at table in that day. S. does not mention forks, and Ben Jonson refers to them as a luxury of recent introduction. See *The Devil is an Ass*, v. 3:

"Sledge. Forks? what be they?
Meercraft. The laudable use of forks
 Brought into custom, as they are in Italy,
 To the sparing of napkins;"

and *Volpone*, iv. 1:

"Then must you learn the use
 And handling of your silver fork at meals,
 The metal of your glass (these are main matters
 With your Italian); and to know the hour
 When you must eat your melons and your figs."

B. and F. (*Queen of Corinth*, iv. 1) refer contemptuously to "the fork-carrying traveller." Coryat, in his *Crudities*, 1611, notes it as a curious fact that "the Italian, and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy, doe always at their meales use a little forke when they eat their meate;" and he says that a friend of his called him "a table *furcifer*, only for using a forke at feeding." Cf. note on ii. 1. 342 above.

138. *Will you let it fall?* Capell and some other editors assume that the servant has let the ewer fall; but, as Coll. notes, the question does not imply this, but only that he holds the vessel awry or spills some of the water.

139. *Patience*, etc. "This little speech of Katherine's affords an evidence of what, to our minds, S. subtly conveys in the drawing of her character—that she is not intrinsically of so bad a nature as she is generally

supposed to be. Her first word in depreciation of her husband's violence is not a complaint for herself, but is uttered on behalf of *another*—a servant. Moreover, she finds that he does not treat *her* roughly, but does all avowedly *for her sake*; also, while rating and raving at others, he addresses her as *good, sweet Kate* and *sweet Kite*; thus maintaining the impression of his personal regard and consideration for her amid all his general turbulence. The fact is, that Petruchio practically shows Katherine how ugly violent temper is in its manifestations; and she has the sense to read the lesson, and take its teaching home" (Clarke). It may be added that none of these delicate touches are to be found in the old play; they are Shakespeare's own, like so many others that might be noted as raising the composition to a higher dramatic plane—though it was better than the average of its time before he retouched it. Cf. the extract from V., p. 17 above.

141. *I know you have a stomach.* Perhaps, as Clarke suggests, there is a sly play on *stomach*, which meant choler as well as appetite. Cf. the quibble in *M. of V.* iii. 5. 92; and see v. 2. 176 below.

149. *Jolheads.* Blockheads; as in *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 290: "Fie on thee, jolthead!" *Uumanner'd* occurs again in *Rich.* III. i. 2. 39.

151. *Disquiet.* The only instance of the adjective in S. *Disquietly* occurs in *Lear*, i. 2. 124.

155. *Engenders choler.* Meat overdone or burnt was believed to have this effect. Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 2. 60:

"*Antipholus.* Well, sir, then it will be dry.

Dromio. If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it.

Antipholus. Your reason?

Dromio. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting."

See also on iv. 3. 25 below.

156. *Both of us.* Clarke remarks: "Be it observed that Petruchio—or rather S. through him—well knew the magic power of the little words 'both of us,' 'ourselves,' 'we,' in a husband's mouth to a wife, or in a wife's to a husband. Likewise, by the kindly ingenuity of making Kate's special fault his own as well as hers, in this admission that they both would do well to try and avoid those things that tend to foster it, Petruchio adopts one of the best means of leading to its cure, and of inducing her to join him in effecting this. Surely Shakespeare's subtlety was one of his finest characteristics, so essentially does he manifest it in his moral delineations."

161. *Bring.* Accompany, escort. See *Hen. V.* p. 158.

167. *That.* So that; as often. Gr. 283.

174. *Stoop.* Yield, submit; with a reference to its technical sense in falconry of coming down on the prey. A hawk overfed was considered untractable. Steevens quotes *The Tragedie of Creesus*, 1604:

"And like a hooded hawk, gorg'd with vain pleasures,
At random flies, and wots not where he is;"

and *The Book of Hawkyng*: "ye shall say your hauke is full-gorged, and not cropped." The *lure* was a stuffed bird used in training the hawk to return after it had flown.

176. *To man my haggard.* To tame my wild hawk. Cf. the use of *unmanned* in *R. and J.* iii. 2. 14: "Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks;" and see our ed. p. 185. For *haggard*, cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 36:

"I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock;"

and see our ed. p. 140. Halliwell quotes Greene, *Orlando Furioso*, 1594: "Silver doves that wanton Venus mann'th upon her fist."

178. *To watch her.* To keep her from sleep. *Watch* in this sense was a term in falconry. Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 2. 45: "you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you?" and *Oth.* iii. 3. 23: "I'll watch him tame" (see our ed. p. 182).

179. *Bate.* Another term in falconry = flutter, or flap the wings. See the quotation from *R. and J.* just above; and cf. *Hen. V.* p. 170, note on 'T is a hooded valour, etc. The word was also spelt *bait*. *Beat* here seems to be a mere repetition of *bate*, as Schmidt explains it.

186. *Hurly.* Hurlyburly, tumult. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 25: "That with the hurly death itself awakes," etc.

Intend = pretend; as in *Much Ado*, ii. 2. 35: "intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio;" and see our ed. p. 135.

191. *To kill a wife with kindness.* A familiar expression, which suggested the title of Heywood's play, *A Woman Killed with Kindness*.

193. *Shrew.* For the rhyme, see on v. 2. 188 below.

SCENE II.—3. *Bears me fair in hand.* Gives me fair encouragement, flatters me with false hopes. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 42: "to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security!" See also *Macb.* p. 208.

11. *Proceeders.* Malone says: "Perhaps here an equivoque was intended. To proceed Master of Arts, etc., is the academical term." S. uses the word nowhere else.

14. *Unconstant.* S. uses the word several times, but *inconstant* oftener. See *K. John*, p. 156.

20. *Cullion.* A mean fellow. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 2. 22: "avaunt, you cullions!" Malone cites Florio: "Coglione, a cuglion, a gull, a meacock" (see on ii. 1. 307 above).

31. *Her.* The 1st and 2d folios have "them;" corrected in 3d folio.

34. *Beastly.* Adjectives in -ly are often used adverbially. Gr. 1.

39. *Haggard.* See on iv. 1. 176 above.

45. *Longeth.* Belongeth; but not to be printed as a contraction of that word. See Schmidt or Wb. Cf. iv. 4. 7 below.

53. *He says so, Tranio?* A question, we think, though all the eds. make it an assertion.

54. *The taming-school.* Cf. the old play:

Vale. . . .

But tell me my Lord, is *Ferando* married then?

Aurel. He is: and *Polidor* shortly shall be wed,

And he meanes to tame his wife erelong.

Vale. He saies so.

Aurel. Faith he's gon unto the taming schoole.

Vale. The taming schoole; why is there such a place?

Aurel. I: and *Ferando* is the Maister of the schoole.

57. *Eleven and twenty.* "An allusion to the game of *one-and-thirty* " (Clarke). See on i. 2. 32 above. Douce takes it to be = eleven score.

58. *Charm her chattering tongue.* See on i. 1. 205 above.

60. *Dog-wearied.* "Tired as a dog," as the vulgar saying still is. For these canine similes, see 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 156, note on *Dank as a dog*.

61. *An ancient angel.* An "ill angel" (2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 186) for the critics, who have been at their wits' ends to suggest emendations; as, for instance, "engle" (=gull), "gentle" or "gentleman," "morsel," "ambler" (Coll. MS.), "antick," "uncle," etc. It may have been a sort of cant term for a good old soul. Cotgrave translates *Angelot à la grosse escaille* by "An old angell; and, by metaphor, a fellow of th' old, sound, honest, and worthie stamp." If we do not accept this explanation, we may perhaps assume that Biondello, after being so long on the watch, welcomes the old fellow as a heaven-sent messenger. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 1. 27:

"yea, at that very moment,
Consideration, like an angel, came," etc.

In the troublesome passage in *K. John*, v. 2. 64 ("And even there, methinks, an angel spake"), the reference seems to be to the unexpected but opportune appearance of "the holy legate."

63. *Mercatante.* Merchant (Italian). It is spelt "Marcantant" in the early eds.

Pedant=schoolmaster; as in *T. N.* iii. 2. 80: "a pedant that keeps a school i' the church," etc. Cf. iii. 1. 4, 46, 85 above. Florio defines the Italian *pedante* as "a pedante or a schoole-master."

71. *Take in.* The early eds. have "Take me;" corrected by Theo. The 1st folio prefixes "*Par.*" to the line, as if it were a separate speech.

80. *That goes hard.* That is bad. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 2: "When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard." See also 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 6. 77.

95. *Pisa, renowned*, etc. A repetition of i. 1. 10 above.

101. *And all one.* Perhaps=and no matter what (Schmidt). The expressions *all is one, it's all one, all's one for that*, etc. (=it is all the same, it does not matter) occur often in S.

106. *Undertake.* Assume.

117. *To pass assurance.* In the legal sense of making a conveyance or settlement. See on ii. 1. 381 above.

SCENE III.—Enter KATHERINA, etc. Cf. the old play:

Enter *Sander and his Mistres.*

San. Come Mistris.

Kate. *Sander* I prethe helpe me to some meate,
I am so faint that I can scarsely stande.

San. I marry mistris but you know my maister
Has giuen me a charge that you must eate nothing,
But that which he himselfe giueth you.

Kate. Why man thy Maister needs neuer know it.

San. You say true indede: why looke you Mistris,
What say you to a peese of beeffe and mustard now?

Kate. Why I say tis excellent meate, canst thou helpe me to some?

San. I, I could helpe you to some but that

I doubt the mustard is too cholerick for you,
But what say you to a sheepes head and garlick?

Kate. Why any thing, I care not what it be.

San. I but the garlick I doubt will make your breath stincke,
and then my maister will curse me for letting

You eat it: But what say you to a iat Capon?

Kate. Thats meate for a King sweet *Sander* helpe
Me to some of it.

San. Nay ber lady then tis too deere for vs, we must
Not meddle with the Kings meate.

Kate. Out villaine dost thou mocke me,
Take that for thy sawsiness.

She beates him.

San. Sounes are you so light fingerd with a murrin,
Ile keep you fasting for it this two daies.

Kate. I tell thee villaine Ile tear the flesh of
Thy face and eat it and thou prates to me thus.

San. Here comes my Maister now hele course you.

Enter *Ferando* with a peece of meate vpon his daggers point, and *Polidor* with him.

Feran. Se here *Kate* I haue prouided meate for thee
Here take it what ist not worthie thankes,
Goe sirra? take it awaie againe you shal be
Thankefull for the next you haue.

Kate. Why I thanke you for it.

Feran. Nay now tis not worth a pin go sirray and take it hence I say.

San. Yes sir Ile Carrie it hence: Maister let her
Haue none for she can fight as hungrie as she is.

Pol. I pray you sir let it stand, for Ile eate
Some with her my selfe.

Feran. Well sirra set it downe againe.

Kate. Nay nay I pray you let him take it hence,
And keepe it for your owne diete for Ile none,
Ile nere be beholding to you for your Meate,
I tell thee flatlie here vnto the thy teethe
Thou shal not keepe me nor feede me as thou list,
For I will home againe vnto my fathers house;

Feran. I, when you're meeke and gentell but not
Before, I know your stomach is not yet come downe,
Therefore no maruell thou canste not eate,
And I will goe vnto your fathers house;
Come *Polidor* let vs goe in againe,
And *Kate* come in with vs I know ere longe
That thou and I shall louingly agree.

Ex Ommes.

5. *Present.* Immediate; as in 14 below. Cf. *IV. T. p. 173.*

13. *As who should say.* As if to say. Cf. *M. of V. i. 1. 93, i. 2. 51,*
Rich. II. v. 4. 8, Mach. iii. 6. 42, etc.

25. *Too hot.* In *The Glass of Humours*, quoted by Reed, a choleric man is advised "to abstain from all salt, scorched, dry meats, from mustard, and such like things as will aggravate his malignant humours," etc. See on *iv. 1. 155* above.

36. *Sweeting.* Cf. *T. N. ii. 3. 43*: "Trip no further, pretty sweeting;" and *Oth. ii. 3. 252*: "All's well now, sweeting."

Amort. Dejected, dispirited. Cf. *1 Hen. VI. iii. 2. 124*: "What, all amort? Rouen hangs her head for grief," etc.

43. *Is sorted to no proof.* Proves to be to no purpose. Cf. *2 Hen. IV.*

iv. 3. 98: "There 's never none of these demure boys come to any proof" (that is, prove to be worth anything). For *sort*=choose, select, see *R. and J.* p. 204, or *Rich. III.* p. 203 (see also p. 204 for *sort*=ordain).

47. *I thank you, sir.* "This, and her previous *I pray you, let it stand*, excellently depict the half-sullen, half-passive condition that comes as a reaction after Katherine's late relapse into an outburst of petulance and wrath. She is somewhat ashamed of having been betrayed into it; the more from finding that her husband himself brings her the food she hummers for. Then follows another outbreak, upon the trial to womanly patience at hearing well-fashioned attire disparaged by masculine ignorance in such matters; but even this subsides before the absurdity as well as violence of his pretending not to hear her, and flying out at the haberdasher and tailor; and it is her last exhibition of temper. She perceives her mistake, and, like a sensible woman, sets about her own cure by thenceforth maintaining a strict guard over herself. The gradual as well as quietly indicated way in which this is done bears witness to Shakespeare's skill in mental delineation; and, indeed, his mode of depicting the process of moral reform in certain of his characters is one of his most wondrous masteries" (Clarke).

52. *Honey-nurse.* For the adjective use, cf. *R. and J.* p. 177, note on *Honey-nurse*.

56. *Fardingales.* Farthingales, or hoops. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 51: "What compass will you wear your farthingale?" *W. T.* iii. 3. 69: "a semi-circled farthingale," etc.

Things. Johnson thus laments over the word: "Though *things* is a poor word, yet I have no better, and perhaps the author had not another that would rhyme. I once thought to transpose *rings* and *things*, but it would make little improvement." Of course the word is used either with a slight touch of masculine contempt (like *knavery* just below) or as a reminiscence of some song. See on ii. 1. 317 above.

57. *Bravery.* Finery. See on ind. 1. 39 above; and cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 165.

60. *Ruffling.* Probably=rustling, as Schmidt explains it (cf. *Lear*, p. 214); or perhaps=ruffled, as Malone suggests, though he prefers the other interpretation. Pope changed it to "rustling."

61. *Come, tailor, etc.* Cf. the old play:

Enter *Ferando and Kate and Sander*.

San. Master the haberdasher has brought my
Mistresse home hir cappe here.

Feran. Come hither sirra; what haue you there?

Habar. A velvet cappe sir and it please you.

Ferran. Who spoake for it? didst thou *Kate*?

Kate. What if I did, come hither sirra, giue me
The cap, Ile see if it will fit me.

She sets it one hir head.

Feran. O monstrous, why it becomes thee not,
Let me see it *Kate*: here sirra take it hence
This cappe is out of fashion quite.

Kate. The fashion is good mough: belike you
Meane to make a foole of me.

Feran. Why true he meaneſ to make a foole of thee

To haue thee put on such a curtald cappe,
Sirra begon with it.

Enter the *Taylor* with a gowne.

San. Here is the *Taylor* too with my Mistris gowne.

Feran. Let me see it *Taylor*: what with cuts and iaggies.
Sounes you villaine, thou hast spoiled the gowne.

Taylor. Why sir I made it as your man gaue me direction,
You may reade the note here.

Feran. Come hither sirra *Taylor* reade the note.

Taylor. Item, a faire round compast cape.

San. I thaths true.

Taylor. And a large truncke sleeve.

San. Thats a lie maister. I sayd two truncke sleeves.

Feran. Well sir goe forward.

Taylor. Item a loose bodied gowne.

San. Maister if euer I sayd loose bodies gowne,
Sew me in a seame and beate me to death,
With bottome of browne thred.

Taylor. I made it as the note bad me.

San. I say the note lies in his throute and thou too
And thou sayst it.

Taylor. Nay nay nere be so hot sirra, for I feare you not.

San. Doost thou heare *Taylor*, thou hast braued
Many men: braue not me.
Thon 'st faste many men.

Taylor. Well sir.

San. Face not me Ile neither be faste nor braued.
At thy handes I can tell thee.

Kate. Come come I like the fashion of it well enough,
Heres more a do then needs Ile haue it, I
And if you do not like it hide your eies,
I thinke I shall haue nothing by your will.

Feran. Go I say and take it vp for your maisters vse.

San. Sounes villaine not for thy life touch it not,
Sounes take vp my mistris gowne to his
Maisters vse?

Feran. Well sir whats your conceit of it.

San. I haue a deeper conceite in it then you thinke for, take vp my
mistris gowne
To his maisters vse?

Feran. *Taylor* come hether; for this time take it
Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.

Taylor. I thanke you sir.

Exit Taylor.

Feran. Come *Kate* we now will go see thy fathers house
Euen in these honest meane abiliments,
Our purses shall be rich our garments plaine,
To shrowd our bodies from the winter rage,
And thaths inough, what should we care for more
Thy sisters *Kate* to morrow must be wed,
And I haue promised them thou shouldest be there
The morning is well vp lets hast away,
It will be nine a clocke ere we come there.

Kate. Nine a clock, why tis allreadie past two
In the after noone by all the clocks in the towne.

Feran. I say tis but nine a clock in the morning.

Kate. I say tis two a clock in the after noone.

Feran. It shall be nine then ere we go to your fathers,
Come backe againe we will not go to day.
Nothing but crossing of me still,
Ile haue you say as I doo ere you go.

Exeunt Omnes.

62. *The gown*. Women's gowns were usually made by men in the time of S. Malone quotes the "Epistle to the Ladies" prefixed to Lyly's *Euphues*, 1580: "If a taylor make your gown too little, you cover his fault with a broad stomacher," etc. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV*. iii. 2. 161, where Feeble says that his "trade" is "a woman's tailor;" and see our ed. p. 177.

63. *Here is the cap*, etc. In the early eds. the speech has the prefix "Fel.," which is either the abbreviation of some actor's name, or, as Coll. suggests, of "Fellow"—a term commonly applied to actors.

64. *Porringer*. The only other instance of the word in S. is the one quoted in the note on iv. 1. 116 above.

65. *A velvet dish*. Halliwell notes that the same expression occurs in the *Returne from Pernassus*, 1606: "with a rounde velvet dish on his head, to keepe warme the broth of his witte."

Lewd=vile, mean. See 1 *Hen. IV*. p. 178.

67. *Knack*. Knick-knack, trifle. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 34: "Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats," etc. See also *W. T.* pp. 199, 200. *Trick* has here the same meaning as *knack* and *toy*.

75. *Evdur'd me say*. For the ellipsis of *to*, see on iii. 2. 186 above.

82. *Custard-coffin*. The raised crust of a custard or pie was called a *coffin*. See *T. A. v.* 2. 189:

"And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
And make two pasties," etc.

Cf. also B. J., *Staple of News*, ii. 1:

"if you spend
The red-deer pies in your house, or sell them forth,
Cast so, that I may have the coffins all
Return'd here, and pil'd up: I would be thought
To keep some kind of house;"

and *Gypsies Metamorphosed*: "coffin'd in crust." In his *Bartholomew Fair*, he has a comparison similar to the present: "for all her velvet custard on her head." Douce quotes an old MS. book of cookery: "and then cover the coffyn, but save a litell hole to blow into the coffyn, with thy mouth, a gode blast; and sodenly stoppe, that the wynde abyde withynne to ryse up the coffyn that it falle nott down."

87. *Masquing*. Fit only for a masquerade.

88. *Demi-cannon*. A kind of ordnance.

91. *Censer*. "These censers had pierced convex covers, and stood on feet. They not only served to sweeten a barber's shop, but to keep his water warm, and dry his cloths on" (Steevens).

96. *If you be remember'd*. If yo' remember. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 131: "And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me," etc.

98. *Kennel*. Gutter; as in 2 *Hen. VI*. iv. 1. 71: "kennel, puddle, sink."

102. *Quaint*. Fine, elegant. See on iii. 2. 141 above. We have it used of feminine dress again in *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 22: "a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion."

Commendable. Accented on the first syllable, as elsewhere in S. except in *M. of V.* i. 1. 111. See *Ham.* p. 180.

103. *Belike*. See on ind. 1. 74 above.

109. *With*. By. Gr. 193.

110. *Quantity*. Sometimes=a very small quantity. Cf. *K. John*, v. 4. 23: "Retaining but a quantity of life;" and *2 Hen. IV.* v. 1. 70: "If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow."

111. *Be-mete*. Measure.

112. *As thou*, etc. That you 'll remember your prating impudence as long as you live. For *as*=that, see Gr. 109.

123. *Braved many men*. That is, made them fine. Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 279:

"Then he disdains to shine; for by the book
He should have brav'd the east an hour ago."

Cf. *bravery* in 57 above, and *brave* in *ind. I.* 39.

131. *Loose-bodied*. Steevens conjectures that this should be "loose body's," as in the old play, which is closely followed here.

132. *Bottom*. A ball of thread. Nares quotes the play of *Sir Thomas More*:

"And lett this be thy maxime, to be greate
Is when the thred of hayday is once sponn,
A bottom greate woond up greatly undonn."

Cf. the verb (=wind) in *T. G. of V.* iii. 2. 53:

"Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me."

135. *Compassed*. Round, circular. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 2. 120: "the compassed window" (=bow-window).

137. *A trunk sleeve*. A large wide sleeve. Clarke cites Planché, *British Costumes* (an entry of the time of Henry VIII.): "a pair of truncke sleeves of redde cloth of gold, with cut workes, having twelve pair of aglettes [see on i. 2. 77 above] of gold."

147. *Bil*. Grumio intends a play on *bill*, which also meant a weapon. Cf. *T. of A.* iii. 4. 90; and see also *A. Y. L.* p. 143, note on *With bills on their necks*.

149. *God-a-mercy!* God have mercy! Cf. *1 Hen. IV.* iii. 3. 58, etc. *No odd.*=no chance. Cf. *W. T.* v. 1. 207: "The odds for high and low's alike;" and see our ed. p. 209.

166. *Even in these*, etc. This line is taken bodily from the old play. See the extract above.

170. *Peereth*. Looks out, comes to view. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 3. 1: "When daffodils begin to peer," etc. It is transitive in *R. of L.* 472. W. is very severe upon the editors for "taking this for the verb *to peer*, in spite of the pitiful sense, or rather nonsense, which it gives." He adds: "Were the line 'So honour peereth from the meanest habit,' there would be some excuse for the reading; but the idea of 'honour peering in the meanest habit' is too absurd to merit a moment's attention." After reading this, we were somewhat surprised to find that in *W. T.* iv. 4. 3 W. has "Peering in April's front."

171. *What, is*, etc. The early eds. have "What is," which the Camb. editors follow. It is true that *what* is often used elliptically=for what? why? (Gr. 253); but here the form of the succeeding question favours the pointing in the text, which is due to Pope and is generally adopted.

174. *Contents*. Pleases. See *Ham.* p. 216.

176. *Furniture*. Furnishing, dress. In *A. W.* ii. 3. 65, it means the trappings of a horse; and in *1 Hen. IV.* iii. 3. 226, the equipments of soldiers.

181. *Long-lane*. There was a street of that name near Smithfield in London.

SCENE IV.—2. *But*. Unless. See on iii. 1. 60 above.

5. *The Pegasus*. Steevens says that the poet "has taken a sign out of London, and hung it up in Padua;" but, as Clarke remarks, it was as likely to be used in Italy as in England. The line is given to "Tra." in the early eds.; corrected by Theo.

7. *Longeth*. See on iv. 2. 45 above.

11. *Throughly*. Thoroughly. See *M. of V.* p. 144, note on *Through-fares*.

17. *Tall*. See on iv. 1. 9 above. *Hold thee*=take thou. See Gr. 212.

36. *Curious*. Scrupulous (Steevens and Schmidt). Cf. *A. and C.* iii.

2. 35, *Cymb.* i. 6. 191, etc.

45. *Pass*. Assure, convey; a legal term. Cf. iv. 2. 117 above.

48. *Know*. A suspicious word. The Coll. MS. has "hold," which may be right.

49. *Affied*. Affianced; as in *2 Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 80:

"For daring to affy a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king."

52. *Pitchers have ears*. The proverb is quoted again in *Rich. III.* ii.

4. 37. See our ed. p. 204.

54. *Happily*. Haply. See on i. 2. 54 above.

55. *An it like you*. If it please you. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 16: "this lodg-ing likes me better," etc. Gr. 297.

56. *Lie*. Lodge, sojourn. See *2 Hen. IV.* p. 185, or *T. N.* p. 146.

57. *Pass*. Transact; perhaps suggested by the *pass* in 45 above.

59. *Scrivener*. One who writes contracts; used by S. only here.

62. *Biondello*. The early eds. have "Cambio." There is evidently some mistake; but, as the Camb. editors say, it seems better to change "Cambio" to "Biondello" in 62 than "Bion." to "Luc." in 67, as most editors do. "The supposed Cambio was not acting as Baptista's servant, and, moreover, had he been sent on such an errand, he would have 'flown on the wings of love' to perform it. We must suppose that Biondello apparently makes his exit, but really waits till the stage is clear for an interview with his disguised master. The line 66 is as suitable to the faithful servant as to the master himself." It may be noted that *Biondello* fills out the measure in 62, while "Cambio" does not; on which account Pope reads "Go, Cambio."

70. *One mess*. A single dish, a plain dinner.

89. *Expect*. The reading of the 1st folio, changed in the 2d to "except;" but, as Clarke remarks, "the whole speech represents hurried talking, and *expect* here stands for 'believe that,' 'take for granted that.'"

90. *Cum privilegio*, etc. The words which were put on books where

an exclusive right had been granted for printing them ; with a reference, of course, to the exclusive rights which marriage confers.

100. *Appendix*. "Master Biondello is still using terms borrowed from 'book-printing,' and applies the term *appendix* figuratively to the wife whom Lucentio intends to add to his possessions" (Clarke).

101. *Contented*. Pleased. See on iv. 3. 174 above.

103. *Roundly*. Without circumlocution. See on i. 2. 57 above.

SCENE V.—2. *Goodly*. For the adverbial use, see on iv. 2. 34 above. Cf. the old play here :

Feran. Come *Kate* the Moone shines cleare to night
Methinkes.

Kate. The moone? why husband you are deceiued
It is the sun.

Feran. Yet againe come backe againe it shall be
The moone ere we come at your fathers.

Kate. Why Ile say as you say it is the moone.

Feran. Iesus sauе the glorious moone.

Kate. Iesus sauе the glorious moone.

Feran. I am glad *Kate* your stomach is come downe,
I know it well thou knowest it is the sun,
But I did triе to see if thou woldst speake,
And crosse me now as thou hast donne before,
And trust me *Kate* hadst thou not named the moone,
We had gon back againe as sure as death,
But soft whose this thatts comming here.

Enter the *Duke of Cestus* alone.

Duke. Thus all alone from *Cestus* am I come,
And left my princelie courte and noble traine,
To come to *Athens*, and in this disguise,
To see what course my son *Aurelius* takes
But stay, heres some it may be Trauellis thether,
Good sir can you derect me the way to *Athens*?

Ferando speaks to the olde man.

Faire louely made yoong and affable,
More cleere of hew and far more beautifull,
Than preious *Sardonix* or purple rockes,
Of *Amithests* or glistering *Hiasiuſe*,
More amiable farre then is the plain
Where glistring *Cetherus* in siluer boures,
Gaseth vpon the Giant *Andromede*,
Sweete *Kate* entertaine this louely woman.

Duke. I thinke the man is mad he calls me a woman.

Kate. Faire louely lady brighte and Christalline,
Bewteous and stately as the eie traind bird,
As glorious as the morning washt with dew,
Within whose eies she takes her dawning beames,
And golden sommer sleepes vpon thy cheekeſ,
Wrap vp thy radiations in some cloud,
Least that thy bewty make this stately towne
Inhabitable like the burning *Zone*
With sweet reflections of thy louely face.

Duke. What is she mad to? or is my shape transformd.
That both of them perswade me I am a woman,
But they are mad sure, and therefore Ile begon,
And leaue their companies for feare of harme,
And vnto *Athens* hast to seeke my son. *Exit Duke*.

Feran. Why so *Kate* this was friendly done of thee,

And kindly too, why thus must we two liue,
 One minde, one heart and one content for both,
 This good old man dos thinke that we are mad,
 And glad he is I am sure, that he is gone,
 But come sweet *Kate* for we will after him,
 And now perswade him to his shape againe. *Ex Omnes.*

8. *Or ere.* A reduplication, or being=before. See *Temp.* p. 112.

9. *Go on.* Changed by Rann (Capell's conjecture) to "Go one;" but it means "Go on to Long Lane end" (see iv. 3. 181 above), where the horses had been sent to await their coming.

25. *Against the bias.* The *bias* was the weight put on one side of the *bowl* to affect its direction. Cf. *Rich.* II. iii. 4. 5: "my fortune runs against the bias." See also *Ham.* p. 200, note on *Assays of bias*.

26. *Company.* Pope inserted "some" before the word, and Steevens "what." The latter is favoured by the corresponding line in the old play (see extract above).

38. *Where.* The 1st folio has "whether;" corrected in 2d folio.

47. *Green.* With perhaps a play on the word in its sense of young, as Clarke suggests.

54. *Encounter.* Address, greeting.

57. *Which.* For whom, as often. Gr. 265.

68. *Embrace with.* The only instance of the combination in S—and this is probably not his. The same may be said of *joyous* of just below.

76. *Jealous.* Suspicious; as in *R. and J.* v. 3. 33, *Lear*, v. 1. 56, etc.

78. *Have to my widow.* See on i. 1. 135 above.

79. *Untoward.* Refractory, perverse.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—5. *Master's.* The early eds. have "mistris;" corrected by Capell.

12. *Toward.* At hand. See on i. 1. 68 above.

13. *You were best.* It would be best for you. Gr. 230.

26. *Padua.* Some adopt Tyrwhitt's conjecture of "Pisa;" but, as the Camb. editors suggest, he means that he has been staying at Padua.

33. *Under my countenance.* That is, by "putting on my countenance" (see i. 1. 224 above).

35. *Good shipping.* A happy voyage, good luck.

37. *Crack-hemp.* That is, one who deserves hanging. The more common word was *crack-rope*, of which Coll. cites several contemporaneous instances. One of them is from *Damon and Pithias*, 1571: "Handsome-ly, thou crack-rope!" *Crack-halter* is also found.

56. *A copatain hat.* A high-crowned hat. *Copatain* has not been found elsewhere, but Gascoigne and others mention "high-copt hats," "felt hats, copple-tanked," "a coptankt hat," etc. which appear to be of similar origin and meaning.

57. *Husband.* Economist; one who is careful and frugal. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 142:

“Sure in that
I deem you an ill husband,” etc.

In 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 12, it means husbandman, farmer.

61. *Ancient.* Old. See *W. T.* p. 189, and cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 166.

64. *Cerns.* The later folios have “concerns,” which W. adopts.

79. *Call forth an officer.* Here in the old play Sly interposes thus :

Slie. I say wele haue no sending to prison.

Lord. My Lord this is but the play, theyre but in iest.

Slie. I tell thee *Sim* wele haue no sending,
To prison thatts flat: why *Sim* am not I *Don Christo Vary?*

Therefore I say they shall not go to prison.

Lord. No more they shall not my Lord,
They be run away.

Slie. Are they run away *Sim?* thatts well,
Then gis some more drinke, and let them play againe.

Lord. Here my Lord.

Slie drinkes and then falls asleepe.

87. *Cony-catched.* Cheated, tricked. See on iv. i. 37 above.

94. *Haled.* Dragged away by force. Cf. *Cor.* v. 4. 40 :

“The plebeians have got your fellow tribune,
And hale him up and down.”

See also *Luke*, xii. 58, and *Acts*, viii. 3.

103. *Supposes.* “Suppositions” (Schmidt), or “appearances, assumed characters” (Clarke). Gascoigne’s translation of Ariosto’s *I Suppositi* (see p. 11 above) is entitled “The Supposes.”

Eyne. The old plural of *eye*, often used for the sake of the rhyme; as in *V. and A.* 633, *R. of L.* 643, *M. N. D.* i. 1. 242, ii. 2. 99, iii. 2. 138, v. 1. 178, *A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 50, etc. In *R. of L.* 1229 it is not required by the rhyme. *Blear'd*=dimmed; as in *Cor.* ii. 1. 221.

104. *Packing.* Plotting; as in *Lear*, iii. i. 26: “in snuffs and packings of the dukes.” See also *Much Ado*, p. 167, note on *Pack'd*.

111. *Bear my countenance.* Cf. i. 1. 224 above.

SCENE II.—2. *Done.* Rowe’s correction of the “come” of the early eds. The Coll. MS. has “gone.”

9. *Banquet.* Dessert. See *R. and J.* p. 162. There may be a play on *stomach*, as Mr. J. Crosby suggests: “something to end our strife with,” as well as our feasting. Cf. iv. i. 141 above.

16. *Fears.* The word meant to affright (see on i. 2. 206 above) as well as to be afraid of. The widow takes it here in the former sense.

21. *Rounndly.* With a play on the word. See on i. 2. 57 above.

36. *That’s my office.* The same quibble occurs in *Much Ado*, ii. i. 292-294.

37. *Ha’ to thee!* Here’s to thee!

40. *Head.* As Coll. remarks, nothing has been said about *head*, as the use of the word here seems to imply. He suggests “quick-headed” for *quick-witted* in 38.

41. *Horn.* Alluding to the “cuckold’s horn” (*W. T.* i. 2. 269).

45. *Bitter.* The early eds. have “better;” corrected by Capell (the

conjecture of Theo.). Coll., V., Halliwell, and W. retain "better." Cf. iii. 2. 13 above, and *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 174.

52. *Slipp'd me.* Started me, as one *lets slip* a greyhound. Cf. *Cor.* i. 6. 39:

"Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will."

The *leash* or noose in which the hound was held was also called the *slip*; as in *Hen. V.* iii. 1. 31:

"I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start."

54. *Swift.* Quick, prompt; with a play on the word.

56. *At a bay.* At bay; the hunter's term when a deer is driven to extremity and turns to face its pursuers. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 2. 52:

"If we be English deer, be then in blood;
Not, rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,
But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay."

58. *Gird.* Gibe, sarcasm; literally, a cut with a switch or whip. For the verb, see 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 153.

63. *In good sadness.* In all seriousness. Cf. *A. W.* iv. 3. 230: "In good sadness, I do not know." See also *R. and J.* p. 144.

65. *For assurance.* To "make assurance double sure" (*Macb.* iv. 1. 83), to settle the question.

Compare the old play here:

Feran. Come gentlemen now that suppers donne
How shall we spend the time till we go to bed?

Aurel. Faith if you will in triall of our wiues,
Who will come sownest at their husbands call.

Pol. Nay then *Ferando* he must needes sit out,
For he may call I thinke till he be weary,
Before his wife will come before she list.

Feran. Tis well for you that haue such gentle wiues
Yet in this triall will I not sit out,
It may be *Kate* will come as soon as yours.

Aurel. My wife comes soonest for a hundred pound.
Pol. I take it. He lay as much to youres,

That my wife comes as soone as I do send.

Aurel. How now *Ferando* you dare not lay belike.

Feran. Why true I dare not lay indeede;
But how so little mony on so sure a thing,
A hundred pound: why I haue layd as much
Vpon my dogge, in running at a Deere,
She shal not come so farre for such a trifle,
But will you lay fine hundred markes with me,
And whose wife soonest comes when he doth call,
And shewes her selfe most louing vnto him,
Let him inioye the wager I haue laid,
Now what say you? dare you aduenture thus?

Pol. I weare it a thousand pounds I durst presume
On my wiues loue: and I will lay with thee.

Enter *Alfonso.*

Alfon. How now sons what in conference so hard,
May I without offence, know whereabouts.

Aurel. Faith father a waigthy cause about our wiues
Fine hundred markes already we haue layd,
And he whose wife doth shew most loue to him,
He must inioie the wager to himselfe.

Alfon. Why then *Ferando* he is sure to lose,
I promise thee son thy wife will hardly come,
And therefore I would not wish thee lay so much.

Feran. Tush father were it ten times more,
I durst aduenture on my louely *Kate*,
But if I lose Ile pay, and so shall you.

Aurel. Vpon mine honour if I loose Ile pay.

Pol. And so will I vpon my faith I vow.

Feran. Then sit we downe and let vs send for them.

Alfon. I promise thee *Ferando* I am afraid thou witt lose.

Aurel. Ile send for my wife first, *Valeria*
Go bid your Mistris come to me.

Val. I will my Lord.

Exit Valeria.

Aurel. Now for my hundred pound.
Would any lay ten hundred more with me,
I know I should obtaine it by her loue.

Feran. I pray God you haue not laid too much already.

Aurel. Trust me *Ferando* I am sure you haue,
For you I dare presume haue lost it all.

Enter *Valeria* againe.

Now sirra what saies your mistris?

Val. She is something busie but shele come anon.

Feran. Why so, did I not tell you this before,
She is busie and cannot come.

Aurel. I pray God your wife send you so good an answere.
She may be busie yet she sayes shele come.

Feran. Well well: *Polidor* send you for your wife.

Pol. Agreed: *Boy* desire your mistris to come hither

Boy. I will sir.

Ex Boy.

Feran. I so so he desiers her to come.

Alfon. *Polidor* I dare presume for thee,
I thinke thy wife will not deny to come,
And I do maruell much *Aurelius*,
That your wife came not when you sent for her.

Enter the *Boy* againe.

Pol. Now wheres your Mistris?

Boy. She bad me tell you that she will not come
And you haue any businesse you must come to her.

Feran. Oh monstrous intollerable presumption,
Worse then a blasing starre, or snow at midsommer,
Earthquakes or any thing vnseasonable,
She will not come: but he must come to her.

Pol. Well sir I pray you lets here what

Answeres your wife will make.

Feran. Sirra command your Mistris to come
To me presentlie.

Exit Sander.

Aurel. I thinke my wife for all she did not come,
Will proue most kinde for now I haue no feare,
For I am sure *Ferandos* wife she will not come.

Feran. The mores the pittie: then I must lose.

Enter *Kate* and *Sander*.

But I haue won for see where *Kate* doth come.

Kate. Sweet husband did you send for me?

Feran. I did my loue I sent for thee to come,
Come hither *Kate*, whats vpon thy head.

Kate. Nothing husband but my cap I thinke.

Feran. Pull it of and tredade it vnder thy feete,
Tis fooish I will not haue thee ware it.

She takes of her cap and treads on it.

Pol. Oh wunderfull metamorphosis.

Aurel. This is a wonder almost past beleefe.

Feran. This is a token of her true loue to me,
And yet He trie her further you shall see,
Come hither *Kate* where are thy sisters.

Kate. They b. sitting in the bridall chamber.

Feran. Fetch them hither and if they will not come,
Bring them perforce and make them come with thee!

Kate. I will.

Alfon. I promise thee *Ferando* I would haue sworne
Thy wife would nere haue donne so much for thee.

Feran. But you shall see she will do more then this
For see where she brings her sisters forth by force.

Enter *Kate* thrusting *Phylema* and *Emelia* before her, and
makes them come vnto their husbands call.

Kate. See husband I haue brought them both.

Feran. Tis well don *Kate*.

Eme. I sure and like a louing peece your worthy
To haue great praise for this attempt.

Phyle. I for making a foole of her selfe and vs.

Aurel. Beshrew thee *Phylema*, thou hast
Lost me a hundred pound to night,
For I did lay that thou woldst first haue come.

Pol. But thou *Emelia* hast lost me a great deale more.

Eme. You might haue kept it better then,
Who bad you lay?

Feran. Now lonely *Kate* before there husbands here,
I prethe tell vnto these hedstrong women
What dutie wifes doo owe vnto their husbands.

Kate. Then you that liue thus by your pompered wills
Now list to me and marke what I shall say
The'ternall power that with his only breath,
Shall cause this end and this beginning frame,
Not in time, nor before time, but with time, confusd,
For all the course of yeares, of ages moneths,
Of seasons temperate, of dayes and hours.
Are tund and stopt, by measure of his hand,
The first world was a forme without a forme,
A heape confusd a mixture all deformd,
A gulfe of gulfes, a body bodiles,
Where all the elements were orderles,
Before the great commander of the world
The King of Kings the glorious God of heauen,
Who in six daies did frame his heauenly worke
And made all things to stand in perfit course,
Then to his image he did make a man.
Olde *Adam* and from his side asleepe,
A rib was taken, of which the Lord did make,
The woe of man so term'd by *Adam* then,
Woman for that, by her came sinne to vs,
And for her sin was *Adam* doom'd to die,
As *Sara* to her husband so shold we
Obey them, loue them, keepe, and nourish them
If they by any meanes doo want our helpes,
Laying our handes vnder their feete to tread,
If that by that we, might procure there ease,
And for a president He first begin
And lay my hand vnder my husbands feete.

She laies her hand vnder her husbands feete.

Feran. Inough sweet, the wager thou hast won,
And they I am sure cannot denie the same.

Alfon. I *Ferando* the wager thou hast won,
And for to shew thee how I am pleaseid in this,
A hundred poundes I freely giue thee more,
Another dowry for another daughter,
For she is not the same she was before.

Feran. Thankes sweet father, gentlemen godnight
For *Kate* and I will leaue you for to night,
Tis *Kate* and I am wed, and you are sped.
And so farewell for we will to our beds.

Exit Ferando and Kate and Sander.

Alfon. Now *Aurelius* what say you to this?

Aurel. Beleeue me father I rejoice to see
Ferando and his wife so louingly agree.

Exit Aurelius and Phylema and Alfonso and Viceria.

Eme. How now *Polidor* in a dump, what sayst thou man?

Pol. I say thou art a shrew.

Eme. Thats better then a sheepe.

Pol. Well since tis don let it go, come lets in.

Exit Polidor and Emelia.

Then follows the passage quoted in the note on 189 below.

72. *Of.* "On" (Rowe's reading). See on iv. i. 59 above.

74. *A match!* Cf. *Temp.* ii. i. 34: "A match!" (as here, agreeing to a wager).

98. *And there an end.* And that's the end of it, there's no more to be said. See *R. and J.* p. 191, or *Much Ado*, p. 130 (note on *There's an end*).

99. *By my holidame.* Probably equivalent to "by my halidom;" that is, by my holiness or sanctity, upon my sacred oath. Some take it to be = "by my holy dame," or by the Virgin. See *Hen. VIII.* p. 198. "By my halidom" occurs in *T. G. of V.* iv. 2. 136.

104. *Swinge.* Lash, whip. See *K. John*, p. 146.

109. *Awful.* Inspiring awe or respect. Clarke explains it as "lawful, legitimately authorized."

111. *Fair befall thee!* Good fortune be thine! Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 3. 282: "Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!" See also *Rich. II.* p. 174, note on *Whom fair befall*.

115. *As.* As if. See on i. 2. 152 above.

118. *New-built.* Cf. *Cymb.* i. 5. 59: "Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends."

The repetition of *obedience* is suspicious. The Camb. editors conjecture "and her gentleness" or "and her patience."

129. *The more fool you*, etc. Clarke remarks: "This speech of a bride, a wife of a few hours' old, puts the climax to the delineation of Bianca's character. S. has drawn her perfectly; as one of those girls superficially thought to be so 'amiable,' but, when thoroughly known, found to be so self-opinionated, sly, and worthless."

Laying on. Laying a wager on. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 5. 85:

"Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women," etc.

See also *T. N.* p. 154, note on *On't.*

136. *Unkind.* Accented on the first syllable, as usual before a noun

(Schmidt). Cf. *Lear*, iii. 4. 73: "To such a lowness but his unkind daughters;" *Oth.* iv. 1. 238: "An unkind breach; but you shall make all well," etc.

139. *Do bite.* The later folios omit *do*.

142. *Mov'd.* vexed, angry. Cf. *Cor.* i. 1. 260: "Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods," etc. Cf. *R. and J.* p. 142.

145. *Will deign.* *As* (or *who*) will deign (Gr. 281).

161. *Simple.* silly, foolish.

162. *To offer.* As to offer. See on iii. 1. 10 above.

166. *Unapt.* Unfit; as in *R. of L.* 695:

"the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight."

167. *Soft conditions.* "Gentle qualities" (Malone). Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 2. 68: "his ill conditions," etc.

169. *Unable.* Weak; as in *I Hen. VI.* iv. 5. 4: "sapless age and weak unable limbs," etc.

172. *To bandy word for word.* Cf. *3 Hen. VI.* i. 4. 49: "I will not bandy with thee word for word." See also *Lear*, p. 185, note on *Bandy*.

174. *Compare.* For the noun, cf. *R. and J.* p. 178.

176. *Vail your stomachs.* "Abate your pride, your spirit" (Steevens). Cf. *I Hen. IV.* i. 1. 129: "The bloody Douglas . . . Gan vail his stomach," etc. *Vail* is literally = lower, let fall. Cf. *V. and A.* 314: "He vails his tail;" *Id.* 956: "She vail'd her eyelids," etc. See also *M. of V.* p. 128. For *stomach*, see *Temp.* p. 115.

It is no boot = it is of no avail; as in *I Hen. VI.* iv. 6. 52. See also *Rich. II.* p. 154, note on *There is no boot*.

Pope put lines 176-189 in the margin as spurious.

182. *Toward.* Docile; the opposite of *froward*. Cf. *V. and A.* 1157: "Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward."

185. *You are sped.* You are "done for," your fate is settled; that is, you have both got unruly wives. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 9. 72: "So be gone; you are sped;" and *R. and J.* iii. 1. 94: "I am sped."

186. *Hit the white.* Hit the white centre of the target; alluding to the name *Bianca* = white (Johnson).

188. *Shrew.* Probably to be pronounced, as it was sometimes written, *shrow*; and so also in iv. 1. 193 above, and in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 46. W. compares *strew*, *sew*, and *shew* (*show*). Here the folio has "shrow;" but in iv. 1. 193, 194 "shrew" and "shew."

189. *Exeunt.* In the old play *Sly* is disposed of at the close as follows:

Then enter two bearing of *Sly* in his
Owne apparell againe and leavens him
Where they found him, and then goes out.
Then enter the *Tapster*.

Tapster. Now that the darkesome night is ouerpast,
And dawning day apperees in chrysall sky.
Now must I hast abroad; but soft whose this?
What *Sly* oh wondrous hath he laine here allnight,
Ile wake him, I think he's starued by this,
But that his belly was so stuft with ale,
What how *Sly*, Awake for shame.

Slie. *Sim* gis some more wine, whats all the
Plaiers gon: am not I a Lord?

Tapster. A lord with a murrin: come art thou dronken still?

Slie. Whose this? *Tapster*, oh Lord sirra, I haue had
The brauest dreame to night, that euer thou
Hardest in all thy life.

Tapster. I marry but you had best get you home,
For your wite will curse you for dreaging here tonight

Slie. Will she? I know now how to tame a shrew,
I dreamt vpon it all this night till now,
And thou hast wakt me out of the best dreame
That euer I had in my life, but Ile to my
Wife presently and tame her too.

And if she anger me.

Tapster. Nay tarry *Slie* for Ile go home with thee,
And heare the rest that thou hast dreamt to night.

Exeunt Omnes.

ADDENDA.

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—We give below the summing-up of Mr. P. A. Daniel's "time-analysis," in his paper "On the Times or Durations of the Action of Shakspere's Plays" (*Trans. of New Shak. Soc.* 1877-79, p. 168), with some explanatory extracts from the preceding pages appended as foot-notes:

"In this Play we have six days represented on the stage; or if Acts I. and II. should be considered as one day, then five days only, with intervals, the length of which it is not easy to determine, but the entire period cannot exceed a fortnight.

" Day I. Act I.

" 2. Act II.*

Interval of a day or two. Petruchio proposes to go to Venice to buy apparel.

" 3. Act III. sc. i. Saturday, eve of the wedding.

" 4. Act III. sc. ii., Act IV. sc. i. Sunday, the wedding-day.†

Interval [?]

" 5. Act IV. sc. ii.‡

Interval [?]

* "It is the *dinner* and the *afternoon* referred to at the end of Act I. sc. ii. which have induced me to mark Act II. as the second day of the action; otherwise there is nothing to prevent Acts I. and II. being considered as one day only; indeed, Petruchio's resolve to see Katherine *before he sleeps* is in favour of one day, and would be conclusive but for the *afternoon's* carouse proposed by Tranio."

† "Act IV. sc. i. ends the wedding-day at night at Petruchio's country-house. After balking Katherine of her wedding dinner, and now of her supper, he conducts her to her chamber, and then returns to the stage to inform the audience that

'Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not.'

How did he know that she did not sleep *last night*? This is the first night of their wedding. They cannot have spent a night on the road, for the distance from Padua is no more than may be traversed between dinner and supper-time. See Act IV. sc. iii."

‡ "It is not easy to fix the exact date of this scene. I have marked it as a separate day, and it may be the morrow of Katherine's marriage, or it may be two or three days after that event, or it *might* even be supposed to occur on the afternoon of the day of Kath-

Day 6. Act IV. sc. iii.* iv. and v., and Act V. [? The second Sunday.]

"Time, however, in this Play is a very slippery element, difficult to fix in any completely consistent scheme. In the old Play of the *Taming of a Shrew* the whole story is knit up in the course of two days. In the first, Ferando=Petruchio, woos Kate and fixes his marriage for next Sunday; 'next Sunday' then becomes to-morrow, to-morrow becomes to-day, and to-day ends with the wedding-night in Ferando's country-house. All the rest of the Play is included in the second day."

SHAKESPEARE'S SHARE IN THE PLAY.—Mr. Fleay (*Shaks. Manual*, p. 185) assigns to Shakespeare only the following portions of the play: ii. 1. 166-318; iii. 2 (except 121-142); iv. 1; iv. 3; iv. 5; v. 2. 1-175; or 1064 lines in all out of the 2671 lines in the "Globe" edition.

Mr. Furnivall (*Trans. New Shaks. Soc.* 1874, p. 104 fol.) adds the Induction, which seems to us very clearly Shakespeare's. "The bits about the hounds, the Warwickshire places, Sly's talk, the music, pictures, etc., are Shakespeare to the life."† In ii. 1. Mr. Furnivall thinks that the poet retouched lines 113-166, but did not write 234-245.‡ For the rest he agrees with Mr. Fleay, but assuming for the poet "occasional touches elsewhere." He adds that "all this, as will be seen, only gives figures to Mr. Grant White's outlines" (see p. 11 above).

LIST OF CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY, WITH THE SCENES IN WHICH THEY APPEAR.—The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

Sly: ind. 1(10), 2(54); i. 1(4). Whole no. 68.
Lord: ind. 1(106), 2(31). Whole no. 137.
1st Huntsman: ind. 1(9). Whole no. 9.
2d Huntsman: ind. 1(3). Whole no. 3.
1st Servant: ind. 1(2), 2(14); i. 1(1); iii. 1(3); iv. 1(1). Whole no. 21.
2d Servant: ind. 2(12). Whole no. 12.
3d Servant: ind. 2(12). Whole no. 12.
Player: ind. 1(5). Whole no. 5.

erine's wedding: though in this last case we must put it back in time to precede sc. i. of this Act, which would scarcely be a desirable arrangement."

* "Act IV. sc. iii. Petruchio's house. Katherine is well-nigh famished, and Gremio torments her with offers of food. Petruchio brings in her meat, which, on submission, she is allowed to eat. Note that Hortensio is now on a visit to them; he has—as Tranio in Act IV. sc. ii. said he would—come to the "taming-school." Observe, too, that this and all the remaining scenes of the play are included in one day, and that this day must be—if any regard is to be paid to Baptista's programme—the Sunday following Katherine's wedding-day. She can't have been a whole week without food, and yet somehow we get an impression that this is the first meat she has tasted in Petruchio's house.

"The tailor and the haberdasher bring the wares which have been ordered by Gremio. This incident supposes the lapse of some days since the marriage-day. Petruchio now determines to return to Baptista's house. The scene closes [see line 185] at 2 P.M."

† Dr Abbott (*Trans. New Shaks. Soc.* 1874, p. 120) thinks that "at least some parts of the Induction were written by S." He compares ind. 2. 38 fol. ("Say thou wilt walk," etc.) with ii. 1. 169 fol. ("Say that she rail," etc.), which Mr. Fleay concedes to S.

‡ He was at first in doubt about the catalogues of the horse's ailments, but yielded to Mr. Tennyson's judgment that "it has such a rollicking Rabelaisian comic swing about it" that it is probably Shakespeare's.

- Messenger*: ind. 2(8). Whole no. 8.
- Baptista*: i. 1(23); ii. 1(70); iii. 2(36); iv. 4(20); v. 1(14), 2(12). Whole no. 175.
- Vincentio*: iv. 5(9); v. 1(40), 2(2). Whole no. 51.
- Lucentio*: i. 1(92), 2(7); iii. 1(28), 2(6); iv. 2(5), 4(11); v. 1(16), 2(25). Whole no. 190.
- Petruchio*: i. 2(78); ii. 1(162); iii. 2(62); iv. 1(72), 3(88), 5(42); v. 1(18), 2(63). Whole no. 585.
- Gremio*: i. 1(27), 2(39); ii. 1(56); iii. 2(34); v. 1(13), 2(3). Whole no. 172.
- Hortensio*: i. (30), 2(78); ii. 1(15); iii. 1(29); iv. 2(25), 3(11), 5(8); v. 2(17). Whole no. 213.
- Tranio*: i. 1(63), 2(34); ii. 1(46); iii. 2(42); iv. 2(66), 4(27); v. 1(13), 2(4). Whole no. 295.
- Biondello*: i. 1(6), 2(2); iii. 2(47); iv. 2(8), 4(30); v. 1(20), 2(5). Whole no. 118.
- Pedant*: iv. 2(15), 4(21); v. 1(18). Whole no. 54.
- Grumio*: i. 2(49); iii. 2(2); iv. 1(98), 3(38). Whole no. 187.
- Curtis*: iv. 1(32). Whole no. 32.
- Nathaniel*: iv. 1(5). Whole no. 5.
- Philip*: iv. 1(1). Whole no. 1.
- Joseph*: iv. 1(1). Whole no. 1.
- Nicholas*: iv. 1(1). Whole no. 1.
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- Haberdasher*: iv. 3(1). Whole no. 1.
- Tailor*: iv. 3(18). Whole no. 18.
- Page*: ind. 2(15); i. 1(1). Whole no. 16.
- Katherina*: i. 1(13); ii. 1(52); iii. 2(30); iv. 1(3), 3(45), 5(22); v. 1(4), 2(51). Whole no. 220.
- Bianca*: i. 1(4); ii. 1(16); iii. 1(33), 2(1); iv. 2(6); v. 1(2), 2(8). Whole no. 70.
- Widow*: v. 2(11). Whole no. 11.
- “All”: ind. 2(1); iv. 1(1). Whole no. 2.
- Hostess*: ind. 1(5). Whole no. 5.

In the above enumeration, parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total in the play greater than it is. The actual number of lines in each scene (Globe edition numbering) is as follows: ind. 1(138), 2(147); i. 1(259), 2(282); ii. 1(412); iii. 1(92), 2(254); iv. 1(214), 2(120), 3(198), 4(109), 5(79); v. 1(155), 2(189). Whole number of lines in the play, 2648.



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